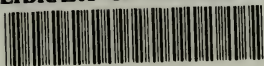


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THE
SEA AND THE SAILOR,
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Very sincerely yours
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THE



SEA AND THE SAILOR,

NOTES ON FRANCE AND ITALY,

AND OTHER LITERARY REMAINS

OF

REV. WALTER COLTON.

With a Memoir

BY REV. HENRY T. CHEEVER,

AUTHOR OF "THE ISLAND WORLD OF THE PACIFIC," "THE WHALE
AND HIS CAPTORS," ETC.

"Learning is not like some small bird, as the lark, that can mount and sing and please himself, and nothing else : she holds as well of the hawk, that can soar aloft, and after that, when she sees her time, can stoop and seize upon her prey."

LORD BACON.

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P R E F A C E .

WHEN the fragments and manuscripts of Mr. Colton were put into the hands of the Editor, it was supposed that an entertaining volume of Miscellanies could be made up, with little to do on the compiler's part but to select, combine, correct, and put to press. It was soon found, however, that none of the manuscripts, except portions of the poems, had ever been at all adjusted, or put into shape for publication. All the diamonds in them were diamonds in the rough, and the gold was either in quartz, or scattered through clay and sand.

The work to be done, therefore, was that both of the miner and the lapidary. The shaft here opened has proved a productive one, and we think it rare for the merely posthumous remains of a literary Naval Chaplain to yield so rich a vein.

The part we have called "The Sea and the Sailor" is made up mainly of two manuscripts, without a name, in the shape of Sermons, or Addresses, which it is supposed Mr. Colton was in the habit of using, or having recourse to, when preaching in behalf of seamen. Other appropriate

matter has been incorporated with them, and the whole assorted into chapters, so as best to answer the end had in view—the preparation of a volume uniform with Mr. Colton's previous works.

The same has been done with the “Notes on France and Italy,” which were left by the Author just as he jotted them down upwards of twenty years ago. They have been here revised and put into sections, and suitable insertions have been made when necessary to complete the integrity of the text.

The Aphorisms, Laconics, and Selected Editorials were generally found complete of themselves, and have been furnished with titles. It is believed that the poems are worthy of the labor bestowed on them, both by their Author and Editor, and that they will constitute a pleasing variety in such a volume of Miscellanies.

The specimens of “Walter Colton in the Pulpit” will be valued by a wide circle of the friends of the Chaplain, on the ground of their intrinsic merit, as well as that of personal regard for the preacher. Our honest aim has been to do him justice, and no other liberty has been taken with the manuscripts than we would like to have used in such a case with our own.

For the aid given in furnishing materials and hints for the Memoir, by the brothers, class-mates, and other friends of the deceased, the Editor would hereby return his grateful acknowledgments. And to the bereaved widow of the

departed he is under special obligation for her frank submission to his discretion, of the prized letters and memorials of her husband.

If a volume shall prove to have been made satisfactory to her, and to the wide range of Mr. Colton's friends, and worthy also of his fair fame with the public as a Chaplain, Editor, Author, and Judge, the labor of its preparation will be ever deemed by the biographer one of the happiest of his life, since the end he has constantly kept in view, of mingling the true and useful with the agreeable, will have been attained.

In adding this work to the great fund of reading for the Parlor and District School Library, the most appropriate wish of the Editor and Publishers for themselves and their readers would be, that they might ever have to do with men and writers as noble, generous, and genial as the lamented WALTER COLTON.

H. T. C.

NEW YORK, JUNE 11th, 1851.

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THE SEA AND THE SAILOR.

CHAPTER I.

I LOVE the sailor—his eventful life—

His generous spirit—his contempt of danger—

His firmness in the gale, the wreck, and strife :

And though a wild and reckless ocean-ranger,

God grant he make that port, when life is o'er,

Where storms are hushed, and billows break no more.

THE OCEAN IN ITS GRANDEUR AND SUBLIMITY—THE OCEAN AS A THEATRE OF MAN'S POWER—TRIUMPHS OF SAIL AND STEAM—ITS EFFECT ON CHARACTER—THE TRAITS OF THE SAILOR—HIS GENEROSITY AND COURAGE—THE TAR IN THE CONSTITUTION—ON DECK AND ON THE PARAPET—OBEDIENCE TO ORDERS—INSENSIBILITY TO DANGER.

THE most fearful and impressive exhibitions of power known to our globe belong to the Ocean. The volcano, with its ascending flame and falling torrents of fire, and the earthquake, whose footstep is on the ruin of cities, are circumscribed in the desolating range of their visitations. But the ocean, when it once rouses itself in its chainless strength, shakes a thousand shores with its storm and thunder. Navies of oak and iron are tossed in mockery from its crest, and armaments, manned by the strength and courage of millions, perish among its bubbles.

The avalanche; shaken from its glittering steep, if it rolls to the bosom of the earth, melts away, and is lost in vapor; but if it plunge into the embrace of the ocean, this mountain mass of ice and hail is borne about for ages in tumult and terror: it is the drifting monument of the ocean's dead. The tempest on land is impeded by forests, and broken by mountains, but on the plain of the deep it rushes unresisted; and when its strength is at last spent, ten thousand giant waves, which it has called up, still roll its terrors onward.

The mountain lake and the meadow stream are inhabited only by the timid prey of the angler; but the ocean is the home of the leviathan—his ways are in the mighty deep. The glittering pebble, and the rainbow-tinted shell, which the returning tide has left on the shore as scarcely worthy of its care, and the watery gem, which the pearl-diver reaches at the peril of his life, are all that man can filch from the treasures of the sea. The groves of coral which wave over its pavements, and the halls of amber which glow in its depths, are beyond his approaches, save when he goes down there to seek amid their silent magnificence his burial monument.

The island, the continent, the shores of civilized and savage realms, the capitals of kings, are worn by time, washed away by the wave, consumed by the flame, or sunk by the earthquake; but the ocean still remains, and still rolls on in the greatness of its un-

abated strength. Over the majesty of its form and the marvels of its might, time and disaster have no power. Such as creation's dawn beheld, it rolleth now. The vast clouds of vapor which roll up from its bosom float away to encircle the globe: on distant mountains and deserts they pour out their watery treasures, which gather themselves again in streams and torrents, to return, with exulting bound, to their parent ocean.

These are the messengers which proclaim in every land the exhaustless resources of the sea; but it is reserved for those who go down in ships, and who do business on the great waters, to see the works of the Lord and his wonders in the deep. Let one go upon deck in the middle watch of a still night, with naught above him but the silent and solemn skies, and naught around and beneath him but an interminable waste of waters, and with the conviction that there is but a plank between him and eternity, a feeling of loneliness, solitude, and desertion, mingled with a sentiment of reverence for the vast, mysterious, and unknown, will come upon him with a power, all unknown before, and he might stand for hours entranced in reverence and tears.

Man also has made the ocean the theatre of *his* power. The ship in which he rides that element is one of the highest triumphs of his skill. At first this floating fabric was only a frail barque, slowly urged by the laboring oar. The sail at length arose and

spread its wings to the wind. Still he had no power to direct his course when the lofty promontory sunk from sight, or the orbs above him were lost in clouds. But the secret of the magnet is at length revealed to him, and his needle now settles with a fixedness which love has stolen as the symbol of its constancy to the polar star.

Now, however, he can dispense even with sail, and wind, and flowing wave. He constructs and propels his vast engines of flame and vapor, and through the solitude of the sea, as over the solid earth, goes thundering on his track. On the ocean, too, thrones have been lost and won. On the fate of Actium was suspended the empire of the world. In the Gulf of Salamis, the pride of Persia found a grave; and the crescent set forever in the waters of Navarino; while at Trafalgar and the Nile, nations held their breath,

As each gun
From its adamantine lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane's eclipse
Of the sun.

But of all the wonders appertaining to the ocean, the greatest, perhaps, is its transforming power on man. It unravels and weaves anew the web of his moral and social being. It invests him with feelings, associations, and habits, to which he has been an entire stranger. It breaks up the sealed fountains of his nature, and lifts his soul into features prominent

as the cliffs which beetle over its surge. Once the adopted child of the ocean, he can never bring back his entire sympathies to land. He will still move in his dreams over that vast waste of waters, still bound in exultation and triumph through its foaming billows. All the other realities of life will be comparatively tame, and he will sigh for his tossing element, as the caged eagle for the roar and arrowy light of his mountain cataracts.

But let us leave generalities, and look more closely at the distinctive features of character which an ocean-life impresses on the sailor. Among these, generosity is, perhaps, the most prominent. You may take the most gnarled and knotted heart that can be found, one where a kindly emotion seems never to have existed, and send it out on the sea, and it will soon begin to crack and expand.

This same being, who, if he had remained on land, might have seen orphans starve around him without a pitying impulse, and cheated the poor sexton out of his fee for tolling the bell at his burial, will, in the development of his ocean-life and character, be seen dividing his last shilling with an unfortunate shipmate; and when all is gone, show no dismay, or distrust of

“The sweet little cherub who sits up aloft,
And watches the life of poor Jack.”

You never see a sailor, when he falls in with a

fellow-being in distress, no matter in what clime born, or what may be the color of his skin, play the Levite; he acts the good Samaritan, and as naturally, too, as the blood rolls from his heart to the extremities of his frame.

Nor does the sailor ever meet a national foe in a spirit of malice, or of personal hostility. He fights not for himself, but for his flag; not for his own honor, but the honor of his country. When the enemy has once struck his colors, he would consider another shot an act of cruelty and disgrace. If the enemy's ship be in a sinking condition, he dashes through the boisterous waves to reach her, even at the imminent peril of being carried down in the maelstrom of her disappearing hulk.

He scorns stratagem with an enemy, or any advantage which gives him the victory on unequal terms. He would hardly consent to engage a man-of-war in a steamer armed with a Paixhan gun, where he might quietly take his distance and riddle her at such a remove that her guns could not reach him. He would prefer throwing himself alongside of her in a ship of equal capacity, and then battling it out with her on what he would consider fair and honorable terms. I once asked an old sailor who had been in three signal engagements in the last war with Great Britain, and victorious in each, what he thought of the Torpedo system of blowing up an enemy. "Sir," said the old sailor, touching his tarpaulin, "I think

it was a sneaking way of doing the business. It is only the assassin, sir, that stabs in the dark."

Courage is another feature of character strongly impressed on the sailor by his ocean-life. He is always in peril; he lives with but a plank between him and eternity. If the sea be smooth, and the sky free of clouds at the setting sun, still before his midnight watch is out, his spars may be falling in fragments around him, and the tempest roaring through his shrouds like the blast of the Judgment trump. The caverns of the sea are full of sailors, who have sprung from their hammocks and gone down before even one prayer could be uttered.

O'er their dark unfathomed slumbers
Wakes no human wail or knell,
But the mermaid pours her numbers
Through her wild elegiac shell.

Thus accustomed to danger in all the forms which the gale, the breaker, the lightning of the cloud, and the iron hail of the enemy can present, the sailor becomes a stranger to fear. Peril is his element as much as water is that of the leviathan that floats around him. He has, therefore, no new character to assume, when summoned to a work of desperate daring. The same strong muscles, the same unshrinking courage, the same indomitable resolution which are now to be tasked, have been tested in other life-suspending emergencies. He rushes into the

death-struggle like the war-horse, whose arching neck is clothed with thunder.

When the Constitution fell in with the Guerriere, and it was hardly yet ascertained whether she was a ship-of-the-line or a frigate, a sturdy sailor walked aft to Commodore Hull, and said in an eager, determined tone, "Commodore, if you will lay us alongside, sir, we will do our duty." "Clear the ship for action," cried the commodore; and they *did* do their duty. They captured the enemy before his recovery from the astounding effects of their first broadside. They broke the charm of British invincibility, and filled the heart of the nation with courage and resolution.

Not only on the battling deck, heaped with the dying and the dead, is the sailor firm, but when thrown upon land he is the last to quit the unavailing battery. When others had fled at Bladensburg with a speed that might have taken them to the foot of the Rocky Mountains, if not the shores of the Pacific, one stout fellow still remained at his gun, and was found when the enemy was within a few rods of him, very coolly ramming home to give him another shot. He was a regular Jack tar, who had very little respect for the lessons of the old distich :

"He who fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day."

When an order reaches the ear of a sailor, he never

stops to inquire what may be the consequences to himself of carrying that order into effect. The preservation of his own limbs and life comes not into the account. The order is all-paramount with him, and he obeys it as if it possessed an irresistible power over the energies of his will. It may be one full of the extremest peril, as is often the case, still he executes it as promptly as if danger were a fiction, and death a dream.

An order given, and he obeys of course,
 Though 'twere to run his ship upon the rocks,
Capture a squadron with a boat's crew force,
 Or batter down the massive granite blocks
Of some huge fortress with a swivel, pike,
Or aught whereby to throw a ball, or strike.

He never shrinks, whatever may betide :
 His cutlass may be shivered in his hand,
His last companion shot down at his side,
 Still he maintains his firm and desperate stand ;
Bleeding and battling, with his colors fast
As nail can bind them to his shattered mast.

CHAPTER II.

Such men fall not unmourned : their winding-sheet
May be the ocean's deep, unresting wave ;
But o'er that grave will wandering winds repeat
The dirge of millions for the fallen brave ;
While each high deed survives in safer trust,
Than those consigned to mound or marble bust.

THE SAILOR'S CHIVALRIC DEVOTION TO WOMAN—ROUGHNESS AND HONESTY IN COURTSHIP—HIS WAY OF BEARING UNREQUITED LOVE—PRODIGALITY AND ITS CAUSES—JACK AT THE BUNKER-HILL FAIR—HIS PRICE FOR A KISS—EXPLOITS OF THE CREW OF THE NORTH CAROLINA—BUYING A HOTEL FOR A BALL—GIVING IT BACK TO THE LANDLORD—SUPERSTITION OF THE SAILOR—INTOLERANCE OF THE SHARK AND THE CAT—JACK'S WAY OF GETTING A BREEZE—BELIEF IN GHOSTS AND THE SPIRIT WORLD—A MESSMATE FROM THE DEAD—INDIGNATION AT INJUSTICE—JACK'S DEFINITION OF A NONDESCRIFT—BATTLE BETWEEN THE AMERICAN ROUNDABOUTS AND THE FRENCH DRESS-COATS.

ANOTHER prominent feature in the character of the sailor is his rough, honest, heartfelt esteem for the fair sex. His devotedness has all the generosity which characterized the highest noontide of chivalry, but without any of the follies and crimes which belonged to that system of self-immolation. The exploits of the knight-errant have been the very soul of romance and song, while the death-daring love of poor Jack has been hymned only by the billow.

His love, it is true, has not that exquisite refinement which expresses itself in the delicate tints and odors of flowers, but it gushes up warm and fresh out of his strong heart.

Were he to encounter you in a nocturnal serenade, with your sentimental eyes rolled up to the lattice of your lady-love, and with guitar in hand singing,

Love wakes and weeps, while Beauty sleeps ;
Oh ! for music's softest numbers,
To prompt a theme, for Beauty's dream,
Soft as the pillow of her slumbers ;—

were he to meet you in this interesting attitude, he would be very likely to ask you what you wanted to disturb that fair sleeper up there for, as it was not her watch on deck, and he would advise you to call upon her when she should be wide awake, and tell her like an honest man, that you loved her, and ask her to ship with you for life.

Were the gentle being whom you thus tenderly accost in these dulcet strains, in a house enveloped in flames, or amid the surge of boiling breakers, poor Jack's rough humanity would rescue her before your exquisite sentimentality had sufficiently recovered its wits to ascertain whether any thing could be done or not ; for he excels all men in presence of mind and promptitude of action.

When you offer yourself to a lady and she refuses you, you would be gratified, perhaps, were she at

last to wed a knave or fool, simply because she declined marrying you. Not so with poor Jack—he wishes her all happiness, and hopes to meet her again on the great ocean of life; and does he meet her there, and in destitution, she shall not want while a shot is left in the locker. Such is Jack's retaliation of unrequited love. Were there more of his frankness and generosity in such matters generally, there would be fewer unhappy marriages; for who ever heard of a sailor's troubling the courts for a divorce? If he cannot make good weather on one tack, then he tries another; but he never scuttles his ship, or throws his *mate* overboard. A world without woman in it would be to him like a garden without a flower, like a grove without a bird to sing in its branches, like an evening sky without a star to smile through its blue depths.

Another prominent trait in the character of the sailor is his prodigality. No other being earns his money through such perils and hardships as he, and yet no one spends it so freely. The wages of a long South Sea voyage, or of a three years' cruise, are spent in a few months, often in a few weeks. The reason of this is the comparatively few convivial occasions which cheer his hard lot, and a conviction that with him life at longest is short.

His maxim is, live while you live—and that, it must be confessed, by no means in the highest or best sense: he says to himself, make sure of the

present: he dips of the current as it flows. I have often tried to induce the sailor to lay up his earnings, to put his money into the Savings Bank; and have told him, by way of inducement, that he would find it there with interest in his old age. "Ah!" replies the sailor, "and suppose I should die in the mean time?" This apprehension of an early death, and the novelties of the shore, make the sailor a prodigal. He never, however, throws away his money in the luxuries of the table; it is generally in some freak of fancy, some whim which would never enter the imagination of any other being, nor his own perhaps, either, unless inflamed with the boozy wine.

At the Bunker Hill Fair in Boston, among the crowds which entered the magnificent hall where it was held, there rolled in a frank Jack-tar of the deep. He moved along in his white pants, his blue roundabout, and new tarpaulin, till one of the ladies, and the most beautiful one in the hall, arrested him at her stand with a solicitation to buy some of her fancy articles. "No," said the sailor, "I don't think I want any of them 'ere spangles, but I will give you twenty dollars for a kiss." "Agreed," said the fair, when the sailor saluted her on the cheek, and, drawing out his purse, handed her twenty dollars. "Cheap enough at that," said Jack, and rolled on. Those who have never studied the sailor's character, may impute to him improper feelings. Not so: he would have perilled his life to protect that lady from indig-

nity; and never was a thorough sea-bred sailor known to insult a virtuous woman.

When the crew of the North Carolina, on her return from the Mediterranean, were discharged at Norfolk, several hundreds of them started in company for New York. They arrived, at length, in the State of Delaware, which they crossed on foot, (for railroads were then unknown,) and, night coming on, they cast about for quarters. The keeper of the hotel in the village at which they had arrived, looking at their numbers, and recollecting that his large hall had been engaged for a ball that night, declined all attempts at accommodating them. The mention of the ball struck the imagination of the sailors at once. They asked him what he would take for his hotel; he stated the sum, which was moderate, as the building, though large, was old and somewhat decayed. Instantly they raised the amount, handed it over to the astonished keeper, and took possession of the premises.

The ladies and gentlemen soon began to arrive, and were received with great cordiality by the sailors. The old hotel was for once brilliantly illuminated, and every attention was paid to the ladies which the respectful homage of poor Jack could suggest. When the gentlemen called for their bills, they were informed by the sailors that no charge had been made, and no money would be accepted. As the company departed, three cheers were given to the ladies. The sailors remained through the following

day and night enjoying their snug harbor; and, the next morning, calling for the landlord of whom they had purchased the hotel, made him a present of it, on the condition that he would never again turn away a sailor so long as a foot of unoccupied room remained.

Now, whoever heard of landsmen purchasing a hotel from a freak of fancy, and then giving it back again to its previous owner? It is that sort of business operation which belongs only to the sailor; but, after all, it is quite as safe and profitable as many of the speculations into which much sounder heads sometimes enter.

These are a few illustrations, out of a hundred that might be quoted, of the benevolent, careless prodigality of the sailor. He purchases a hotel to secure a night's lodging, gives twenty dollars for the privilege of respectfully saluting a lady, and empties his purse for a song! This trait in his character can never be made to undergo a radical change. It is blended with the very elements of his moral and social being. It can never be reached by the lessons of a cool, calculating prudence: it is above the influence of time and the force of circumstances.

You who censure this trait in the sailor, did you ever reflect that you often spend your money for that which contributes as little to your substantial comfort and happiness as he does? You spend thousands for splendid furniture in your dwellings which

never yet started a pure impulse of pleasure, or relieved one pang of sorrow, but which you are vain enough to exhibit, and others weak enough to envy.

Superstition is another characteristic feature of the sailor. He will never go to sea on Friday if he can help it, and still insists that the horse-shoe be nailed to the foremast, as a protection against the visits of the Evil One. How this rim of rough iron came to be regarded as possessing such a potent charm, his own philosophy, not mine, must explain. The Evil One, in his opinion, always tries to conceal his club-foot, and this shoe would so exactly fit it, that its very sight repels the intruder.

A sailor regards the presence of a shark about a ship a most fatal omen to the sick on board. The highest exultation I ever witnessed on board a man-of-war, was occasioned by harpooning a shark that was hanging about us while a favorite sailor was sick; though I rather doubt if it was the harpoon that saved the sailor's life; and yet it may have had as much agency in it as the doctor's pills.

A sailor will never tolerate in his ship a member of the feline species, especially if she has a dark complexion. We took on board at Gibraltar a large, beautiful black cat; we were bound to Mahon, and, as it happened, encountered a tedious succession of light head-winds and dead calms. The sailors at last began to look at our new-comer as a sort of Jonas on

board. The next morning the black cat was missing, and suspicions fell very justly on an old sailor, who had been heard to threaten her life. I asked this old sailor what could induce him to commit such an act of cruelty. "Sir," said he, "we have been boxing about here for two weeks without making any head-way, and I determined at last to put that black cat out of the way. I didn't murder her, sir; I tied a shot to her and she sunk without a scream; and now you see, sir, we have got a fine breeze."

The sailor is also a profound believer in ghosts: one of these nocturnal visitants was supposed, at the time to which I refer, to frequent our ship. It was with the utmost difficulty that the crew could be induced to turn in quietly at night. You might have seen the most athletic, stout-hearted sailor on board, when called to take his night-watch aloft, glancing at the yards and tackling of the ship for the phantom; and square off, muttering his challenge to it to come in some honest shape, and not be skipping about there on the sky-sails and moon-raker, half the time in sight, and half the time lost in shadow. It was a long time, in the opinion of the crew, before this phantom left the ship; and no philosophy that was preached in sermons or otherwise could shake their confidence in its reality.

Now and then an occurrence takes place on board ship which seems to invest these mysterious phenomena with some reasonableness and force. A sail-

or in one of our ships-of-the-line had died of a slow, lingering disease. He was laid out on a plank, as is customary, and after some fifteen or twenty hours, his messmates were called to wrap him for burial, when he rose to a sitting posture, white as his linen. With eyes glassed in death, he told the crew, as they were standing in breathless awe around him, that he had been sent back into this world to warn them, and that unless they repented of their sins, and reformed their lives, they would perish forever. His language, though a common seaman, was select and forcible, and free of the technicalities which make up the dialect of the sailor.

When he had finished his admonitory appeal to the crew, which was uttered with indescribable solemnity, he sent for the commander-in-chief. This officer came to him: "Commodore," said he, "a few hours ago it was for you to command, and for me to obey; it is now for me to speak, and for you to listen. Commodore, you are tyrannical to your crew, and profane to your God. You must repent of your sins and cast yourself on the compassion of Christ, or you are undone. My mission is now accomplished, and I must return." He then sunk slowly back again on his death-pillow. The body was kept for a week or so, and then consigned to the deep.

Such was the appalling impression produced by this occurrence, that for several days scarce a loud word was heard among the crew, and the commander-

in-chief carried the impression with him to the grave. I had this narrative from the surgeon of the ship, who was present and witnessed the whole.

If you ask me whether I believe this sailor had really departed to the world of spirits and reappeared among us again, I answer that I have stated the facts of the case as related to me by an eye-witness, and I leave you to draw your own inferences. I know nothing in the Bible which discredits a belief in the return of departed spirits. One shadowy visitant may be sent to startle the sinner from his fatal slumbers; and others may be commissioned to cheer the weak, to sustain the dying:

Hark! they whisper: angels say,
Sister spirit, come away.

The uncomplaining submission of the sailor to just punishment, and his indignation at unmerited chastisement and rebuke, form another prominent trait in his character. He seldom seeks, when guilty, to escape the penalty through prevarication and deceit. He has no lawyer to tell him to plead not guilty, and to extricate him through some technical informality in the proceedings. He acknowledges his offence, and submits to the punishment as an admonition to himself and others too. But he resents, with the full force of his moral nature, even the imputation of crime when innocent.

When Small confessed his participation in the pro-

jected mutiny on board the Somers, not the shadow of a shade of doubt respecting his guilt rested on my mind. Had he been innocent, the very keel of that ship would have trembled with his remonstrance. A sailor tamely submitting to death in expiation of a crime he never committed or purposed!—such a thing is not known in all the annals of the ocean.

He will not silently submit even to an opprobrious epithet on board a man-of-war. One of our officers in charge of the deck called a sailor a nondescript. He had scolded him for some supposed neglect of duty, and then said, “Go forward! you are such a perfect nondescript, I don’t know what to do with you.” Forward the sailor went, muttering to himself, “Nondescript—what does that mean? Here, Larkin, can you tell me what nondescript means?” “Why, what do you want to know what nondescript means for?” “Why, the officer of the deck called me a nondescript, and it means something bad, I know, for he was angry.” “Well, I don’t know what it means,” said Larkin: “send for Wilkins, he can tell.” Now, Wilkins was a sort of ship’s dictionary; and, though ignorant as any on board, he had a reason for every thing, and a definition besides. So Wilkins came: “What is the meaning of nondescript?” inquired the aggrieved sailor. “Nondescript,” said Wilkins, after a moment’s pause, “nondescript means one who gets into heaven without being regularly entered on the books.” “Is that all it means?” said the sailor:

“well, well, I shall be glad to get there any way, poor sinner as I am!” If there was more of that sailor’s *spirit* ashore, there would be less wrangling on doctrinal points.

A prejudice against all innovations is another trait in the character of the sailor. Holding to ancient usage with the fidelity of a Turk, a habit consecrated by time has with him a sacredness which he will not lightly surrender. He is attached to a custom because it is a custom,

And scorns to give aught other reason why.

No regular sea-bred sailor will ever go on board one of our steam frigates, except by compulsion. He detests steam even in a dead calm, though he must lie there

“As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.”

He thinks it fit to be used only in crawling off a lee shore; and even then, sooner than resort to it, he would risk a thump or two with the breakers. He likes an open sea, long sweeping waves, an ample spread of canvas, a stiff, steady breeze, and the foam rolling away as if in terror from his careering keel.

Some French sailors once went ashore at Mahon in dress-coats. They were encountered there by American sailors in their roundabouts, and a battle ensued, in which some bones were broken. When the matter was inquired into by the proper authori-

ties, the reason assigned by our tars for their terrible onslaught upon the French boys was, that they wore coats with tails to them. "I don't care," said Jack, "about the tails on their coats, if the polliwogs didn't call themselves sailors; they disgrace the profession, sir." A sailor, fickle and impulsive as he may be on other subjects, is firm in his prejudices.

He is a child of mere impulse and passion,
Whose prejudice oft deals his hottest blows,
And fickle as the most ephemeral fashion,
Save in the cut and color of his clothes;
And in a set of phrases, which on land
The wisest head could never understand.

CHAPTER III.

HE thinks his dialect the very best
 That ever flowed from any human lip,
 And whether in his prayers, or at a jest,
 Uses the terms for managing a ship;
 And even in death would order up the helm,
 In hope to clear the "undiscovered realm."

HUMANITY OF THE SAILOR—EMOTIONS IN VIEW OF THE DYING DOLPHIN—
 JACK AND THE PORCUPINE—HIS FONDNESS FOR EXCITEMENT—ADDICTED-
 NNESS TO THE CUP—TEMPTATIONS OFFERED HIM—GOVERNMENT TO BLAME
 —ABOLITION OF THE WHISKY RATION ARGUED—FACTS IN POINT—CON-
 GRESS BOUND TO SUPPLY A SUBSTITUTE—TEETOTALISM THE ONLY SAFETY
 FOR ARMY AND NAVY—THE SAILOR'S SUSCEPTIBILITY TO RELIGION—PRI-
 VATION OF CHRISTIAN PRIVILEGES—ERROR CORRECTED—THE SAILOR
 REMEMBERED ON THE CROSS—HIS DIALECT THE WING OF PRAYER—
 SHAKING IN THE WIND.

ANOTHER feature in the character of the sailor is his humanity to dumb animals. Though he may knock down a French sailor for wearing a coat with a tail to it, he will never turn out a poor old faithful horse on a public common to die. He leaves such accursed inhumanity to those who surfeit the guest, and starve his steed.

When pushed hard for fresh provisions on a cruise in the West Indies, we took our lines and angled for the dolphin. One was at last hooked and brought on board. As this most beautiful fish of the ocean was

dying, I observed an old sailor leaning over it and watching its spasms. As its complexion trembled through the successive colors of the rainbow to the last one, when death set its seal, a big tear floated in the eye of the old tar, while his lips half unconsciously murmured, "That's hard—that's hard." He believes with Shakspeare,

"The poor beetle that we tread upon,
In corporal suffering feels a pang
As great as when a giant dies."

We had on board the *Constellation* a lamb, which became quite a pet with our crew, but from a fracture of one of its limbs by the falling of a belaying-pin, it became necessary to kill it; but not a sailor who had played with it would touch a morsel of its meat. "Eat Tommy!" said Jack; "I would as soon eat my own child."

We had also many pets on board, among them the greyhound, the gazelle, the falcon, and that most endeared of all pets, the carrier pigeon; but the favorite with the sailors was the fretful porcupine. They respected him, for they said he could take care of himself; and indeed he did, as there was scarce a nook or corner of the ship where the rogue did not commit his depredations. Our Newfoundland dog was trained by the sailors to take his station regularly when all hands were called, and he always led off when the main-tack was manned. Our sailors could manage

every thing but the monkey ; they could never make any thing out of that mischievous caricature of man !

Another feature of character impressed on the sailor by his ocean life, is a passionate fondness for excitement. The great element on which he moves is never at rest. If it be quiet at one point, storms are howling and breakers lifting their voices in thunder at another. Here, an iceberg, in mountain majesty, tumbles on its terrific way ; there, a roaring waterspout seems as if emptying another ocean from the clouds ; and yonder, the vast maelstrom draws whole navies down its whirling centre. Reared amid these stirring wonders, the sailor becomes impatient of repose.

It is his life's first pulse to be in motion,
Roaming about, he scarce knows where or why ;
He looks upon the dim and shadowy ocean
As his home, abhors the land, and e'en the sky,
Boundless and beautiful, has naught to please,
Except some clouds which promise him a breeze.

He looks up to the sky to watch that cloud,
As it displays its faint and fleeting form ;
Then o'er the calm begins to mutter loud,
And vows he would exchange it for a storm,
Tornado, any thing, to put a close
To this most dead, monotonous repose.

This love of excitement in the sailor leads him to the CUP—his flattering, false friend ; his companion

in moments of conviviality; his refuge in hours of gloom. He sees not the serpent which lurks in the fatal bowl, and wakes up to his peril only in the death-horrors inflicted by its fang. And yet the Government, the kind, paternal Government, puts this poisoned chalice to his lips! If you would reform him, strike the fire-whisky out of his ration. Let the moral power of your disapprobation be felt in your acts, not proclaimed in your theories. But, instead of this, you go to him with a cup of whisky in one hand, and a temperance tract in the other! The wonder is, that he ever dashes the whisky aside, and listens to the total abstinent lessons of the tract. And yet, not one-third of the sailors afloat in our national ships touch the whisky ration thus presented to their lips by the Government.

If Congress would forego President-making for the people, and give more time to those whose lives are at issue upon their legislative acts, they would better consult their own duty and the interests of humanity. Nor can any man make a better use of the influence of his name than by appending it to a memorial to Congress to abolish at once this whisky ration in the Navy. There was a time when most of those connected with the Navy were in favor of the whisky ration. It was regarded as an element which the habits of the sailor, if not the hardships of his condition, had rendered expedient. We were once of this opinion ourselves; but experience, that

great and final test of all things, has produced a different conviction.

It has been shown, with a conclusiveness that admits of no cavil, that the hardest sea service is best performed by those who use no alcoholic drinks. We adduce, in evidence of this, the health and strength found in our whaling vessels, where no spirituous liquors are used, and where the hardships are unequalled in any other branch of our marine. We have, also, hundreds of merchantmen afloat, where the utmost enterprise and vigor prevail, and where no artificial stimulants are used.

But our evidence stops not here: we have men-of-war in service, where, among a large proportion of the crews, the whisky ration has been voluntarily commuted for other articles, and where still the highest degree of alacrity and strength prevails. And, further, we have one frigate, at least, afloat, where, as we are informed, every soul on board, from the commander down to the loblolly-boy, is a teetotaller; and where order, discipline, and energy are unsurpassed. With these facts before us—facts founded in experience—we are prepared to say that the whisky ration in the Navy can well be dispensed with.

The law, as it now stands, makes it a part of the sailor's ration; and no commander, not the Secretary of the Navy himself, can withhold it. A large proportion of the crews of our public ships voluntarily relinquish it. A few, from the force of habit, or ig-

norance of the benefits of giving it up, continue its use. This comparatively small number are called on deck twice or thrice a day, where, in the presence of all the rest of the crew, the whisky is dealt out to them, and where their faces are lighted up for the moment with the delirious excitement imparted.

Now what must be the effect of such an example? What its effect on the youth of the crew, and on that sailor whose abstinent purpose sometimes wavers? Temptations out of sight lose half their power. It is our eyes that give the forbidden fruit its charm. And yet no commander, under our present law, can refuse to present this pernicious, infectious example to his crew every day. He cannot have this insidious poison administered in secret; he has no right to order the men down into the hold for the purpose; nor can he cast upon the indulgence any stigma or rebuke. It is honored and protected by law, and he is obliged to respect that law.

What, then, in view of all these facts, is the duty of that body which made this law, but to repeal it? Can any man face this evidence and protect it? Can he look at the evils which it inflicts, and plead for it? Can he stand over the ruins of soul, mind, and body which it entails, and defend it? No, no; not for one moment. It ought to be abolished at once, utterly and forever. It ought never to have been incorporated with the provisions of the service. But ignorance of its destructive nature allowed its enactment.

That ignorance, however, now no longer exists, and there is no apology left for its continuance. Let Congress, then, strike it from our Naval statutes, and substitute for its poison what will promote the comfort, health, and strength of our seamen.

Most of the evils, also, which exist in the Army, result from the use of ardent spirits. The gill *per diem* which Government allows to each soldier would not of itself produce these ruinous effects; but this allowance only creates a craving appetite for more, and the means of indulging it to a fatal excess is presented by the sutler. Thus hundreds who entered the Army with habits of temperance are led on, step by step, in this ruinous course, till they sink into an untimely grave, or are cast into hospitals, the mere relics of what they once were; while hundreds more drag out a miserable existence between the tempting cup and the pangs of a relentless chastisement.

Such were not the men who achieved our independence; nor are they those upon whom this country could place much reliance in the hour of peril. They are a mere apology for a defence, and, so far from being fitted for active service, they could scarcely make even a *reeling demonstration*.

Now all this wretchedness, misery, and death have not the slightest necessity to plead as an apology. It is in the power of Congress to banish intoxicating liquors from the camp; and the voluntary surrender

of their allowance by the garrisons at Fort M'Henry and Sackett's Harbor, show that no great violence would be done to the feelings of the more reputable part of our soldiers if the sutler's license to deal in spirits should be withdrawn, and the whisky ration be commuted for articles that cannot injure the health or morals of the soldier.

It is the opinion of General Macomb (than whom no man in the country has a better opportunity of knowing) that ardent spirits can be dispensed with in the Army, and that incalculable good would flow to the troops from a vigorous prosecution of measures calculated to secure this object.

But another feature in the character of the sailor, whom I may seem for a moment to have forgotten, is his susceptibility to religious impressions. A great affecting truth connected with the destiny of the human soul, finds a ready access to his feelings. It has no prejudices to break down, no skeptical doubts to overthrow: it is unresisted by his intellect; it falls at once, with its full force, on his heart.

It is well for him that it is so: if truth reached his heart by the same slow degrees that it generally does that of other men; if it had first to be filtered through the alembic of his intellect, it would rarely, if ever, accomplish the errand upon which it was sent. He has incomparably less time and fewer opportunities than other men. His home is on the ocean; he is rarely in a vessel that has a religious commander;

and still more rarely in a ship where there is one whose duty it is to instruct him in the great truths of Revelation.

He starts on a voyage across the Atlantic, or into the South Seas, or to the East Indies, and during his long absence never, perhaps, once hears a chapter read from the Bible, or a prayer offered to his God. He returns, and is on shore for a few weeks ; he has no sacred and endeared home of his own to go to ; and he seeks those scenes of amusement, excitement, and conviviality which are congenial to his roving habits, and for which his long deprivations have given him a keen zest. Before the land has become stable around him, and the buildings have ceased to rock as the masts of his vessel, his money has been spent, and he is off to sea again.

And now, is it strange that you cannot catch him in this whirl of enjoyment, and make a sober Christian of him ? Catch a wild Mohawk, and make a Cincinnatus of him as well ! There are thousands who live ashore in the midst of a praying community, have faithful evangelical preachings on the Sabbath, two or three lectures a week, precept upon precept, line upon line, here a little and there a little—and, after all, exhibit but faint traces of piety ; and then affect to wonder that poor Jack, thrown ashore for a few weeks among our grog-shops and stews, does not at once become religious !

The wonder is, that he becomes religious at all :

indeed, he never would, did he not possess ten times the susceptibility which some of those evince who affect to wonder at him. Truth has to do its work with him at once: its sacred image must strike his soul with the suddenness and fidelity of the daguerreotype impression.

It is no small obstacle to the success of religious efforts with sailors, that they are generally considered as the least likely of any class in the community to be brought under the saving influences of grace; and the clergyman who attempts it, is regarded by many as leading a forlorn hope. When I entered the Navy, a staid clergyman of New England asked me, "Is it possible that you are going to throw away your talents and education on sailors?"

I said to him what I would say to all such inquirers now, the sailor was remembered on the Cross, and if worthy of the dying agonies of the Son of God, he certainly is of the efforts of a poor fellow-mortal. The fact that the Saviour died for him is sufficient evidence that he may be, and in some instances will be, a trophy of redeeming love and grace.

The dialect of the sailor, again, prejudices the seriousness of his Christian character with the community. You can hardly associate the solemnity of religion with the queerness of his nautical phrases. And yet, his dialect is the most concise and expressive known to human speech; and it will wing a

prayer to heaven as fast as that conveyed in more polished terms.

Among the sailors in one of our navy-yards, one winter that I was connected with it, there was unusual religious feeling. Of the little crew attached to the receiving ship, almost all became hopefully pious. I asked one of those sailors, as I met him in the yard, how they were getting on as to religion. "Oh," said he, "we have all got on the right tack now, except one, and he is *shaking in the wind*." Now find me, in all the compass of the English tongue, a phrase so significant and expressive as this of the situation of one hesitating between inclination and duty.

CHAPTER IV.

OH, wad some power the giftie gie us,
 To see oursels as others see us,
 It wad frae mony a blunder free us,
 And foolish notion !

BURNS.

NAVY CHAPLAINS—A REFORMER IN WORD AND ONE IN DEED—THE CAPSTAN AS A PULPIT—THE SAILOR IN VIEW OF DEATH—SICKNESS AT SEA AND ON SHORE COMPARED—BURIAL IN THE DEEP AND UNDER THE SOD—THE WORLD'S DEBT TO THE SAILOR—CHRISTIANITY HIS CREDITOR—HIS LIFE AND CHARACTER LITTLE KNOWN—HIS NATURE IN RUINS—HOW TO BE BUILT AGAIN—HOMES VERSUS BOARDING-HOUSES—THE PLEA OF PHILANTHROPY—AN APPEAL TO THE POCKET—SOURCES OF ENCOURAGEMENT—CHRISTIAN PHILANTHROPY MIGHTY.

WE have been told, through one of our religious journals, that the sailors connected with our national service would be much better men, if their chaplains were better ministers. This indiscriminate reproach was penned by one who had just entered the service as a sort of moral reformer. His rebuke, however, was confined to his language; it derived no force from his own example; for when ordered to sea, he threw up his commission. This was *his* way of showing his interest in sailors.

I have nothing to say in eulogy of the chaplains: many of them are well qualified for their duties, and

are faithful in discharging them; while a few owe their appointments to political influence, and are a moral incubus on the corps. But a bishop inditing a party pasquinade, and a politician consecrating a priest, are both very much out of their calling.

So far are sailors themselves from being removed by their habits beyond the influences of religious truth, that could I at all times select my pulpit, place of worship, and auditory, I would take the capstan of a ship-of-the-line, with her thousand sailors on her spar-deck, and if I failed of making an impression there, I should despair of making it anywhere.

It is true, however, that these impressions are less permanent than those made on other men, for an impression, the more easily it is made, is the more easily obliterated. An inscription in wax perishes almost under your style, but engraved on marble it remains, and will be read long after the hand that traced it hath forgot its cunning. Yet, without doubt, many a sailor will retain the images of truth impressed on his soul, and will be graciously remembered in that day when God shall number up his jewels.

Another feature in the character of the sailor is his resignation in death. He looks upon this dread event, come at what time and in what shape it may, as a fixed dispensation of Providence which he cannot alter. He regards it as the decision of a power which it would be idle to resist; as the appointment of a wisdom which it would be impiety to arraign. Hence

he submits himself calmly, and without a murmur, to the fearful issue.

One call on his forgotten God to save,
 One thought of those he never more may see,
 A desperate struggle with the conquering wave,
 A wild farewell, a gasping agony,
 A bubbling groan, and all with him is o'er ;—
 Nor friends nor home will see the sailor more.

Oh, there is something in this hurried form
 Of leaving life and all its lovely things,
 Which fills the heart with dread—'tis not the storm,
 The rock, or wave, that gives to death these stings :
 It is the sudden, unexpected stroke
 By which our last link to the world is broke.

Death is a serious thing, come how it may ;
 Fearful though it appear in our repose,
 When this our breath and being ebb away,
 As music to its mild, melodious close ;
 And where no parting pangs a shadow cast
 On that sweet look—the loveliest and the last.

But 'tis not thus the shipwrecked sailor dies—
 A sudden tempest or a hidden rock,
 And on the gale his fluttering canvas flies,
 And down he sinks, with one engulfing shock !
 While 'mid the dashing waves is heard his prayer,
 As now he strikes his strong arms in despair !

It has been my melancholy lot to see many sailors die. In the West Indies we were swept to the sepulchre of the wave by the yellow fever, and in the Mediterranean by the cholera. These diseases, suf-

ficiently terrific on land, are inexpressibly more so within the confined inclosures of a man-of-war. Our sailors fell like the first drops of a thunder-shower; but not a word of fear or complaint escaped the lips of any. As death approached, the sufferer, confessing his manifold transgressions, threw himself on the compassion of Christ. As objects grew dark around him, as his breath ebbed away, and the pulses in his frame stood still, I have seen that eye lit with a transport over which death and the grave have no power.

We die at home in the Sabbath calm of our hushed chamber; the poor sailor dies at sea, between the narrow decks of his rolling vessel. The last accents which greet our ears are the tenderest expressions of sympathy and affection, such as flow from a mother's devotedness, a sister's truth, a husband's solicitude, or a brother's cares. The last sounds heard by the dying sailor are the hoarse murmurings of that remorseless wave, which seems to complain at the delay of its victim.

We are buried beneath the green tree, where love and grief may go to plant their flowers, and number over our virtues; the poor sailor is hearsed in the dark depths of the ocean, there to drift about in its under-currents, without a memorial, and without rest, till the great judgment-day. Always the child of misfortune, impulse, and error—his brief life filled with privations, hardships, and perils—his grave in the foaming deep! Though man pity him not, God

will remember his weaknesses and trials in the day of his last account.

It should be remembered and noted here, that the most of what is endured by the sailor inures to the benefit of his species. The whole world shares in the fruits of his sufferings. The light of the sun is scarcely more universal than the benefits which flow from his enterprise. To his hardships we are indebted for most of the elegancies, and for many of the substantial comforts of life. He is the only being who puts his life at peril to bring to our hearth the products of other climes, the fabrics of other lands.

But for the courage and hardships of the sailor, what would have been the condition of this continent of North America, now the fairest abode of humanity and freedom on the face of the earth? Would golden harvests wave over its hills, and the sound of its manufactories overpower the roar of its waterfalls? Would the sacred temple heave its spire above a hundred swelling cities and ten thousand romantic villages? Would the triumphs of philosophy and art adorn the portico and grove? Rather, would not the primeval forest still gloom over these hills and valleys; their thick shadows be broken only by the wigwam and watch-fires of the naked savage?

And but for the same daring enterprise of the sailor, we, who sit safely under the shadow of the American tree of liberty, might be slavishly picking the crumbs of a miserable subsistence, under the crushing weight

of the aristocratic institutions of Europe. Under God, it may be that we owe our very existence to the sailor, certainly much that dignifies and adorns it.

But for the sailor, all intercourse with foreign lands would at once cease; every ocean would be as impassable as the fabled waves of that sea over which even the adventurous bird never winged its way; our very position on the globe, central as it now is, would be as isolated as the Egyptian pyramid towering above its desert of sand, or Mohammed's coffin, suspended between heaven and earth.

But for the sailor, the breaking light of Christianity might have lingered for centuries on the eastern shores of the Mediterranean; and never, perhaps, have reached the magnificent throne of the Cæsars, till that throne had crumbled under the iron heel of the Vandal. And now, who but the sailor carries the missionary to his field of labor, and the Bible to the hearth of the pagan—that blessed book whose holy light is kindling along the icy cliffs of Greenland, throwing its radiance over the benighted bosom of Africa, and pouring the splendors of a fresh morn along the darkened banks of the Ganges? In the last great jubilee of nations, redeemed by the love of Christ, millions on every shore will hymn the obligations of the WORLD to the SAILOR.

We have thus attempted to trace a few of the more marked features in the character of the sailor, as they are impressed upon him by his ocean-life. I have

sketched his generosity, his courage, his improvidence, his prejudices, his superstition, his submission to just punishment, his love of excitement, his respect for female excellence, his humanity to dumb animals, his frankness and honesty, his susceptibility to religious impression, his resignation in death. Those who have followed me through these traits of his character, with the veritable illustrations which have been given, have arrived, I doubt not, at this conclusion,—that the character of the sailor is but imperfectly understood by those whose occupations confine them to the land.

Another conviction must also have anchored itself in our minds, and that is, that the character of the sailor, in many of its features, is peculiar to himself; and that the ordinary rules of moral judgment, applied to him, would do a serious injustice. We have found, in the analysis of his character, some traits which call for our stern reprehension; but many more which claim our admiration and tears. The sailor is the most affecting illustration that can be found on our globe of the magnificent ruins in which our nature lies. The massive wall and majestic column, the sculptured architrave and glowing frieze of this moral temple, are blended together in one common wreck.

Such are the habits, tastes, and associations of the sailor in his wild, rude, ocean-life, that they quite unfit him for the elegancies, and even the sober realities of the shore. When he lands among us, seek-

ing rest and diversion from the fatigues of his long voyage, where shall he go? Friendless and kinless as he often is, he finds none to take him to a genial home, and

Question him the story of his life ;
Of moving accidents by flood and field ;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent, deadly breach,
And love him for the dangers he has passed,
As he would you, that you did pity them.

Oh, no, our Desdemonas are all dead; though the tragic tales of Othello still survive in the disastrous lot of the sailor.

Where, then, shall the homeless mariner moor his ship, and find snug-harbor? Save in the establishment of Sailors' Homes, there is but one anchorage left him, and that is those grog-shops under the name of sailor boarding-houses, on every portal of which should be written, **THIS IS THE WAY TO HELL, LEADING DOWN TO THE GATES OF THE GRAVE.** For what is the fate of the poor sailor in these receptacles of drunkenness and crime? Just what might be expected: he is made delirious with drugged liquors, robbed, and turned half naked into the streets. If it be possible for Satan to be disgusted with any of the miserable wretches driven into his realm, it must be with the monsters who keep these dens!

From such monsters, less merciful than cannibals—for they devour their victims and end their misery—the sailor has but **ONE** refuge, and that is in the pro-

visions of philanthropy—in those HOMES which Humanity and Christian Benevolence are solicited to provide for him. In such a home only is he safe. In any other place he will inevitably be the dupe and victim of avarice and crime.

I have no confidence in those sailor boarding-houses which have reformed themselves for the sake of custom. The motive stamps the whole establishment with just suspicion. They have always two systems of accommodation, as they have two sets of customers. They have cold water for those who dislike rum, and rum for those who dislike cold water; and little is the difference to them, provided only they can keep their man till they have gone to the bottom of his pocket.

If it be asked where is the necessity for taxing the benevolence of the community for the support of the SAILORS' HOME, since he returns with the wages of his voyage in his pocket, I answer with another question, What are you going to do with him, who, before he has reached this Home, has fallen into the teeth of those land-sharks, and been devoured of all his means? Where shall *he* go? Where shall he find a Good Samaritan and a hospitable inn? Where, but in that happy resource of Christian Philanthropy—a well-organized and authorized Sailors' Home?—a home where he can rest from the weariness and fatigue of his voyages.

These intervals in a sea-life are dearer to the sailor

than landsmen know. Into them are thrown the few hours of rest and enjoyment which relieve his hard lot. His sea-attire excludes him, on coming to land, from our large, well-regulated hotels. Nor could he, if admitted into one of them, endure the expense. Shall he be forced, then, into those abodes of vagrancy and guilt, which jeopard the peace and pollute the moral atmosphere of our large cities? Long enough have these infamous haunts of dissipation and crime been the resort of the sailor. In them he has left the earnings of his best years, his peace of conscience, and his hope of heaven! They have been the grave of his soul.

We must, then, provide him with something deserving the name of home on a scale of keeping with his better taste, and commensurate with his wants. It should be furnished with agreeable apartments, a wholesome, attractive table, and a reading-room, supplied with the papers and periodicals of the day. It should contain within itself sources of innocent recreation and amusement; all intoxicating drinks should be excluded, and the whole should be under the care of a family who love the sailor, who will sympathize with his bereavements, watch over him when sick, restrain his improvidence, take a heartfelt pleasure in ministering to his wants, and be to him father, mother, and sister.

Let such a home as this be furnished the sailor in reality and not merely in name, and you have laid

the foundation of his respectability and usefulness here, and his happiness hereafter. But without this primary provision, all our efforts to elevate him, to establish him in habits of sobriety and virtue, will be in vain. Our house will be built on the sand; and we shall find that we have but curbed and graded the stream of his depravity, while the fountain boils as high as ever. Here, then, is a tangible object which all who read can reach. If you cannot build entire a sailors' home, you can each put a stone into its foundation, and a brick into its walls. It was such contributions as these that pillared the magnificence of the Ephesian temple, and reared over the august shrine of St. Peter's the splendors of the heaven-suspended dome.

In such a home only as we argue for can the sailor enjoy religious instructions, or be brought under moral restraints. He is on shore but a few weeks, or months, at longest; and it is of infinite moment to him, as an accountable being, that divine truth and the elevating influences of correct social life should reach him in every shape possible. Even *with* these brief advantages, he must be almost a miracle of susceptibility, if he do not go to sea again without any radical transformation of character. *Without* them, what then can be hoped for?

The moral results of this exclusion from the light of truth and the humanizing influences of society are fatal to any class of men, but fearful especially to the

sailor. It is this social neglect and Christian abandonment that makes the pirate. Cast any class of men, whose hearts the restraints of religion have not reached, upon the ocean, and cut off all intercourse with the social influences of the shore, and they will become a reckless crew of roving corsairs.

Even in a three years' cruise in a man-of-war, though frequently in contact with the shore, there is often a perceptible DEGENERACY in those on board. Let this deprivation of moral and social influence be continued, and the Somers' tragedy would be but a prelude to the bloody drama of horrors that would invest the ocean. So that the lives of the defenceless thousands who traverse the deep, and all the great maritime interests of the world, are at issue on the moral influences which you throw around the sailor while on land.

It is proper to remark here, that there is nothing in the alleged failures of past experience to discourage such benign efforts in behalf of seamen, especially when these efforts are contrasted with results in other departments of Christian philanthropy. Twenty, and, I may say, forty sailors, have been converted to Christ to one Mohammedan or intelligent Hindoo, though the efforts and sacrifices for the latter would outweigh, ten to one, those made for the former. Yet, who thinks of abandoning the Mussulman and Gentoo to their fatal superstitions? No

one. We pursue our labor of love ; we exercise our FAITH ; we hold on to the PROMISES ; and the Church will continue to do the same, unless her hopes shall have been realized, when centuries have rolled over our graves.

CHAPTER V.

Look to the weather-bow,
 Breakers are 'round thee;
 Let fall the plummet now—
 Shallows may ground thee;—
 Reef in the foresail, there!
 Hold the helm fast!
 So! let the vessel wear,—
 There swept the blast!

MRS. SOUTHEY.

THE RELATION OF THE CHURCH TO THE SAILOR—THE POETRY AND THE PROSE OF HIS LOT—HIS PRIVATIONS AND HARDSHIPS—HIS WEAR, TEAR, AND FARE—NOW REEFING ON THE YARD-ARM—NOW BUFFETING THE BILLOWS—NOW A PALE CORSE IN THE DEEP SEA—THE LAZARETTO AT SEA AND THE EPIDEMIC ASHORE—HOME UNKNOWN TO THE SEA—WHERE TO FIND SOLITUDE—THE SOCIAL CONDITION AT SEA NECESSARILY A DESPOTISM—THE SABBATH PRACTICALLY UNKNOWN—EFFECT OF THIS MORAL BEREAVEMENT.

WE have sent our missionaries to the icy cabins of the Greenlander, the scorching huts of the Hottentot, the squalid tents of the Arab, the desolate shrines of the Greek, and the funeral pyres of the Hindoo. Nor would I recall one of these heralds of the Cross from his field of labor, or divert from their present object his messages of love. I would swell their numbers, and animate and sustain their efforts, till every nation, enlightened by the truths which they

convey, should exclaim—How beautiful are the feet of them who preach the Gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things! But I would say, also, “Go up, and look towards the sea.”

Those ships moving to and fro are freighted with human life. Those veering sails obey the will of men, who sway the strong ship to their purpose, as the rider his steed—of men whose graves may be in the depths of ocean, but over whose immortal natures the gale and wreck have no power. Could they perish, could the wave which sepulchres their forms be the winding-sheet of their souls, we might withhold our sympathy and concern. But they have spirits that will sing in worlds of light, or wail in regions of woe, when the dirge of the deep sea is over.

It is this after state of being that gives the sailor's lot its strongest claim upon our Christian solicitude, and makes it meet that we should endeavor to mitigate its physical evils, in order that we may secure its future and everlasting good. His life at sea, at the best, is full of hardship and peril. It can never be any thing else, so long as the winds and the waves remain.

The poet may roll through it the melodies of his verse, and the painter throw around it the enchantments of his pencil; but its stern realities will still remain, and still assert themselves in the tragic horrors of the gale and the wreck. The ocean's harp plays only anthems for the dead.

That they whose life is on the deep may, at times, little reck of the perils that environ them, is true; but this is the result of being inured to the danger, even as the peasant, rocked by the earthquake at the shaking base of Etna and Vesuvius, sleeps soundly, although that sleep may be his last, and day may dawn over the tomb of another Herculaneum! The caverns of the deep are full of corpses which will start from their abysses at the summons of the last trump; and millions will wake to an endless life of bliss or woe—

“That sank into the wave with bubbling groan,
Unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.”

But when these last disasters of the sea are escaped, the life of the sailor is full of hardship. Of all the quiet comforts and fresh luxuries of the shore he is utterly bereft. The products of the garden, the fruits of the vine—all that give variety and attraction to our tables, never relieve his hard fare. His meals are made from bread which often the hammer can scarcely break, and from meat as dry and juiceless as the bones which it feebly covers. A flowing bowl of milk, which the child of the poorest cottager may bring to its lips, is as much beyond his reach as the nectar which sparkled in the goblets of the fabled divinities on Ida.

When Adam, under the rebuke of God, went forth from his lost Eden, he still found some flowers spring-

ing up amid the briars and brambles that infested his path, and he still had a confiding companion at his side to share the sorrows of his lot ; but the sailor finds no flowers springing along the pathway of the sea, and no soothing companion there, except in his dreams of some far-off shore.

When the night-storm pelts our secure abode on the land, we can close our shutters, and quietly forget its violence in the arms of slumber. Not so with the sailor ; it summons him from his hammock to the yard-arm ; there, on that giddy elevation, while his masts reel to the sea, while the tempest is roaring through his shrouds, the waves howling in tumult and terror beneath, the thunder bursting overhead, and the quick lightning scorching the eyeballs that meet its glare, the sailor attempts to reef sail !

One false balance, one parting of the life-line, and he is precipitated into the rushing sea. A shriek is heard ! but who, in such a night of storm and terror, can save ! A bubbling groan ascends—the eddying wave closes over its victim—and he sinks to his deep watery bier. His poor mother will long wait and watch for his return, and his infant sister, unacquainted with death, will still lisp his name in gladness. But they will see his face no more. He has gone to

That dim shore, from which nor wave, nor sail,
Nor mariner has e'er returned—nor one
Fond farewell word traversed the waters back.

These are not perils which overtake him merely

once in his life, or once in the progress of a voyage. They come at all times, in every clime, and in every sea. They are constantly occurring links in the chain of his strange experience; they are his life's history; they belong to the sailor's universal lot. They are the first as well as the last act in the great tragedy of the sea.

When disease assails us on land, when a fatal epidemic strikes our cities, filling all hearts with dread, overpowering the timid, and reducing the brave to despair; when only the hearse is heard in the streets, and they that look out at their windows are darkened, we have an escape left, at least a temporary refuge in the surrounding country. But when this fatal malady reaches a man-of-war, it comes like the executioner to a prisoner in his cell. Beyond the wall of that floating prison there is no escape but into the depths of ocean. Each must stand in his place under this cloud charged with death. He may not move, or even tremble, though the next bolt is to strike himself.

Confined as all are to their floating lazaretto, they only can go over the ship's side, who move in silence and in canvas coverments to the sepulchre of the sea. That hollow sound—that plunge of the hammocked dead into the deep, can be imagined, perhaps, by those who have heard the coffin of a loved companion mournfully rumbling into its untimely grave. But the putrid corpses of the buried coming up through the

stagnant surface of the sea, and floating in spectral terror around the devoted ship, constitute an appalling climax of horror which landsmen can never know.

No carnage that war ever yet made on the decks of a man-of-war, can rival in terrors the helplessness and despair caused by the pestilence. Phrensy may fill churches when the earthquake rocks, but it is necessity that dooms mariners to die in masses on a man-of-war, when the cholera, or yellow fever, or East India dysentery have invaded her.

The battle and the breeze have exciting charms for the robust sailor, that reconcile him to many of the evils of his lot. But in scenes like those of sickness and death, he sighs for the shore, and the stoutest heart quails and feels, if it does not say with the poet,

“ Ah! let me live on land, where rivers run,
Where shady trees may screen me from the sun;
Where I may feel, secure, the fragrant air;
Where, whate'er toil or wearying pains I bear,
Those eyes which look away all human ill
May shed on me their still, sweet, constant light,
And the hearts I love may, day and night,
Be found beside me safe and clustering still.”

But how little is the sailor conversant with delights like these! That word HOME, with the thousand quiet thoughts and endearing associations which it brings with it, is not known to the vocabulary of the sea. Were strangers to enter our dwelling, turn our wife and children out of it, throw the furniture into the

streets, swing hammocks in the chambers, fill the parlors with the arms and munitions of war, narrow the foundations to a keel, unroof the walls, and set the whole rocking as if an earthquake were under it, we should have some conception of a SAILOR'S home. We might possibly endure such a home, could wife or children share it with us; but without them, it would be like a ruined altar where the vestal flame had gone out, or a trampled shrine from which the divinity had fled.

There is nothing at sea like home. The sympathy which sanctifies the domestic hearth is all unknown to the sailor. Those tender assiduities which flow from hearts allied, relieve not his rough experience. There *are* no hearts around him into which he can pour the sorrows that oppress his own. Although the fountain may be there, and swelling up to its marble curb, tears may not channel his rough cheeks. His grief is confined within him, as lightning in the isolated cloud.

It is this sense of loneliness, this excision from social love and sympathy, that gives to the sailor's lot its most dreary features. It throws a desert around him, barren as that on which the solitary palm of the Arabian desert casts its shade. Would you know what real solitude is, wake up on board a man-of-war, or in the heart of London or Paris, where, among the swarming multitudes of the mighty metropolis, there is not one that has ever heard of your

existence ; and where your death would be as little noticed as the falling of a leaf in the great forest.

The social condition and government of a ship is, necessarily, perhaps, a despotism. There must be some one there whose authority shall be supreme. Emergencies are constantly occurring which forbid all consultation. The slightest delay in giving the orders would put in peril the lives of all on board. The ship's safety lies in instant action. This makes it necessary that her commander should have absolute sway. This authority, too, he must possess at all times. If emergencies only can confer it, who shall judge of the necessity? A disagreement on that point might result in mutiny.

The sailor is, therefore, necessarily under a despotism, and is exposed to all the ill-treatment and cruelties which an abuse of this absolute authority can inflict. To question this authority is a crime ; to resist it is death. He has no alternative but in submission ; and he *does* submit, though his wrongs lay in ruins his strong heart.

Nor do the hardships and cruelties which the sailor endures stop with those which result from oppression and tyranny in his commander ; the ocean has been incarnadined with his blood, to gratify the animosity or ambition of princes. The terrible triumphs of Trafalgar and the Nile filled the English Isle with exultation ; but it filled the ocean with her dead. And never was the naval battle fought, or victory

won, which the life-blood of the sailor did not pay for.

Could the sea reveal its secrets, could the wrongs endured on that element find a tongue, there would be louder thunders there than those which roll from the breaker and the cloud.

If the spirits of those whom Moslem jealousy has murdered and sunk in the Bosphorus still float that stream in the form of complaining birds, which never rest, the ocean might be covered with these shrieking symbols of outrage and crime. It is no wonder that the organ tones of the sea are so full of plaintive melancholy and grief; nor is it surprising that all the minstrelsy of the mariner partakes of the same sadness. Any other notes with him are like jocund airs under the cypress that droops over the dead.

Were there now an offset to all the sailor's disabilities in his improved moral condition when at sea, neither himself nor his friends would remonstrate or complain in his behalf. But so far from this, the institution which is at the foundation of all true morality and religion, is almost unknown at sea, as to the observance required of it in the law of God.

If the Sabbath bring with it a cessation from labor in some extraneous departments, still the great business of managing the ship in the midst of fickle and violent elements must go on. The sailor is, therefore, deprived of the greater part of the benefits which result from a regular observance of the Lord's day.

This is a moral bereavement which no Christian community on land could long survive. To take the Sabbath from the heart and habits of man, is like taking the dew of heaven from the plant. The last weapon which Atheism has resorted to has always been its extinction. The little religion which the sailor possesses must take root then without such nourishment ; and it grows as do violets and myrtles on the verge of the avalanche.

CHAPTER VI.

MAY pleasant breezes waft them home
 That plough with their keels the driving foam :
 Heaven be their hope, and Truth their law ;
 And Conscience keep their souls in awe !

PECULIAR POSITION OF A SHIP AT SEA—A QUESTION FOR PHILANTHROPY—
 PHYSICAL AND MORAL DISABILITIES CAN BE RELIEVED—THE RESPONSIBILITY OF MERCHANTS—INADEQUATE MEDICAL RELIEF FOR SEAMEN—
 PUBLIC OPINION EMBODIED IN LAW—THE DUTY OF MEN ASHORE—HOW
 TO IMPRESS THE SAILOR—CAPTURING THE CITADEL OF HIS HEART—
 HINTS FOR A SAILOR'S PREACHER—WHAT WE CAN DO—HOPE FOR THE
 MARINER—THE CHURCH HIS PATRON AND FRIEND—PLEA IN HIS BEHALF.

THE moral condition of the sailor receives little or no advantage from the ordinance of the gospel ministry. Not one ship in a thousand that floats the deep has a person on board whose sacred office it is to inculcate on those around him the precepts of religion ; and by too many even the Bible has been considered as almost out of its element, and useless if sent among sailors. It reached the watch-fires of the savage long before it found the capstan of the mariner. It threw its light around the solitary steps of the Arab, when Egyptian night hung on the great highway of nations.

Prayers may have been offered for those who go

down to the sea in ships, and who do business on the great waters, but they have been often passionless as purchased masses performed for the dead. The relative position of a ship at sea to the rest of the Christian world, has, until recently, been like that of a ball suspended in the centre of a hollow sphere. It is this isolation that has placed it beyond the reach, and seemingly beyond the sympathies of those who dwell on the land. Too many have regarded it as a thing with which they had no community of interest or feeling, no common bond of brotherhood; and they have abandoned it to its calamities and its crimes.

When guilt and misery have done their worst, when the pirate-flag has been unfurled where the insignia of commerce streamed before, instead of accusing their own moral negligence and apathy, they have seemed to regard the terrible spectacle as an exemplification of human depravity, in respect to which they had neither responsibility nor control.

But the practical question now arises in a philanthropic age like this—What can we do to relieve the physical and moral disabilities of the sailor, and what ought to be done by mercantile and Christian communities in his behalf?

We cannot, it is true, lay the storms which reduce his vessel to a wreck; but we can provide him with something better than a naked plank on which to escape from a watery grave. No vessel ought to be allowed to leave a Christian port where there is not

ample provision in the shape of life-boats for the preservation of all on board.

The practice of shipping passengers without such a provision, is cruelty to them and treachery to the crew. In the extremities of a disaster at sea, there is no possibility of escape, except for the few who take possession of the boats. The rest must sink with the ingulfed wreck; and the owners of such a ship unprovided with life-boats, have a responsibility which they must carry to the bar of God for the human life sacrificed through their culpable neglect. Christian benevolence cannot, indeed, of itself furnish our packets and merchantmen with boats for such emergencies; but it can expostulate with their owners, and through public opinion it has power to make that remonstrance felt.

We can relieve the physical condition of the sailor in other respects: we can insist upon it that, first and foremost of all, his health and comfort shall be consulted in the quarters he is to occupy. To make room for an additional quantity of freight, he is now often obliged to swing his hammock where he has no wholesome air, or where he is exposed to the elements.

His hours of rest are always precarious; and when they do occur, it is barbarous that he should not be allowed the few poor comforts which his hard lot permits. We cannot reprobate too sternly that avarice and inhumanity which are more anxious for the

preservation of a bale of goods than the life of a human being. The horrors of the Middle Passage are not confined to the African slaver: they are found in other departments of the marine service; and it is the duty of Christian communities to look to these wanton cruelties, and bring their authors to merited chastisement.

We can also relieve the physical condition of the sailor in reference to his food. We cannot furnish him with the fruits of the garden and the fresh products of the field; but we can insist upon it, that the provisions which he does have shall be wholesome and sound, and that they shall have all the variety compatible with a sea life. This variety is meager enough at best; for there is not an almshouse in the country where the inmates are not better fed than the sailor.

If he complains of his fare, he is met with reproaches, and sent back to his work with abuse and menace. It is for us to come to his relief, and to bring the weight of public opinion to bear upon his wrongs. He cannot redress his own grievances; but *we* can redress them, we *ought* to redress them, and we *shall* redress them, unless the instincts of humanity within us are dead.

We can relieve the physical condition of the sailor, also, in reference to disease. No provision, worthy of the name, is now made for his relief in sickness. The pharmacopia of a merchantman or

whale-ship that may have a large crew on board, is confined to a vial of laudanum, an ounce of mercury or blue pill, and a few pounds of Epsom salts. Nor is there ordinarily a person on board that knows when or how even these should be administered. And if the use of the lancet be attempted, it is just as likely to strike an artery as a vein!

Yet, with these inadequate medical provisions, to which we would hardly commit the life of a pet dog, the sailor is obliged to traverse every ocean, and be exposed to the maladies of every clime. Is it to be wondered at that he does not live out half his days, or that the average life of American seamen is but thirty-six years?

Now it is for religious and humane communities to require that every vessel shall have attached to her, in the capacity of captain, mate, seaman, super-cargò, or loblolly-boy, a person who shall have some knowledge of medicine. The presence of such a person should be made indispensable to her clearance at the custom-house. If she attempted to leave port without one, heavy penalties should fall on her owners.

Public opinion must be made to embody itself in the shape of law; and that law must be enforced, not by the occasional spasms of humanity, but by a consistent and profound sense of duty. It is the certainty of its execution that gives a law its moral power. The Ottoman throne, with all its political

deformities, stands, because the cimeter of the headsman is sure to follow the evidences of guilt.

I inquire now, What can we do, and what ought we to do, to relieve the moral condition of the sailor which we have already surveyed? We cannot, it is clear, gather these sons of the ocean into our churches on the Sabbath; but we can run up the Bethel flag over their own decks. They have no aversions to that flag, as a class: it is to them the symbol of peace and love, and the harbinger of that haven where the tumults of life's ocean cease, and the weary are at rest. It is a messenger-bird, come through night and storm from the spirit-land.

Yet, let no one think that mere sentiment can mold the character of the sailor. The beings who compose that mass of life which stirs from keel to mast-head on board ship, are like rocks from nature's quarry—feeble blows will not shape them for the great Builder's use. Long before they could be fashioned by such a process, the hand that should attempt it would have forgotten its cunning.

Occasion is every thing in making an impression on the sailor. There are pauses in the storming passions which sweep our earth when the gentle accents of truth can be heard. There are periods of repose in the conflicts of the moral elements when celestial influences can reach the human heart. The dew falls when the winds are laid. These intervals of calmness and reflection are ever occurring in a sea

life: and it is in these that the silent messages of truth will exert their greatest force, and produce their most decisive results. When the wind, the fire, and the earthquake had passed, that still, small voice became audible, in which the prophet recognized the whisper of his God.

These messages of truth must be addressed directly to the *heart* of the sailor. Their power should be exerted, not on those phantoms of skepticism which flit through his mental twilight, but on their source,—not on those bubbles of frivolity which brim the fountain of his gushing heart, but on the fountain itself, and the secret springs in which it takes its rise.

Of all beings, the sailor is most the creature of feeling. Impulse is with him the prime source of action. His heart is the bow from which the arrow of his life takes its flight and direction. It is his heart, therefore, that we are to move upon with our undivided strength: it is this that we are to beleaguer with all our forces, and press upon it at all points, as the encircling wave embraces and encroaches upon the diminishing isle.

The heart of a sailor once captured, the citadel taken—the outposts fall. Even the last poor picket-guard of doubt and desperation lays down its arms. The surrender is entire: nor will that captive to Christ ever seek a ransom, or ever forgive himself that he held out so long before he struck his black

flag to the banner which streams in light and love from the Cross. But this conquest is not easy: untutored and impulsive as the heart of the sailor may be, it is yet too gigantic in its strength to be easily overcome. Cradled on the deep, and reared amid the exhibitions of its gloomy grandeur and strength, moral realities must be made to take to his mind a corresponding vastness, solemnity, and power. The sailor must be made to

Feel his immortality o'erleap

All space, all time, all pains, all fears, and peal,

Like the eternal thunders of the deep,

This truth into his ears—THOU LIVEST FOREVER!

It is also of the last importance to know how to approach the sailor, and in what shape to exert your moral strength. You should not waste your energies in attacking the phantoms of his superstition. You should not attempt to drive away the spectre, but to pour light into its grave. Let the response of the oracle go, but dash in pieces the oracle itself. There is an altar in the heart of the sailor inscribed to the unknown God. Him whom he thus ignorantly worships, aim to enthrone there in the majesty of supreme intelligence, rectitude, and love. Exhibit truth to him in its real character. Throw the practical into prominent relief: let metaphysical distinctions lie where they belong—in shadow. But man's guilt, the cross of Christ, and the judgment-bar

bring out from the canvas, as if there were only eternity beyond.

The sailor prefers to meet the dread truths of Revelation as he would meet the rocks of ocean, not beneath the wave but above it, where he may be apprised of the danger before he is wrecked. He is open to these truths: he is not a philosopher to be reached only through his intellect. All the sensibilities of his ardent nature are so many avenues of approach.

Through these, we can cast pure or adulterated metals into the flaming alembic of his soul. There are with him, as with all men, moments when moral repulsion seems suspended, and when truth may reach his heart with the suddenness of the flashing sun's daguerreotype impression. That image, if you can but seize the favorable moment, though momentary in its production, will remain, and all its lines will be found distinct and legible, when the light of eternity shall play upon the tablet.

Such are some of the methods by which we can benefit the sailor, physically and morally. If we cannot pour milk and honey into his cup, we can pour truth into his mind; if we cannot quench the thirst which parches his lips, we can relieve the drought which withers his soul; if we cannot calm the storms around him, we can lay the tempest within; if we cannot secure him the sympathy and protection of man, we can offer him the guardianship

of God; if we cannot lift him into authority, we can make him cheerful in a state of obedience; if we cannot take the intoxicating aliment from his sea allowance, we can make him refuse to drink it.

If we cannot ward off from him disease, we can lift him above the fear of death; if we cannot make him a philosopher, we can help to make him a Christian; if we cannot confer upon him a possession on earth, we can offer him an inheritance in heaven; if we cannot make him the associate of princes, we can make him a companion of the saints in light. All this, through the divine assistance, we *can* do; and, if there be joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, this is enough.

Our duty and responsibility, therefore, in reference to the sailor, reach to the joys of heaven and to the agonies of hell. The disasters of unfaithfulness are irretrievable. If Christian philanthropy abandon him, his ruin is inevitable. There are no other influences but those of the Gospel that can save him. If he falls into the sea, he may clasp the life-buoy and be rescued; but there is a deep to which no such provision of humanity extends—a deep where the signals of distress are all unseen, and where eternity only answers back the minute-gun of despair.

Shall this be the portion of the poor sailor? Shall he, after all the neglects, hardships, and perils which he has endured here, lie down at last in sorrow? Shall he have lived in exile from our Christian com-

munities, to be exiled at last from heaven? Shall he escape from his last wreck here, to be wrecked again and forever, when heaven's last thunder shakes the sea?

Oh! if wrongs could fit the soul for the presence of its Maker; if cruelties endured here could win happiness hereafter, the sailor need not be without hope! But the laws of our moral being cannot be changed, or the requirements of infinite rectitude set aside. The pure in heart only can see God; and that moral purity is never the natural consequence of moral wrong. Oppression drives even the wise man mad; how much more the fool, which all men are until regenerated by grace!

The Church must, therefore, be the friend of the sailor, the advocate of his rights, his patron under injuries, the stern rebuker of his wrongs. She must pity him when others reproach, pray for him when others denounce, cling to him when others forsake, and never abandon him, even though he should abandon himself. That love which never wearies, that affection which never forsakes, have rescued thousands whom retributive justice would have delivered over to hopeless misery and crime. Many a sainted spirit, ere it winged its way to heaven, has cast on erring youth a chain of light and love which has brought its footsteps back to the paths of life and peace. The ocean, as well as earth, has its moral gems, which will one day sparkle in the diadem of him who has saved a soul from death.

There is a loss, compared with which that of life is not worthy of being named. From this fearful loss we can all do something to save the sailor. We have seen the moral perils and hardships of his lot. We know his uncomplaining fortitude, and his generous disregard of danger; we know his weaknesses, his sins, and his sorrows. He is a noble being, but in ruins. It is for us to recover him, to strengthen him in the right, and to guard him against the wrong. He is the child of impulse, the creature of circumstance; and it is our duty to see that these eventful influences are not fatal. He will repay this care in his gratitude, his reformation, and his prayers. Then give him a helping hand. He would spring from deck or rock, amid sweeping sea or breaker's foam, to save *you*; save HIM, then, from perils worse than those of a watery grave.

A TALE OF THE SEA.

I.

WE dropped our loaded net in quest of shells
Among the tideless caverns of the sea—
Those coral grottoes, where the mermaid dwells
And charms the naiads with her minstrelsy—
And “lifting in,” found on its dripping comb,
What brought to all the sweetest thoughts of home :

II.

A golden ringlet!—fair, and soft, and flowing
As on a living brow—once near an eye
That flashed with light and love—nor faintly showing
Dimness or stain upon its glossy dye.
It seemed as if it had by stealth been taken
From one who slept, and in a breath might waken.

III.

Would that she might awake! but no, the seal
Which death has dimly set, may not be broken,
Nor can a look or line henceforth reveal
Of all once worshipped there one tender token.
And yet we linger near—and half believe
'Tis some delusive dream o'er which we grieve.

IV.

Oh that this fair-haired tenant of the grave
 Could but one moment reappear to light ;
And bless the living with the look she gave
 E'er death had thrown its still and starless night
Upon her radiant features—but, alas !
She sleeps beyond that boundary none repass.

V.

No more on her will beam the smile of love,
 Nor voice of parent, brother, sister, friend,
Or aught of all the accents wont to move
 Her heart to gladness, on her dream descend :
No more the breaking morn or purpling eve,
Or thought of home her spirit glad or grieve.

VI.

Still at her father's hearth the lisping child
 Will oft repeat in free, unconscious gladness,
His sister's name—wondering that those who smiled
 At that loved sound, now look in silent sadness,
Giving his artless questions no reply,
Except a starting tear or deep-drawn sigh.

VII.

How came she to her solitary grave ?
 By treachery's wile, or grief, or wan disease ?
By gale, or wreck, or pirate's flashing glave ?
 Where was her home—and who her kindred ?—these
Quick, melancholy questions, ne'er will be
Solved by the incommunicable sea.

VIII.

A pirate once, while in his dungeon lying,
To him who shrived his guilty soul, confessed,
That on the wave o'er which our flag was flying,
Those deeds were done which now his conscience pressed ;
And 'mid the many then consigned to slaughter,
Were two—an old man and his only daughter.

IX.

The latter was so young, so sweetly fair,
The pirate-crew, in melting mood, agreed
Her tender years should not thus early share
The death to which her father was decreed.
This sentence passed—the parent bade a wild
And last adieu to his despairing child.

X.

His eye was cast to Heaven in silent prayer,
Then to his daughter, as he walked the plank ;
No word of weakness broke from his despair,
As through the parted waves his white locks sank,
And far above the circling eddies' close,
One low, deep moan in bubbling anguish rose.

XI.

But fear is ever with the guilty—they
Who sought to save, saw in that timid child
Their strong accusing angel—they could slay,
And wade in blood—but one so undefiled,
So free of all that virtue ever feared,
With every glance their throbbing eyeballs seared.

XII.

She read her fate in that dejected air,
That meditative, melancholy cast
Of countenance which men will sometimes wear,
When they perceive their destiny has passed
To deeds which all their sympathies disown—
'Tis nature, speaking in an under-tone !

XIII.

As round their victim closed the pirate ring,
A sudden tremor shook her airy frame ;
Sorrow for her had no new pang to bring,
But when a whisper breathed her father's name,
Quick o'er her soft, transparent features spread
The pale and pulseless aspect of the dead.

XIV.

And to the deck she fell—as falls a bird
Smitten on high by some electric stroke ;
While through the savage crew no whispered word,
Or hurried step, the breathless silence broke :
But each, with shrinking aspect, eyed the rest,
As if some secret sin his soul oppressed.

XV.

But he to whom the headsman's evil lot
Had fallen, still his fearful work delayed,
And stood as one arrested near the spot
Where he had some confiding friend betrayed,—
One whose unquiet ghost in piteous plight
Now slowly rose to his bewildered sight.

XVI.

Amid the ring, he whose commanding air
And eye of sternness well bespoke him chief,
Rushed to the child so statue-like and fair—
'Twas not to save or proffer short relief,
But cast into the sea, ere conscious breath
Might break this swoon, and give a pang to death.

XVII.

An idle pity!—her pure soul had fled ;
And as he, bending, raised her nerveless form
Pale o'er his brawny arm, the drooping head
Lay as a lily bowed beneath the storm ;
While o'er her features fell the corsair's tear,
As he consigned her to a watery bier.

XVIII.

Perchance the glossy ringlet which the sea
Yielded to our deep search, once lightly rolled
O'er that fair brow—but this deep mystery
Nor breeze, nor breaking wave, will e'er unfold :
Yet fancy still the flowing lock will trace
To that once known and long-remembered face.

XIX.

And when the last great trump shall thrill the grave,
And earth's unnumbered myriads reappear,
She, too, will hear the summons, 'neath the wave
That now in silence wraps her sunless bier ;
And, coming forth, in timid meekness bowed,
Unfold the tongueless secrets of her shroud.

XX.

How darkly changed this world since that first hour
When o'er its brightness sung the morning stars!
Time, care, and death's dark footsteps had no power
Upon its beauty: man, who madly mars
His Maker's works, has swept it with a flood
Of orphans' tears, and deluged it with blood.

XXI.

It has become a Golgotha, where lie
The bleaching bones of nations;—every wave
Breaks on a shore of skulls—and every sigh
The low wind murmurs forth, seems as it gave
This mournful tribute, unconfined and deep
To millions, for whom man has ceased to weep.

XXII.

It is a dim and shadowy sepulchre,
In which the living and the dead become
One common brotherhood—and yet the stir
And sting of serpent-passion, and the hum
Of jocund life, survive with but a breath
Between this reckless revelry and death.

XXIII.

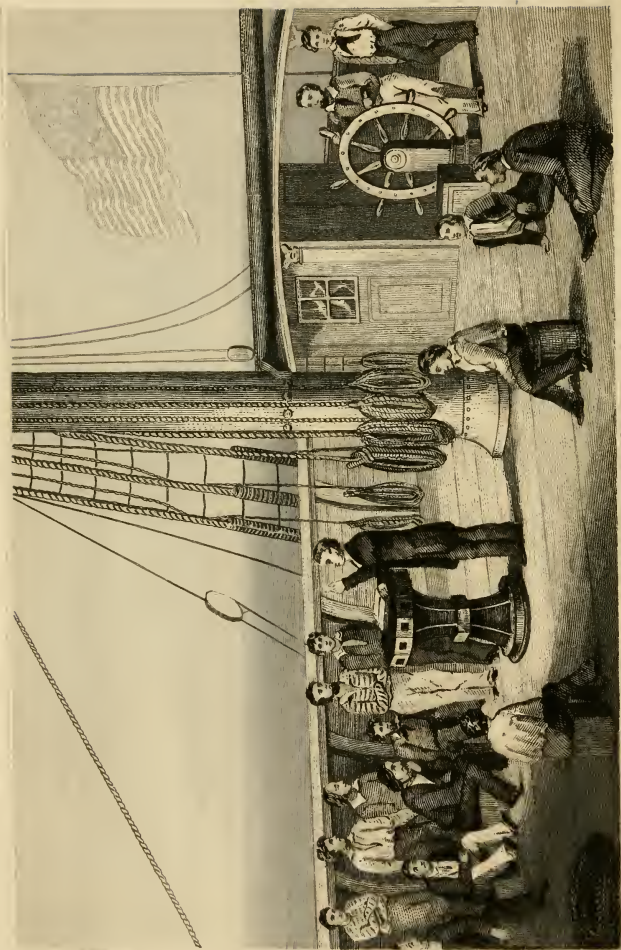
It is a rolling tomb, rumbling along
In gloom and darkness through the shud'ring spheres,
And filled with death and life, and wail and song,
Laughter and agony, and jests and tears;
And—save its heartless mirth and ceaseless knell—
Wearing a ghastly, glimmering type of hell!

XXIV.

When woman dies, 'tis as the silent leaf
The forests drop—the boughs wave on the same—
The dew-drops, nature's seeming tears of grief,
The young Aurora dries with her first flame;
While that poor leaf, where'er its grave may be,
Lies unremembered in the wild-wood's glee.

XXV.

Thus perish all—except the honored few—
The great in Arms, Religion, Letters, Art—
The urns of those the tears of crowds bedew;
And yet that worth which fires the nation's heart,
Beneath a MOTHER'S faithful culture grew—
She held the bow from which the arrow flew.



NOTES ON FRANCE AND ITALY.

CHAPTER I.

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit !
Bird thou never wert,
That from Heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart,
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.
Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

SHELLEY.

CRUISING AFTER HIBERNATING—NOTES OF THE LAST BIRD—REMINISCENCE OF MARIA—GRUDGE AGAINST THE LADY ABBESS—FIRST DAY OUT—HURRY-SKURRY IN CABIN AND WARD-ROOM—THE WATCH-BOY ALOFT—WE ANCHOR IN TOULON—THE SENTENCE OF QUARANTINE—PRACTICAL ABSURDITY OF ITS REGULATIONS—A HINT FOR RESTORATIONISTS—THE ARSENAL OF TOULON—NAVAL DISCIPLINE OF THE FRENCH—SUBURBS OF THE CITY—HYÈRES—MASSILLON—A NUT FOR SOCIALISTS—INQUISITORS OF THE CUSTOM-HOUSE—OVERHAULING THE DEAD—A WILLING FAREWELL TO TOULON.

THE winter had passed, the time of the singing of birds had come, and the voice of the turtle was heard in the land ; when, as if obeying these awakening instincts of nature, we weighed our anchors in the frigate *Constellation*, from the safe bed in which they had

have an opportunity of returning her ungrateful effrontery; for if we drop anchor at Madeira on our return home, it may not be my fault if she has not one the less nun on whom to rivet the chain of her sanctimonious tyranny.

The morning of our first day out was peculiarly brilliant and serene, promising us a quiet and pleasant passage; but towards evening the wind chopped about directly in our teeth, and suddenly assumed the dark and formidable frown of a gale, obliging us to take in sail, and heaving against us a heavy head sea.

It was not less diverting than melancholy to witness the effect produced by the rolling and plunging of our ship. We had come out sleek as if born and cradled in a band-box; not a bit of lint disfigured the coat or pantaloon; not a soil dimmed the reflecting surface of the cravat; and the smooth corners of the shirt-collar, peering above the carefully adjusted stock, shot forward like the ears of a rabbit, listening to some rumpling sound ahead, when lo! a saucy wave broke over our bow, sweeping the whole length of the ship, and all this starch and gloss went down just as I have seen the peck-feathers of an old family rooster, hieing from a drenching shower to his covert.

Nor was the scene below less afflictive, for every thing that had not been previously secured, was now moving about, all hurry-skurry, some sliding along, but more tumbling round, "like ambition o'erleaping

itself." My air-port, by some mistake, had been left open : the sea had now made a tunnel of it ; and my state-room door being shut, my wardrobe and library, and—horribile dictu—my manuscripts, also, were drifting about in a most disastrous and drowning condition.

My only anxiety was to save the latter, forecasting how much would be irreparably lost to the world in their destruction ! I thought of the Alexandrian Library, and knowing water to be as fatal as fire, seized at once these invaluable treasures, but was not a little mortified and vexed in finding them the most light and buoyant things in my apartment : even the web of an unfortunate spider sunk at their side.

No serious disaster, however, happened to the ship ; but a watch-boy posted aloft fell sound asleep, even while the masts were sweeping through nearly half of a frightful circle. Oh, sleep—

Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude, imperious surge,—
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deafening clamors in the slippery shrouds,—
That with the hurly, death itself awakes ;
Canst thou, oh, partial sleep ! give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude,
And in the calmest and most stillest night
Deny it to a king ?

The wind subsided the next morning, and on the evening of the day succeeding we anchored in Toulon. We were preparing to go on shore, when an officer, with a most grim, uncompromising visage, such as would befit a man whose business it was to announce the fatal sentence to condemned criminals, approached our ship, and inquired where we were from, and, on being told, informed us that we must perform a quarantine of ten days.

This was enough to upset the patience of a Job, or tip the equanimity of a Turk. We had merely come over from Mahon, a place perfectly healthy, and known to be so, and had on board at this time scarcely a case of even ordinary indisposition, certainly nothing more alarming, or contagious, than a toothache, or broken finger, and yet we were plunged into a quarantine as if we had come from some Golgotha, freighted with reeking skulls.

But there is as little use in scolding now as there was in quarrelling then. Men who have the least reason for their conduct, are the last to be influenced by argument. We tested this truth still more thoroughly on a subsequent occasion; our ship had come to Marseilles, and we had freely communicated with the place; after spending about a week in mingled concourse with its inhabitants, a party of us went over by land to Toulon, where it was well known who we were, and from whence we came: for not a mouse stirs in France without being narrowly watched;

and it is said that the appearance of a strange baboon on her Spanish frontier was once telegraphed to the Police at Paris, and a detachment of the gendarmery sent out to watch the motions of the ambiguous stranger.

In the mean time our ship came round to this port, and was put in quarantine! We appeared before the magistrates of the Health Office, and told them that we were officers attached to the *Constellation*, and had left her at Marseilles freely communicating with the shore, and that we had ourselves come over uninterruptedly by land, bringing contagion in our *own* skirts if there was any. But the only reply was a shrug of the shoulder—a Frenchman's last and only resort when confounded in argument; and our ship had to perform her week's quarantine, merely because the sanitary regulations of Marseilles had not exacted the penalty. We might laugh at such a farce as this were it not so excessively annoying that the most ludicrous, blundering inconsistency, and otherwise burlesque and grotesque astuteness would fail to provoke a smile.

I have now done with quarantines; nor will I trouble the reader with the details of any more, though they should come thick and fast as the plagues of Egypt. I detest the whole system, and only wish that every species of moral wrong wore in my eyes an equally repulsive and abhorred aspect. I wonder our universal Restorationists, instead of

transporting a spirit at once from a place of utter pollution to one of immaculate purity, never thought of putting him in quarantine, not only as a further punishment, but as a salutary precaution on the part of Heaven! It would have a greater check on me than any thing which now enters into their purgatorial fiction; and, I must say, of all fictions that ever yet insulted the common sense of mankind in the shape of a religious creed, I consider this the most unqualifiedly absurd.

As if the companionship of devils and a communion with the damned, could fit a man for the fellowship of angels and of the "spirits of just men made perfect!" As if the blasphemies of hell could attune his spirit to the seraphic harmonies of heaven! Let him gather to himself all the sanctity, virtue, and meekness that ever was, or ever can, without a contradiction of terms, be acquired in that region of cursing, hate, and agony, it cannot fit him for heaven, or by any conceivable possibility render him happy if admitted there.

He would be a stranger among strangers; abashed at his own conscious unfitness for the place, he would fain hide himself from the pure presence of the redeemed and holy. Heaven might shake with the swelling anthem of the blessed, but not a chord in his breast would vibrate: he would stand amid the transcendent glories of that upper world, lone and desolate as a tree scathed and riven by

lightning, amid the living verdures of an earthly landscape.

I have generally refrained from topics of a religious nature, not from a want of interest in them, but for reasons which I shall assign, if need be, in another place. I do not seek an exemption on this or any other subject from a reasonable responsibility, or conceive that, because I am four thousand miles from home, I am any the less accountable to the religious and moral sense of the country where I was born, and where I hope to die. Nor will I, as some of the antagonists of religion have done, charge a masked battery, and engage another to fire it off when I am myself safely under the shelter of the grave. Infidelity has often been driven to this miserable shift, thus developing two of those qualities which most offensively disgrace and disfigure human nature—a deep, disingenuous malignity, and a skulking cowardice.

We were now on shore in Toulon, casting about to see what it might contain worthy of the pains we had taken. The Arsenal has in effective operation all the intentions of its gigantic plan; and exhibits a mass of waiting force, happily at present in a state of masterly inactivity, worthy of the interests which look to it for protection, and worthy, too, of its connection with the spot where Bonaparte first impressed the terrors of his genius on the astonished forces of England.

The French excel in the model of their ships, in every thing which belongs to the science of naval architecture; and if they could only fight a ship as well as they can build her, their flag would now be flying over many a deck that has passed to the hands of the stranger. Their failure lies not in a want of courage, but in the absence of that thorough, rigid, dove-tailed discipline which nearly divests the moral mechanism of a ship of *individual* volition.

This surrender of private will and judgment is not so indispensable to success in an engagement on land; for there a man hacks away more for himself: he has more scope for that shouting, cutting, and slashing enthusiasm, which in such a situation perhaps more than compensates for the absence of consentaneous, constrained action; but which, on board a man-of-war, by the derangements it would introduce into the consecutive means whereby each gun is to be discharged, and each evolution of the ship effected, would, perhaps more than any thing else, contribute to her capture.

This is the reason why the French, who can conquer on the land, are defeated at sea. The spirit which covers them with laurels in their *military*, plunders them of their flag in their *naval* engagements. Divest an army composed of Frenchmen of that personal, private, reckless enthusiasm, which blindly mingles its own impulses with the national honor; which would rush with as little hesitancy

over the breast of a fallen friend as the body of a foe, and which cuts its *own way* to preferment and plunder, and you would deprive it of all its efficiency—you would take from it the very sinews of its strength—you would reduce it to an inert, impotent mass.

The harbor of Toulon affords a quiet and safe anchorage, while the sweeping lines of its shore swell into lofty and picturesque elevations. The town itself has a forbidding, heavy appearance given it by the dull character of its architecture, and the massive military works which render it impregnable. The streets are narrow and foul, but their darkness and dirt are relieved by a broad, brilliant quay, two or three comfortable hotels, the complaisant demeanor of the inhabitants, and, above all, by the sweet, refreshing retreats which the adjacent country presents.

Among the latter, Hyères takes the precedence. It has, it is true, no antiquities to stir your imagination, although it used to be the spot from which pilgrims to the Holy Land took their departure; but it is filled with ambrosial shade, and it contains, among other habitations, that in which Massillon was born; he who stood like a warning angel in the voluptuous court of Louis the Fourteenth. Here, also, among more recent fabrics, stands the beautiful Chateau of Baron Stultz, one of the very few who ever earned a title of nobility by the dexterity and industry of the needle.

Some affect to sneer at his ribbons ; but I do not see why a tailor has not as good a right to cut out a baronetcy with shears as a trooper with his sword ; for, of the two, it is vastly the more peaceable mode of getting a title : it does infinitely less injury to society, and, after all, displays more skill ; for it is much easier to put a sword through a man's body than to nicely fit a coat to his back. None of this partiality therefore ; let every man become a baron, a marquis, or a duke in his own way ; no longer confine these brilliant baubles to the successful sabre of a cut-throat, or the lineality of one incapable perhaps of understanding any thing else.

We now returned on board ship, and with much less annoyance than some of us experienced in getting on shore ; for the agents of the custom-house here are extremely rigorous in the discharge of their inquisitorial trust. If a man has not an epaulet on his shoulder, or a cockade on his hat, even his pockets will hardly escape the dishonor of a search. Nor is the inspection always confined to the living ; it sometimes extends to the dead. We had occasion to bury one of our crew here, and as we came on shore to pay him this last sad office, his coffin was unceremoniously opened to ascertain that it contained no *côntraband* goods !

We always knew the French to be an extremely shrewd and inquisitive people, but we did not suppose they would ever carry their researches into the

secrets of the grave. Ah, Death! we have heard thee accused, by some, of being an inexorable tyrant—by others, of being an indiscriminate leveller; but never before, by saint or savage, have we heard thee accused of being a smuggler! And even if thou wert such, what couldst thou want of aught that our poor ship contained? Wast thou in quest of pea-jackets and tarpaulins? But thy sailors never go on watch: each in his hammock still slumbers as he laid himself down. Or wast thou in need of charts and quadrants? But thy ships never leave their moorings; each rots down piecemeal in its own berth. Or was it thy desire to obtain Bibles and Hymn-books? But there is no worshipping assembly in thy dominion, and the Preacher's voice is never heard there.

Ah, Death! thou art falsely suspected and basely dishonored by the Frenchman!—by him, too, who should ever regard thee with the most indulgent feelings; for he has crowded millions of corpses into thy domain. From the chilling snows of Russia to the burning sands of Egypt, he has sunk his victims into thy pale realm, thick as the quails that fell for food around the famishing tents of wandering Israel.

I had intended to sketch a few of the most easily detected features in the domestic habits of the people of Toulon, but this affair of the coffin—which will be discredited by many, but which can be established

by the oath of fifty witnesses—has so disaffected me with the place, I leave it without further comment. I only hope it may not be my mournful lot to die here, to be insulted in my shroud. The most deeply wounding and irreparable wrong, is that which falsely suspects the dying; and the most mean and dishonorable distrust, is that which looks for selfish, sinister concealment beneath the simple obsequies of the dead.

Man is a curious thing—a medley strange,
 Of all concordant and discordant things;
 And wheresoe'er you meet him, 'mid the range
 Of cringing vassals or the court of kings,
 He is the same, excepting his exterior,
 Which marks his rank as menial or superior.

One time we find him struggling after fame,
 Burning what poets call the midnight taper,
 And then we find him writhing 'neath the shame
 Of an exposure in a public paper;
 And lastly, peaking, prying, after pelf,
 Shrouded and hearsed, and buried in himself.

And then he falls in love, a curious feeling,
 A kind of melancholy flow of soul,
 A soft sensation o'er his heart-strings stealing;
 One which his sternest thoughts cannot control—
 A secret fountain gushing from his heart,
 Watering the flowers that round its being start.

CHAPTER II.

THE helmsman steered, the ship moved on,
Yet never a breeze up blew ;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
Where they were wont to do ;
Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe ;
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

Rime of the Ancient Mariner.

MYSTERIOUS SAILING IN A CALM—SPECULATIONS OF THE TARS—A CHARMED SHIP—THE COURSE OF TIME AN AUGURY OF ETERNITY—THE WAY OF THE WISE MAN—APPROACH TO GENOA—THE CITY OF PALACES—BLIND MUSICIAN AND HIS DAUGHTER—EFFECT UPON THE CREW—THEIR NOBLE LIBERALITY—MUSIC OF THE OPERA COMPARED—THE CARLA FELICE—FANTASTIC ARCHITECTURE AND ORNAMENTS IN CHURCHES—PROTESTANTISM AND ROMANISM COMPARED—AN EPISODE ON YOUNG DIVINES—A SPRIGHTLY BED-FELLOW—PARISIAN FLEAS IN THE WALTZ—TOUR THROUGH THE PALACES—GLIMPSES OF THE PROPRIETORS—RIDDLES TO BE SOLVED.

A SIGNAL-GUN from the Flag-Ship to get under way had been cheerfully and promptly obeyed, and we were now holding our course, as well as ships can that have no wind, from Toulon for Genoa. Yet, strange as it may seem, our ship that never won a laurel in a breeze, would now, in a dead calm, log several knots in each watch. This apparently causeless advance was an inexplicable mystery then, and

is so still ; some, indeed, ascribed it to an imperceptible current, but, in that case, lying passive on her element, she would make no progress through the water, though she might change her relation to the coast. Some, who were perhaps more imaginative than philosophical, attributed it to the impulses of an aerial vein, or breath, too weak to produce any visible effect on the sails, yet of sufficient strength to move the ship.

The simple tar, who never puzzles himself with the intricate relations of cause and effect, declared that the ship went ahead because it was in her so to do ; and, in truth, I was myself very much of his opinion. A ship is not like a man who gives a reason for his deportment ; she appears to be actuated by some irresponsible whim, some self-consulting, independent caprice, that disregards the complexion of her outward condition. Under the urgencies of a quick breeze she will frequently lie almost motionless, and then, again, in a condition less favorable, as if moved by some impulse from within, she

“—— walks the waters like a thing of life.”

I have ever believed our ship to be under some mysterious charm, since I saw her, without a breath of wind, move *up* in the middle of the Tagus, while two smaller vessels nearer each shore were moving *down* at the same time ; and I was quite confirmed in this opinion when I saw her, in the utter silence

and dim solemnity of a midnight-watch—the ocean lying still as the slumber of the grave—move three times around in the same fearful circle, leaving the gaping track of her keel as entire and unclosed as if the waters had lost their returning power, or had been converted, by the dark magic of her drifting shadow, into substance.

Those may smile who will, at this belief in a ship's subtle, innate source of motion; but I can assure them it is not more irrational and absurd than the forms of belief on which one-half mankind rest their hopes of heaven. I would much sooner believe that a ship may establish a character for good sailing in a dead calm, than that a man, who has been acting the devil to the verge of human life, can then, as if by the force of an upward glance, be transformed into an angel.

You may as well believe that a stream can move on half-way to the ocean, a current of putrid blackness, and then flow the rest in liquid transparency, as to suppose that the current of our moral being, which has flowed darkly and corruptedly to the edge of the grave, can then move on in purity and brightness. As it rolled upon earth, we must expect it to roll through eternity!

I little thought my wizard theme would lead me into a topic of such real moment. But let those who may justly question its relevancy ponder the truth it contains: it is never too soon to forsake an error—it may

be too late to retrieve it. The wisest man is he who leaves in his conduct through life the least room for subsequent regret and sorrow. I would blot these lines as irrelevant, did they not spring from the deepest fount of my convictions. But I know they involve truths that will affect both reader and writer when the fleeting interests of this life appear only as the phantoms of a troubled dream ; and when many of the objects that may have most enchanted us here, have only that remembrance which must be bathed in our tears. We are born under a cloud, but the light that melts through it, is sufficient to guide our hesitating steps.

We were now within a few leagues of Genoa, as appeared from our dead-reckoning, which was kept as accurately as any such precarious calculation could be amid conflicting currents and calms—for we had no meridian sun to designate our position, or prominent cliff to inform us of our bearings and distances. These had been lost us in the opaqueness of a thick stagnant atmosphere. We were, of course, rather sad at the thought of approaching the “City of Palaces,” and from the sea, too, under circumstances so extremely unfavorable.

But, to our most pleasurable surprise, towards evening a strong wind, rushing from the icy region of the Alps, rolled one bank of clouds against another till the whole departed, leaving Genoa without an obscuring veil upon its beauty and grandeur. It

stood there proudly ascending a circling acclivity of the Apennines : the setting sun shedding upon it the effulgence of its liberated beams, the greeting birds breaking into sudden song, and the green trees waving their fresh leaves over tower, terrace, and gayer balcony.

I thought when sailing up the Bay of Naples it would be impossible for any other city or shore to make my heart beat so quickly, but here I found emotions within me, though less deep and dilated, yet equally replete with delight. There was, indeed, no burning mount, with its cataract of fire, to create awe—no disinhumed remains of perished greatness to awaken a bewildering reverence ; but then here were castled steeps, frowning 'as of old, to impress respect ; long ranges of marble palaces, whose builders are in the grave, to excite admiring wonder ; and a lofty background, sprinkled with villas, to inspire a sentiment of security and quietude, and which seemed as a shield cast over the architectural magnificence of the spot.

Such appeared Genoa as we first saw it from the sea ; a nearer view may chasten the tone of enthusiastic admiration which its first impressions have awakened. The most enchanting beauty can rarely stand the test of the thoroughly informed eye, and I have never met with a city without a deformity in many of its features.

Our anchor had scarcely been let go, when an old man

and his daughter came alongside, and solicited permission to come on board, which was cheerfully granted. The father was blind, and had found a partial refuge from the affliction in the music of his violin. The daughter was young, of a childlike bearing, and accompanied the touching strains of the parent with a voice of expressive sweetness :

“ And she began a long, low island song,
Of ancient days, ere tyranny grew strong.”

The crew gathered around in close, wordless audience, as if she had been some sweet seraph delegated for some inspiring purpose to breathe here, for a short time, the melodies of a happier sphere. But as she was not an angel, and of course not exempt from the wants which betide humanity, our crew began to cast about how they might best relieve the bereavements of her condition.

They pronounced it an impropriety, bordering on shame, that one so young, so beautiful, and who could sing so sweetly, should be left to want any of the good things of this life ; and immediately raised a subscription sufficient to afford an ample competence, for many months to come, to her and her blind father. As she floated off in her light skiff towards the shore, with a purse in hand containing two hundred dollars in gold, the sailors watched her as they would had she been a sweet cherub that had just dropped out of heaven.

There is no being in the world so easily moved to acts of charity as a sailor; he will share his last penny, not only with a needy shipmate, but with a stranger, with a person he never met before, and never expects to meet again. Almost any amount of money, exceeding, perhaps, that due the individual members of the crew, might be raised on board one of our ships, in behalf of a plain, simple object of charity.

It is necessary, on such occasions, to limit them to a certain sum, otherwise but few would return home with a shilling in their pockets. Though, in truth, this would but little affect their pecuniary condition three weeks after having reached the shore, this being usually a longer time than is necessary for the sailor to rid himself of all his wages for three years of hardship and peril.

Those of us who fancied in ourselves a passion for music of a higher pretension than what flowed from the lips of the little girl, went on shore to the *Carla Felice*, where we heard *Madam Unguer*, in *Anna Boleyna*—an opera in which she displays the full force of her astonishing powers. Her genius is adapted to the wild, turbulent, and tragical incidents of life; she expressed the love, indignation, despair, and conscious innocence of Henry's wife, with a power and pathos that reached every heart. Each motion, look, and tone, betrayed the grief, anger, and forgiveness of the royal victim.

Not the sight of the execrable axe in the Tower of London, with which she was beheaded, affected me half so deeply. The one produced a dark revulsion of feeling, the other filled me with a living sympathy; the one disposed me to execration, the other to tears. No man, it appears to me, can listen to this opera, sustained in all its parts with the ability it was this night, without imbibing a fresh reverence for virtue, and a deeper detestation of vice.

Carla Felice, as an edifice, reflects credit on the present taste of the Genoese. It is rich and stately, and free of the meretricious ornaments which disfigure their earlier architecture. The arrangements and ornaments of the interior are elegant and chaste, while many of the stage decorations are truly superb. In finishing and furnishing a theatre, there is usually a wide departure from the simplicity of good taste. It would seem as if some reeling vision of delight had dazzled and confounded the judgment of the artist, and he heaps one ornament upon another till the beauty of the original design is lost in a maze of gilding and false devices.

Nor does the Sanctuary, with all its high and sacred associations, often escape entirely the effects of this frivolous, fantastic spirit. Not only are the churches in Genoa, and in Catholic communities generally, scandalized in this form, but they seldom escape where they have been reared and consecrated by the iconoclastic spirit of Protestantism.

You will sometimes find, even in a Methodist meeting-house, where the seats have scarcely the comfort of a back, a red velvet cushion on the pulpit, with its showy embroidery, long fringe and prodigal tassels, falling far down over the many colored panels: all the work of aspiring young ladies, who it would seem had hit upon this mode of displaying, to the best advantage, their handicraft, in the hope, perhaps, that it may attract the eye of the young expounder, or of some one else in want of a quiet, industrious, and excellent wife.

What a pity our sprigs of divinity lose, as they usually do, all the advantage to be derived from these unerring intimations, by getting a wife before they get a pulpit; or, what is worse, by entering into engagements, which, by the way, they sometimes break, and without any other provocation than the superior attractions of another; a breach of trust for which they ought to be broken themselves. If one of them ever enters the pulpit of a church where I am, though my seat should be in the upper gallery, I would get out of the building, if I had to let myself down by the lightning-rod.

Enough of this. At the close of the opera, we went and took rooms at the Hotel de Ville, one of the many excellent establishments of the kind to be met with in Genoa. Here you have nothing to annoy you, save at night, a little fellow, who springs from his covert with an uncertainty and ubiquity of mo-

tion which the most dexterous politician, in all his shifts for office, can never surpass. He is more subtle than the mosquito, who foolishly sounds his little horn at his approach; for the only warning he gives is in the injury he inflicts; and, if you attack him, he is off at some other point, where perhaps he was least expected, till, at last, wearied with this unavailing warfare, you resign yourself unconditionally to his malice. Pity he has none, since the most tender of the other sex are most thoroughly his victims.

Still, there is something to admire about this little fellow: his selection of Italy as the favorite place of his abode, his choice of the ladies in his piratical adventures, and the soft hour of night in which he moves, are all indications of a refined taste and an exquisite classic turn. At Paris they treat him with a rudeness utterly at variance with the urbanity which we are accustomed to accord to this most polite people.

We saw four of them there harnessed into a carriage, which they rolled about with a quick, well-regulated step; others were dancing a quadrille, in which they balanced and exchanged partners with the most unexceptionable ease and grace. The waltz appeared to make them giddy, or perhaps its want of delicacy offended them; for they never could be coaxed or compelled to excel in it. Others still, who had been less favored of nature, were on a treadmill, where, step by step, upon the ever deceiving wheel,

they were compelled to turn a complication of machinery which none but French ingenuity could ever have adapted to the energies of a *flea*!

The next morning, taking with us a cicerone, who was rather an honorable exception to the usual characteristics of his frail fraternity, we sallied forth on a tour of palaces—an occupation in which we were agreeably entertained for several days. These admired edifices, though rarely constructed of the most precious material, and often disparaged by architectural imitations painted on the façade, are yet not deficient in solidity and grandeur.

The spacious court around which the whole is built, with its marble porticoes towering up through the centre of the vast pile,—the broad marble steps on which you ascend to the different lofts,—the marble balconies from which you survey the busy streets below,—the lofty terrace, waving with the orange, oleander, and lemon, that here strike their roots deep and strong in a soil sustained by spreading arches, and refreshed with the play of sparkling fountains,—the magnificent saloons, with their floors of smooth and beautifully stained mastic, and arched ceilings, covered with classic frescoes, and the walls, hung with tapestries, mirrors, and gold, or adorned with the still richer triumphs of art,—all excite an admiration which, if not unqualified, is yet deep and enduring.

These princely mansions are not only to be found

separately in different sections of the city, but they border three of the principal streets so continuously, that scarce an intervening object occurs to break the overpowering impression. Captious criticism may indeed find in their architecture faults sufficient to stir its supercilious vanity and spleen, but to one who forgets minor defects in prevailing excellencies, they will ever be objects of genuine admiration.

The proprietor of such a princely mansion is often encountered by the visitor gliding softly through the apartments, and presenting, in his dress and person, an evidence of abstemiousness and simplicity that would more appropriately become the cell of an anchorite. His incurious look leads you to regard him as some poor stranger incapable of appreciating the objects of art around him, or as some dreaming enthusiast whose thoughts have run on more exalted and subtle themes, till he has ceased to be affected by these tangible forms of magnificence and beauty.

Yet, before you have finished this comment, you will find him perhaps suddenly pausing before some half-perished painting, which to you is little more than a blank, and with steadfast look prying into its dim shadows, as if he were penetrating the mysteries of death. Would that he could penetrate the realities of that untried change, and bring forth its moral map!

But the secrets of the shroud lie beyond the mental reach of man. What we were, before embodied

in this breathing world, and what we are to become when we pass out of it, are to him alike unknown. Life, death, the past, and the future, are all a deep and solemn mystery: yet we are gay as if we knew from whence we came, and whither we are going. We are but bubbles which the stream of time bears on its ruffled breast to the ingulfing ocean of eternity.

Like bubbles on a sea of matter borne,
We rise, we break, and to that sea return.

CHAPTER III.

HARK to the bell, from convent turret pealing !
 Its mellow music fills the balmy air ;
 Meekly around the white-robed altar kneeling,
 The vestal virgins hymn their matin prayer :
 Their pure devotions breathe again on earth
 The sacred charm that hovered 'round its birth.

GENOA AND THE GENOESE—A REUNION BY MOONLIGHT—THE SUICIDE'S BRIDGE—THE DOME OF CARIGNANO—THE ALTAR OF HOPE—RELUCTANT CONFESSIONS—CHAPEL OF JOHN THE BAPTIST—CANOVA'S GRIEF, HOPE, AND FAITH—RAPHAEL'S ST. STEPHEN—PAINTINGS OF RUBENS AND GUIDO—CHAPEL OF THE CARMELITES—SALOON OF THE SERRA PALACE—PAINTING OF CARLO DOLCI—ASYLUM FOR MUTES—THE GIRLS OF GENOA—THE MAGDALEN OF PAUL VERONESE—THE BUST OF COLUMBUS—THE PAST AND THE PRESENT OF GENOA—ASPIRATIONS OF HOPE FOR THE FUTURE.

THE streets of Genoa, with a few splendid exceptions, are extremely narrow ; and their confined alley-like character is rendered seemingly still more restricted by the attitude of the buildings. You look up from the pavement as from the bottom of some deep chasm, and discover, with a feeling bordering on insecurity, the elevation of the aperture communicating with the blue sky, but you quite despair of reaching that place of freer respiration, except by some ladder little less in height than the one which rose on the Patriarch's dream !

You occasionally discover an arch thrown across from the balcony of one dwelling to another, though a youth of elastic limb would hardly need that giddy bridge to aid his transit, especially if winged by the impatient hope of meeting there the Medora of his heart. The spot itself may sometimes be the mutual refuge or resting-place of affection; for I once saw on one of these, at the dead of night, between me and the moon, two clasping forms, so light, distinct, and soft in outline, you would have said the grave had given up the most beautiful of its tenants—or that two embodied spirits had stepped from their wandering cloud to linger there in admiration of the splendor and silence which reigned over the sleeping life of the city.

But these slight arches, trod by love, are far less lofty than one connecting two more substantial elevations within the precincts of the town. This springs bold and free over the tops of buildings, high enough of themselves to dwindle the jostling crowd of the street into dwarfs. From this the ruined in fortune and the broken in hope, frequently cast themselves down, ending at once life and its pressing sorrows. This fatal step would less deserve our criminating rebuke, could they in that fall “leap the life to come;” but they only pass to the fearful realities of that existence from which, even in the utmost depths of the future, there is no escape to be found.

Yet, I never stopped at the forsaken grave of a poor suicide without feeling more inclined to tears than maledictions. The bitterness of disappointment, the weight of anguish, and the wear and fever of the heart that can in themselves reconcile a man to death, and make him consent to become his own executioner, must have an energy which none but those who have some time or other partially harbored the frightful purpose, can fully comprehend. What man of intellect and sensibility could rail at the grave of the author of *Lacon*? Even merited reproach falters at a recollection of his transcendent powers, and erring charity veils the terrors of his suicidal guilt. But in times like these, when this species of crime is becoming fearfully frequent, I commend to my thinking reader the *Suicide's Argument*, and *Nature's Answer*—by Coleridge :

Ere the birth of my life, if I wished it or no,
 No question was asked me—it could not be so!
 If the life was the question, a thing sent to try,
 And to live on be YES; what can NO be?—"To die."

NATURE'S ANSWER.

Is't returned as 'twas sent? Is't no worse for the wear?
 Think first, what you ARE! Call to mind what you WERE!
 I gave you innocence, I gave you hope,
 Gave health, and genius, and an ample scope.
 Return you me guilt, lethargy, despair?
 Make out the invent'ry; inspect, compare!
 Then die—if die you dare!

Near this bridge of death—as if to lure the despairing to the light and promises of a better hope—stands the beautiful church of Carignano. A dome of graceful spring lets in the soft light upon the worshipper, as he kneels in the low nave amid the breathing statues of those who, like him, have meekly wrestled with their lot. He feels there not utterly forsaken in his sorrows; around him are those who once wept, trusted, and triumphed. There, too, is the sweet face of HER whose all-pitying look sheds encouragement over the broken heart of the penitent—and there, too, is the boundless compassion of HIM whose merits and mercy are the refuge of a ruined world.

To this altar let *me* come; but, alas! I have no offerings to bring, except the blighted remains of betrayed purposes, and violated vows: these bathed in tears I lay down with a blush of contrition and shame. May the strength of higher and holier resolves brace me to the responsibilities which gather wide and deep over this deathless soul. I have slumbered too long: the fresh hours of the morning have all passed from the dial of my life; the index has reached the meridian, and nothing yet has been attempted worthy of myself, or the duty I owe my God and my fellow-men.

Awake, my heart! though pulseless, prostrate, and cold, yet awake! The bent reeds where the tempest hath been, have come up; and the fettered earth on

which the winter had cast its icy chain, has opened into blossoms and song, but thou, like one on whom the grave hath closed, stirrest not! Awake! rise in thy rallied life and strength, if it be but to struggle, to bleed, and die!

Although these confessions and self-reproaches flow all unbidden from my inmost heart, yet I must turn to that in which the reader can find a more pleasing interest. Leaving the statues which adorn the nave of Carignano, and which are the work of Puget—the Michael Angelo of France—we went to the Cathedral, which derives its interest less from its architectural pretensions, than its venerable age. The exterior is cased with alternate layers of white and black marble, distinct, and strongly marked as the American and the sable sons of Africa, whom oppression and crime have chained to our soil.

In one of the chapels dedicated to John the Baptist, we were shown the iron urn believed by many to contain the ashes of that forerunner of Christ. As this pioneer was sacrificed to the whim of a frivolous female, none of her sex are allowed to approach his shrine. We found here, also, the celebrated emerald vase, reputed to have been presented by the Queen of Sheba to Solomon, and taken at Cesarea by the banded hosts that went out to rescue the Holy Sepulchre. I cannot but half regret that the recent tests of skeptical science have decided this splendid trophy to be only a composition of polished glass! Life itself is

a delusion, and why break the bubbles that float on its breath!

A monumental group in this church struck me as one of the most delicate and pleasing efforts of Canova's genius. Grief, in the likeness of a weeping angel, looks down with tender resignation on the tomb, while Hope, in the earnestness of an unfaltering faith, looks up to that anchor which Faith hath cast within the veil. Never before, or since, has death to me been so disarmed of its terrors.

Say what we will against the visible representation of spiritual existences, they affect us the most deeply in this form. In the one we have shape, substance, sympathy; in the other, only a vague, intangible, ideal conception, that addresses itself to no outward sense. Think you, that the multitude would linger so around that statue which enchants the heart, if there were nothing there but the invisible creation of mind? I think not; and hence it is that the Catholic faith, with its striking palpable symbols, dangerous, and to be deprecated as some of them are, will ever take precedence with those who are influenced more by their outward senses, than their abstract convictions.

The church of St. Stephen derives its leading interest from a representation of that first martyr, by Raphael, as he bows himself, with the forgiving spirit of his master, to the malice of his murderers. His very look of innocence and meekness were enough,

one would suppose, to disarm the most savage breast of its hatred. But man, when he persecutes in the name of religion, seems the more steeled to all the kindlier impulses of his nature. He lights his profane brand at the altar of Heaven, and then kindles up a conflagration at which Hell might shudder.

The church of the Annunziata is splendid in its marbles, but frightful in the malefactor of Corloni—broken on the wheel; while the Ambragia, of less ambition in design and richness in ornaments, has the milder and deeper attractions derived from the life-imparting pencils of Rubens and Guido.

But of all the sanctuaries here, none charmed me more than the chapel of the Carmelite nuns. This is small, simple, chaste, and in harmony with the noiseless habits of those who here enshrine their timid hopes of immortality. Would that she were here who weeps within the walls of Santa Clara; here to kneel and hymn her vesper prayer, and then, with the wings of a dove, to fly away and be at rest. Into whatever quarter of the heaven she might pass, I should watch her flight as one that would pursue. But, ah! Maria, though the wing of the turtle-dove were lent thee, and a pinion granted me of equal fleetness, yet whither could we fly? Where escape from the all-shadowing Upas of sin and evil that blights this earth?

There is no isle, in the most sunny clime, that sorrow hath not touched; no shore on the remotest sea,

where Death hath not his empire. The pall, the plume, and the sable hearse move from every point of this globe to that shadowy realm, where the mourner soon becomes the mourned.

Thou strikest down the monarch in his hall,
And leavest not the courtier at his side ;
Thou minglest with the dance at marriage-ball,
And carriest off the bridegroom and the bride ;
Thou hear'st the home-returning sailor call
To her he loves, then dash'st him in the tide—
The brave and young, the beautiful and gay,
The "shining mark" thou ever bear'st away.

We will then, sweet one, build our altar to Hope, and earnestly look for that promised land, where tears and farewells are unknown ; where the countenance of the dweller is ever filled with perfect light ; where the unwithered and uncrushed flowers still breathe their fragrant homage ; and where the rich harp-string mingles its music with the voice of the River of the Water of Life, that flows

"Fast by the oracle of God."

Could any thing tempt our thoughts back from the excursions of Hope to this earth, and the brilliant vanity of its cities, it might be the splendors of a saloon in the Serra palace of Genoa. Here, walls and columns covered with mirror and gold, a floor of tessellated marbles, and tables of richest mosaic, fascinate the eye ; and you at first half conceive yourself

realizing the gorgeous fictions of some oriental dream ; and you begin to forget the poverty, strife, and wretchedness which disfigure the condition of man.

But there is one painting, among the many which adorn the costly galleries of this mansion, which brings you back to the painful reality ; it is from the vivid pencil of Carlo Dolci, and represents that scene in the garden of Gethsemane in which holy Innocence, amid the sorrow and dismay of our shrinking nature, resigned itself to the agonies and ignominy of the cross ! He that can gaze on this scene, and feel no emotions of grief and reverence, must have a heart that pity cannot touch, or Heaven forgive !

I could take the reader to other princely edifices, to the unrivalled paintings which adorn them, the statues and marbles which heighten their claims to admiration, for no city in the world is so rich in palaces as Genoa. But there is one feature of this city which must not be passed unnoticed ; it is the provision which has been made by individual wealth for the relief of the unfortunate and poor.

Here the deaf and dumb are taught to communicate their feelings, and catch the meaning of others, without the aid of an articulate language ; here the aged whom the turning tide of fortune has left wrecked on the shore, find a simple, but generous asylum ; here the orphan-boy is furnished the means of procuring a present subsistence, and of acquiring a knowledge that may subserve his after years ; and here the little

girl, who has no mother and no home, may find a cheerful refuge, where she may braid her flowers, receive the avails of her work, and at a becoming age, perhaps, make another happy with her beauty and timid worth. These are the benefactions of the more wealthy citizens of Genoa, and bespeak virtues that will be revered, when the usual forms in which wealth expresses itself will be remembered only to be pitied and despised.

We were cautioned, in coming here, not to go in our purchases beyond the assurances of our own knowledge, and we at first hesitated distrustingly over the genuineness of a string of coral beads, those little gifts which one gets abroad for an infant sister, a lipping niece, or one deeper in the vale of years, and perhaps, scarcely capable of receiving them without a surrender of the heart. But in all the purchases we made—and they were many, and some of no inconsiderable value—I heard no complaints of the Ligurian fraud. The jewelled watch that exhausted my little purse, has proved as true to the promise of its vender, as a steed to the word of a Turk. I wish I were as regular in my habits as this is in its hours; and as true to my real interests as this is to the sun. But I am not; neither can you be: but were it as easy for us to correct our faults, as it is to detect them, virtue would lose the merit she now derives from the conflict. It is the hardest of substances that polish the steel the brightest.

The Genoese, especially the young women, are remarkably neat in their person; even those in the humblest condition seldom offend you in a negligence of dress. The kerchief that protects the bosom may have been rent, but it has been repaired; and its snowy whiteness blushes back the living carnation of her cheek. The stocking may betray the frequent efforts of the needle, but it sets snugly to the round instep, and there is nothing else there to make you wish the gentle wearer had forded one of her mountain streams.

The daughter of the simple gardener, as she sits at market by the side of her little vegetable store, seems to have caught her conceptions of propriety from the violets of her parterre; and the blooming girl of Recco understands how to give an additional attraction to a smooth orange, or a cluster of grapes; for she comes in her blue silk bodice, her rose-colored petticoat, her Maltese cross of gold, with her hair fancifully braided, rolled up, and interlaced with flowers, where the tuberose and the pomegranate blossom, and sprigs of rich jasmine in their mingled beauty and fragrance, are not more captivating than the bright smile which plays over her sweet face.

Who would not purchase of such a one! I could not pass her by, though her osier basket held only the perished fruits of some blighted tree. I have ever observed that he who solicits charity for another, or essays to sell what is his own, is most successful

when he rather stirs our admiration than pity. Emotions which flow from objects, in themselves agreeable, are ever more welcome guests at the heart, than those which come to claim our compassion; and hence it is that rich men, dying heirless, oftener bequeath their property to the wealthy than the poor. What a miserable thing, after all, is human nature! But I am moralizing again without knowing it. Can a stream leave the spring and not carry with it the properties of its fountain?

We could not leave Genoa without a farewell visit to the Mary Magdalen of Paul Veronese, in the Regal Palace. This truly feminine being is here represented as in the house of the Pharisee, at the feet of our Saviour, and so full of life and tender force is each limb and feature, that your feelings, unperceived by yourself, begin to flood your eyes. Her attitude so meek and devoted; her long and flowing locks of gold, concealing more of her face than her emotions; that timid hand half failing in its office, that look of grief and love, and those tears as they swim and fall, make you feel that there is a tenderness and sweetness in piety, which nothing can surpass or supply in the female heart.

We have been to the palace of the Doges, but there is only enough there to make you grieve for what is gone. The great Council Chamber, with its lofty ceiling of Venice-frescoes, and its stately columns of beautiful Brocatello, remains, but the statues which

once adorned it have departed, and their place has been supplied by such representations as plaster and a fault-concealing drapery can bring. These men of clay and ruffles, standing so astutely in this hall of legislative wisdom, reminded me of those members of our Congress unconditionally instructed by their constituents !

But there is one thing here to which an American heart can never be wholly dead : it is a marble bust of Columbus ; and there are also three letters addressed to citizens of Genoa, in his own hand-writing. These memorials reconciled us to the desolate sensations of the spot ; they brought back, with flashing power, the virtues and trials, the triumphs and sufferings of one to whom the North owes its greatest debt of gratitude ; and who sunk to his last rest in distrust, desertion, and chains.

But it is not for me to dress his bier, nor will I presumptively cast a flower into that fragrant and imperishable garland, that Washington Irving has woven on his grave. Virtue may be misrepresented, persecuted, and consigned to the shroud, but the righteous wake not more assuredly to the reality of their hopes, than this to an immortal remembrance.

The reader must not suppose that every thing in Genoa wore to my eye so much of the *couleur de rose* as I may at first seem to intimate. I might have darkly shaded some features of this picture, without being unjust to the original ; but my first glance of

the place from the sea disarmed me, and I was like a painter sketching the face of the one he loves. I might with truth have brought out into mournful prominence the ignorance of the great mass, their delusive confidence in the pageantries of their religion, their easily disrupted connection with a virtuous life, the jealousies and feuds which trouble their social relations, the absence of sufficient encouragement to enterprise and industry in their civil condition, the spirit of discontent which poisons their peace, and, above all, the hated and massive despotism that grinds them to the earth.

The lingering forms of her freedom have at length departed: her Doges are in the grave; her commerce has fled from the ocean; Egypt and Palestine, Asia Minor and Thrace, the Mediterranean and Levant, with the thousand bright isles that gem those waters, where she was once respected and obeyed, now know her no more. Even Venice, her ancient rival, has ceased to dream of her worth. To all the East she is—what are now the thousands that once went from her bosom to perish in the Holy Land—a phantom of perished power.

But a better day may yet dawn on Genoa: she is not yet the ruined votary of vice, or the crouching and creeping slave of tyranny. Another Doria, like her first, may yet arise to rally her scattered and dismayed strength, to break the iron that eats into her soul, to send the malignant despot that rivets her

chain back to his petty isle ; and, sustained by the slanting vigor of fraternal cities, she may yet grapple with the force of Austrian interference, and with indignant energy hurl back the broken links of her fetters into the very teeth of that Moloch of despotism.

May this day come—may these eyes see it ; and, lovely Genoa, were not the proffer beneath thy pride, here is a heart and hand for thee ! Strike for freedom and for self-respect, for the greatness lost and the gifts that remain ! Thousands mourn thy slumber, and the spirits of thy Fathers speak to thee from the grave !

Sons of the mighty dead, why are ye weeping
 Your hearts away in unavailing woe ?
 Nature is bright and gay, as she were keeping
 A festival in heaven's seraphic glow ;
 But ye are sad—alas ! those dirges sweeping
 That plaintive Lyre—so mournfully and low—
 That Lyre that Harold's magic fingers strung—
 Too soon in sadness on the cypress hung.

There it shall breathe its melancholy lay,
 In memory of him, whose soul of fire
 Gleamed through its tenement of heated clay,
 Kindling and glowing down each tuneful wire,
 Till heart—soul—feeling—passion's wildest play,
 Seemed as existent only in his Lyre.
 Love—Freedom—Glory were his theme. Oh ! when,
 If ever, will such numbers wake again !

CHAPTER IV.

“OH, ITALY! how beautiful thou art!
 Yet I could weep—for thou, alas, art lying
 Low in the dust; and they who come, admire thee,
 As we admire the beautiful in death.
 Thine was a dangerous gift, the gift of Beauty.
 Would thou hadst less, or wert as once thou wast,
 Inspiring awe in those who now enslave thee!”

DEPARTURE FROM GENOA—DRIFTING IN A CALM—A THEOLOGICAL FROG—
 —CONSUMMATION OF LOVE—ANCHORING AT LEGHORN—MORNING AND
 EVENING—SEQUEL OF A HAPPY MARRIAGE—MUTUAL RECOGNITION—
 —NIGHT AFTER LOBSTER—REMINISCENCES OF CHILDHOOD.

WE had said or sung our farewell to Genoa, and were now on board ship, moving in company with the Flag towards Leghorn; but it was such a movement as a criminal, conscious of a love of life, would desire on his way to execution. So still lay the waters around us, a dog jumped overboard on to the shadow of our ship. Not a breath came sufficient to crisp the sea, and a tortoise travelling on shore in the same direction, went out of sight, though he appeared to be a paralytic in two of his legs, and to have lost one of the others by some unaccountable misfortune.

Perhaps in some *borough* election he had gone the

whole *quadruped*, and thinking a vote defeated as good as one gained, had scuffled himself out of a limb instead of an *eye*, as is usually the case. Be that as it may, he got *ahead*—it may be owing to the fact that our ship did not move at all—but certainly I never saw a tortoise travel so fast as that one.

The three most miserably helpless things in the world, are a ship in a calm, a whale thoroughly stranded, and a politician in bad odor. The devil himself would have nothing to do with either, unless it were the last; he seldom utterly forsakes a political game-cock;

But keeps him at the battle, or the drill,
To work his master further mischief still.

But what have canvassing and cock-fighting to do with our getting to Leghorn? Just as much, reader, as the winds and waves, for they are both so breathless and still, that our ship headed indifferently, first for the port to which we were bound, then for that which we had left. “Zounds!” said Jack, rubbing his eyes and looking again at the compass, “the stem of the ship has got into her stern, or we are going back to Genoa.” “Going!” interrupted a boatswain’s mate dryly, “the rocks on that shore move as much as this ship; we have not logged a fathom these sixteen watches, and what matter which way she heads, since she don’t stir. The Paddy that got on wrong side afore was right till his horse got under way;

when the toad jumps it will be time to say whether it be back'ard or for'ard."

Here the dialogue was interrupted; but the allusion to the toad, so singular from the lips of a sailor, reminded me of an old friend with whom I became acquainted during my connection with the Theological Seminary at Andover, and who was, perhaps, the most remarkable *frog* of this age. He had, it is true, none of those glaring and striking qualities which blind one with their very brilliancy; he was rather distinguished for sedateness, and dignity of demeanor, and that graceful amenity of deportment which intimated his high extraction. He lived *among* his brethren, but *above* them. There was no pride in his look, and yet he admitted none into terms of perfect familiarity. He did not appear to be rebukingly averse to such irregularities and improprieties in others, but his voice was never heard disturbing the stillness of the night, or the sweet slumber of the morning.

Like a true gentleman, he made his appearance about mid-day, under the protection of a juniper which shades the verge of the parapet on which the Institution stands. Here he was wont to sit, with a wide and variegated landscape spread out before him, and with the half-abstracted air of one pleased with outward objects, but meditating with much deeper interest on the profound mysteries of his own nature. He seemed ever to be filled with incommunicable

thought. His features, though strongly marked, and indicating an intellect of a high order, never but on *one* occasion, that I recollect, betrayed those swelling emotions, which, I know, must frequently have surged over his spirit.

A small bird, with short bill and speckled wings, had alighted upon the juniper, and soon turning from all the attractions of the tree, began as devotedly to regard the beautiful green and azure dress of the being that sat composedly beneath, as if she had forgotten, in some erring fondness of fancy, those amphibious qualities so incompatible with her own habitudes and tastes. She looked, she fluttered her little wings, she jumped down from spray to spray, each one still lower, till she reached the very lowest, and then she breathed the sweetest note I ever heard from bill of bird or lip of beauty. But ere the sound died away, he whom she had thus strangely chosen, and secretly won, looked up, and the soul-yielding tenderness of *that* look may be imagined, but never described! The look of my Uncle Toby into the eye of Widow Wadman, for the speck which was not in the white, might have had as much benevolence in it, but could not have had one half the fondness.

From that day to this, I never saw that frog again; but I was told, that one very much like him was seen next morning, at daybreak, making music, and that a beautiful bird was singing in concert at his side; and that a few evenings after this—a thing that

grieves me to relate—an owl was seen perched on a very low stump, who appeared, in the gravity of a justice of the peace, to be pronouncing between the parties an irreparable divorce. Probably this connection, like most of those which result from beauty, music, and sudden affection, had proved unhappy. Whose fault it was, in this particular instance, I pretend not to say; but my daughter, I would say to you—if I had one—an attachment, to be lasting, must be based upon qualities not only congenial, but equally indestructible with itself. There are properties in the heart, which familiarity cannot chill, nor time impair.

But I forget the ship and her destination. After nine days, by the aid of a few vagrant zephyrs, and a slight current that set in our favor, we let go our anchor at Leghorn; a place the more welcome to me as it held a couple whom I had contributed to make happy while at Marseilles. One was a youthful Hibernian of character, wealth, and enterprise, the other a young Tuscan lady, as sweet and romantic a being as ever sported on the green banks of the Arno. They were devotedly attached to each other, but as he was a Protestant and she a Catholic, they could not be united here, without a virtual renunciation on his part of the distinguishing features of his creed. They had come, therefore, to France, in the hope that the less rigid forms of the Church there would permit their marriage; but the ecclesiastical authorities

there did not feel themselves at liberty to gratify their wishes.

This was the more trying, as the wife of the Scotch merchant, under whose protection the young lady had come to Marseilles, was bound to her native hills, and the timid Tuscan could not discreetly return to Leghorn without her. This was their perplexing predicament when I incidentally fell in with them, and they at once consulted me on my willingness to perform the ceremony, and the extent of my privilege on this subject. I told them that the rite, as performed by me, would be sacred and sound, morally, the world over, and civilly, in all Protestant countries. This was enough; their countenances lightened up; they rose as by one impulse, took each other by the hand—their hearts had been united long before—were wed, and were happy!

This was one of those bright spots which will occasionally occur in a man's life; and though I felt sufficiently compensated in having contributed in this form to their happiness, yet several gold pieces, massive and bright, soon came to acknowledge me as their owner. But *these* did not much avail me, for the ladies there declaring it highly improper that a gentleman, not married himself, should be benefited by marrying others, formed a conspiracy against these little fellows of the yellow jacket, and the result was, they were all dissolved in ice-creams and other delicious confectioneries.

I have ever found that it is better in such cases to yield at once; for I had rather contend against twenty robbers, armed with pistols and knives, than one lady in the dexterous use of her innocent gifts of beauty, wit, and smiles. We *must* yield—it is a law of nature—and yield not only a few sequins, but that cherished *independence* as dear to many as life itself. Dazzled, bewildered, fascinated, we cast it down, and seem to riot in the sacrifice we have made.

I said we had reached Leghorn; and my first inquiry was for the residence of this recently united couple, for the first moon had not yet waned on their wedded life. I found them in a quiet, vine-clad villa, crowning an eminence that swells up among the green hills which overlook the town. He was sitting in the saloon, with a volume of Burns in his hand; she was at the harp, giving the overflowings of her happy heart to its warbling melodies.

They received me as if I had been the embodied spirit of their enjoyment; and when obliged to leave them, they accompanied me down through the embowered walk of the garden to its gate; and, in parting, he ascribed the happiness of his condition to my friendly offices—and she, pointing to the green leaves, told me that these might wither, but that there was a grateful remembrance of my kindness in her heart that would never fade.

I assured her the obligations were on my part—that I was happy in seeing her so; and, though I had not exacted that bridal kiss, yet—and here she liquidated the claim, before the sentence that might have involved it could be uttered. Reader, forgive that indiscretion: it was not my fault; for what I said was wholly without an intended meaning: neither was it hers; for it was the overflowing of irrepressible gratitude. I broke from them, and, wending my solitary way back to town, felt, for once at least, very much dissatisfied with a single life.

The next morning we started for Pisa;—but shall I pass over the night that intervened? It was not a night of soft dreams and delicious visions; it was more like the last hours of one expiring on the rack. I had supped upon lobster, and it lay upon the functions that should have overmastered it, like an indissolvable rock. I had every reason, from previous experience, to apprehend such a result; but such a silly compound is human nature, I must try again the tempting bait; and dearly did I pay back in penitence the price of my weakness.

I never could persuade myself that this animal was originally intended to be eaten; I rather inclined to the belief, and am now fully confirmed in it, that he was intended as a visible personation of the Evil One. But I must confess, to tell the truth, that I owe this deformity of the deep an old grudge; for my nurse, when I was yet a child, ran at me with

one of them twisting and sprawling in her hand. I was so terrified, that for a year there was no perceptible growth in body, bone, or limb; and this is the reason that I have never reached the stature to which my lineage entitled me.

The reader may, perhaps, think this a small matter, but I can assure him I do not; for there is in man an innate reverence for height. Never shall I forget the admiring wonder with which I listened as my nurse told me of the giant who stepped over mountains and seas as if they had been mere ant-hills and puddles; and who shook the pea-vines and plum-trees that grew in the moon! Dear woman! I forgive her the wrong she did me in the fright, for the marvellous creations that laughed and wept, whispered and thundered through her stories. If there is about me the least touch of romance, the least love of the wonderful, I owe it all to her: she filled my infant dreams with beings of another order, with a love and madness that are not ours, with exultations and agonies that belong not to man, with the sigh of winds and the shout of torrents that move not on this earth. But I forget the lobster: if I ever again, on going to rest, eat of another—meat, claw, or feeler of him—may I awake in his likeness!

CHAPTER V.

LOOK 'round below

On ARNO's vale, where the dove-colored oxen
 Are ploughing up and down among the vines ;
 While many a careless note is sung aloud,
 Filling the air with sweetness :—and on thee,
 Beautiful Florence, all within thy walls,
 Thy groves and gardens, pinnacles and towers.

ROGERS.

CITY OF PISA—MAGNIFICENCE OF THE CATHEDRAL—VIOLATIONS OF TASTE POINTED OUT—GALILEO AND THE LAMP—BEAUTIES OF THE BAPTISTRY—THE LEANING TOWER—EXTENT OF HUMAN CREDULITY—THE CAMPO SANTO OF PISA—SOIL FROM THE HOLY LAND—SIGNS OF ANTIQUITY AND DECAY—THE ANCESTRY OF PISA—HER ANCIENT GLORY—CAUSES OF DECAY—A WARNING TO THE WORLD OF THE WEST—THE DISASTERS OF DISUNION—DANGERS APPREHENDED FROM SLAVERY—DUTY TO AFRICA.

THE next day, taking a light, compact carriage, drawn by two Tuscan horses of vigorous limb and free spirit, we crossed the wide plain which borders, in rampant fertility, the banks of the Arno, and arrived at Pisa. Our first and most eager visit was paid to the Cathedral and its contiguous monuments ; for we were like an ambitious man looking out for a wife, who glances about at once for the queen of the circle.

And, after all, this may not be so injudicious a

method as might at first seem ; for, if the arrow fails of reaching the bird on the topmost twig of the tree, it may strike one beneath ; and it is not always the highest bird that has the sweetest voice and the most beautiful plumage. The wild-goose always flies high ; the hawk and crow rest on lofty and barren limbs, except when engaged in rapine and plunder ; they then, like human nature in the practice of vice, *descend* ; but they have this advantage over us—they can remount ; but man, once in the slough, is ever apt to find there his home and his grave.

It is strange that a look for the Cathedral should have brought me into this moral mire, for nothing can be more unlike it, as it is not only invested with the inspiring sentiments of its design, but with a deep charm caught from the silent lapse of six centuries. Its dimensions, grand and colossal,—its architecture, verging upon the massive force of the Gothic,—its material, too firm and enduring to be corroded by time,—its lofty doors of solid bronze, wrought into a maze of expressive relief,—its long, sweeping aisles, separated only by stately columns of Oriental granite and marble,—its pavement, laid in rich Mosaic, and the rosy light streaming through the stained windows, and bathing every object in hues of softest vermilion,—all impress the stranger with the costly magnificence of this sacred pile.

Yet, with all these excellencies, the Cathedral has defects, and violations of taste which cannot escape

the most untutored eye. The peristyle of the central nave, instead of being the support of incongruous arches, ought to pillar at once a deep dome consonant with its own majesty; and the shafts of the side aisles, instead of wandering off into the form of a cross, should have preserved their rectilineal position, and maintained, as far as compatible with the strange mixture of their orders, the unity and harmony of the main design.

The marble pulpit, instead of reposing on the shoulders of a statue, bending in agony under its pressing weight, should rest upon some form more substantial, more calm, more in keeping with the spot and the serene truths which it unfolds; and the satyrs which figure on the tombs of the great, look as if they were holding a revelry over death: one would not wish to awake at the last day under the sneering laughter of such beings.

It was in this metropolitan church of Pisa that Galileo was standing one day, when he observed a lamp which was suspended from the ceiling, and which had been disturbed by accident, swinging backward and forward. This was a thing so common, that thousands no doubt had observed it before; but Galileo, struck with the regularity with which it moved backward and forward, reflected on it, and perfected the method, now in use, of measuring time by means of the pendulum.

The Baptistry, standing in self-relying separation

from the Cathedral, presents a lofty rotunda, reared of the most precious material, and combining an assemblage of beauties and blemishes unequalled in any other monument of the middle ages. Standing in the centre, and looking up through the showering expression of its gorgeous features, you are as much at a loss whether to admire and acquit, or censure and condemn, as was the susceptible judge, pronouncing sentence on an erring woman whose beauty had touched his heart and bewildered his oath.

The profusion of ornaments—arches swelling over arches to no visible purpose, and columns towering above columns, without an object, with the splendors of the dome, floating, like Mohammed's coffin, between heaven and earth, dazzle your vision, and overpower your critical judgment. Nor is your perplexing wonder diminished, when told that this magnificent pile is consecrated to the christening of those little beings that have just budded to the light. The tomb of Agamemnon was an appropriate memorial of his greatness, a befitting emblem of his fame; but this sumptuous mass towers immeasurably above its uses.

Near by stands the Campanile, or Leaning Tower, celebrated alike for the beauty of its architecture and the mystery of its inclination. Eight peristyles, rising over each other in lightness and grace to the summit, relieve the solitude of its elevation, and elegantly robe its naked majesty. You ascend to the

top on a spiral stairway leading steeply up through the interior; and, as you emerge to the light, at an elevation of one hundred and seventy feet, feel amply compensated for the fatigues of the ascent, in the wide and rich prospect spread beneath.

From the broad and fertile valley through which the Arno rolls its waters, the eye turns in wilder wonder to the lofty peaks of the Apennines, piercing the distant sky, or to the waves of the Mediterranean, ever rolling and rejoicing in their light and strength. The inclination of this tower has been ascribed, by some, to an eccentricity of taste in the architect, but it more probably lost its perpendicular in the unequal settling of the foundation. I state this reasonable conjecture reluctantly; for, so far as it may have influence, it must mar the beautiful mystery that has hung for ages around this monument, like a soft cloud veiling a mountain pinnacle. It has caught a mysterious charm from the silent lapse of centuries.

People like so dearly to be imposed upon, and find so much pleasure in the miraculous, that I would not, were it in my power, destroy their belief in a ghost, the sea-serpent, or the man in the moon. I regret that the recent discoveries in that orb have been confessed a hoax; they were fast gaining credence, and would soon have passed as genuine and modest, not excepting even that crystal three hundred and fifty miles in length, and those winged

men-bats! Were people as credulous when informed of their weaknesses and errors, as they are when told of the antics of a hobgoblin or the rappings of a wandering spirit, what blushes and dismay it would spread upon the face of a self-complacent world!

At a slight remove from the Cathedral, and in harmony with its sacred associations, lies the Campo Santo, or burial-place of the Pisans. It is an oblong square, tastefully walled in, and affording, around the interior, a paved walk, covered with gracefully springing arcades, ornamented with vivid frescoes, where the footstep of Beauty bounds along lightly as if decay and death were not there.

Let nature be cheerful about our tombs; let the bird sing and the violet bloom—but let man bring only the tribute of his tears. He will soon need himself this tender token of regard: there is no fellowship in the grave; death gives us but one embrace, and that so cold and full of change, that they who have known us will know us no more!

The earth of this cemetery was brought from Palestine in the Pisan galleys, instead of the living beings whom they had taken out in Lanfranchi's crusade. It is held in such estimation, that the spirit which here resigns its mortal tenement is supposed to be far on its way to that land of which this is only the faint type.

Were it the general faith of mankind that there were some absolving soil through which we might

all pass at last purified to the better country, many, indeed, would think lightly of it in their hours of health, but in the day of death it would be their only object of solicitude. Why, then, turn from that fountain opened in Judah and Jerusalem, whose waters can wash out the deepest stains, and from which the soul may pass as without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing, to the bosom of its Saviour?

Decay and ruin have now cast their deep, sepulchral shadows over all the pride and magnificence of the Pisans. Their palaces have crumbled, their lights of science have been extinguished, their commerce has departed, their population has gone down to the grave, and even their beautiful harbor, where once floated innumerable ships, the sands of the Arno have filled, till the weeds and wild grass wave there, as if it had ever been a stranger to the keel and oar.

Silence reigns in the untrodden streets, and the lofty arches of her marble bridge, which once echoed to the stirring tread of thousands, are now gloomily still as the trees that bend in darkness over the Stygian flood. Looking upon Pisa, you feel as you would were you bending over the grave of the one you love; you almost forget the beauty that remains in the light and charms that are fled. Could we lift but one veil, it would be that which conceals the Past!

The antiquity of Pisa is not a subject of greater

curiosity to you than of pride to its inhabitants. They trace their origin to the veins and adventures of a few brave Greeks, who, after the results of the Trojan war, wandered hither from the banks of the Alpheus; and this high descent, seemingly so full of vanity and fable, is partially confirmed by the authority of Strabo. The separate dignity and political existence of Pisa were at length lost in the all-absorbing power of Rome; but when that overgrown despotism had fallen in ruins, and left only darkness and crime in its place, Pisa came forth in the form of a Republic, and, so far from evincing the feebleness of age, exhibited the energies of exulting youth.

Corsica and Sardinia bowed to her prowess; Naples and Palermo obeyed her dictates; and even Carthage surrendered the treasures of its pride and fame. Her voice was heard in the shape of law among the hills of Palestine, and inspired a submissive respect along the castled banks of the Tiber. Her eminence in letters, her achievements in the arts, no less than the triumphs of her arms, excited the warm wonder of mankind, broke up the sleep of surrounding nations, and covered Italy with the splendors of a fresh morn.

But this day-spring, even before it waxed to its meridian, was doomed to disaster;—the bright star had not yet reached its zenith, when Florence, like a hostile orb rising in an opposite direction, encountered it in the full heaven:—it fell, still flashing with

light as it sunk to its grave. Its fate was like that of all the Republics of Greece, and flowed from the same source—a spirit of fratricidal jealousy. It was this which laid Thebes in ruins, overthrew the towers of Memphis, filled the Pagodas of Palibothra with woe, and drove the plough-share of ruin over the foundations of Carthage.

This spirit of jealous rivalry has been the bane of all Republics, and the prime source of their calamities. It has driven Liberty out of the Old World—may it not expel her from the New! Let the rival States of America realize, if their present bond of union should be dissolved, what must be the consequence. It would be a miracle in the experience of man, if mutual bloodshed did not ensue. Rivalry, jealousy, and sectional prejudice would bring on collision and disaster; the alienated States would rush in conflict; and their slaughtered heaps would be the funeral pyre of Freedom!

That man who talks to us of liberty and peace when the Union has been broken up, is infected with treason or insanity. You might as well talk of composure amid the throes of the earthquake, or of safety on the flaming verge of the volcano. All history gives his flattering prediction the lie, and what we still see in human nature stamps it with an insane absurdity. Union gone, every thing great and good must go with it: the advocates of free institutions would be covered with confusion; while the very

graves of despotism would give up their dead in exultation. Let, then, the motto of every American be, My country as a whole,—not the North or the South, not the East or the West,—but my country as a great and glorious WHOLE. Let rivers roll and mountains swell to diversify its surface, but over all the patriotic pride and sympathies of the American heart must flow, undistinguishing and deep, as one united republican realm of the free.

Alas, my country! it is now thy sin,
And ought to be thy grief, remorse, and shame—
That thou, a land of freedom, hast within
Thy bosom those on whom thou hast no claim
But that of rapine. Dost thou think to screen
Thy guilt? yet prate of liberty?—yet drain
Thy thankless bread from out the captive's blood?
Up! place them on the homeward-heaving flood!

Oh, Africa! thy captive sons ere long
Shall break their chains and hasten home to thee;
Already seems to float their freedom-song
In every breeze that westward sweeps the sea—
There shall they live thy plantain bowers among—
A nation of the generous, good, and free:
Then let that heart sink cold and motionless
That pants again to traffic in thy flesh.

CHAPTER VI.

Down by the City of Hermits, and, ere long,
 The venerable woods of VALLOMBROSA :
 Then through these gardens to the TUSCAN Sea,
 Reflecting castles, convents, villages,
 And those great Rivals in an elder day,
 FLORENCE and PISA—who have given him fame.

Rogers' Italy

CUSTOM-HOUSE INQUISITORS OF LUCCA—WE ARE ROBBED OF OUR CIGARS—
 WE MORALIZE LIKE A PHILOSOPHER—LUCCA FROM THE MOUNTAINS—
 GROUPS OF PEASANTRY—A JOYOUS WEDDING-PARTY—THE CROAKINGS OF
 A BACHELOR—THE GOOD OFFICES HE FILLS TO SOCIETY—VIRTUES OF
 THE LUCCHESE CITIZENS—LIBERTY IN THE MOUNTAINS—A BETTER DES-
 TINY FOR MAN—FUTURE LIBERTY, FRATERNITY, AND PEACE—A TRIBUTE
 TO DEPARTED YOUTH, BEAUTY, AND GENIUS—TRIUMPHING IN DEATH
 THROUGH FAITH IN CHRIST.

LEAVING Pisa on our way to Florence, a short drive brought us to the Lucchese border, where our passports were demanded by an officer of the police, who seemed to feel the full dignity of his occupation. When these had undergone the inquisition, our trunks were taken down and overhauled; the search resulted in the discovery of a box of cigars, which were at once pronounced contraband. It was hard to give up these cigars, especially when we knew these drones would so soon be enjoying their fragrance, while we, their

rightful owners, would perhaps be smoking any vile twist of the weed that we might fall in with.

There is something in a good cigar peculiarly endearing and precious to those habituated to it; it is not so much the positive happiness it can afford, as its power to soothe irritation, and calm the nervous anxieties of those to whom it has become as a necessary of life. It is to the body what philosophy is to the mind—a source of tranquillity. We never see an old man, after the toils of the day are over, calmly enjoying his pipe without a sentiment of pleasure; but to see a young man puffing and prattling, creates a very different feeling. With the one it is a habit endeared and consecrated by time; with the other it is mere affectation, or a vicious indulgence demanded neither by his cares nor his years.

Resuming our seats, it was some time before a loud word broke the sullen silence which followed the loss of the cigars. There was enough of the soft and beautiful in the scene around to wean one, as it would seem, from a much deeper calamity, but it had no such beguiling effect over our sorrow. The sun went down unobserved; twilight came on with its purple charm unnoticed, and the bird of night poured its melody on unheeding ears. Our thoughts, feelings, and sympathies were hovering in vain regret over the loss we had sustained—a loss, after all, too trivial for a sober thought.

This unfolds one of the cardinal principles of our

nature. We are all philosophers in great misfortunes, but lose our equanimity in trifles. The man of business will hear of the failure of a house deeply in his debt, or of the loss of a ship at sea, and dine with his friend as if nothing had occurred; but if filched out of a few dollars by some designing knave, he frets, accuses his credulity, and half believes there is no honesty in the world. The man of refinement will hear that his horse has been stolen, or struck by lightning, and composedly purchase himself another; but if some rogne has bobbed his flowing tail, he seizes his loaded whip, determined to flog every boy that shall in future approach his stable.

We have seen a man stand unmoved while the flames enveloped his richly furnished dwelling, and then be on the verge of suicide in consequence of having broken out one of his front teeth. We have seen a lady witness, without an apparent emotion, the crash and ruin of her carriage, and smilingly order another; and then, in a paroxysm of anger, dismiss all her servants, because the note which Byron wrote her could not be found. The truth is, we fret ourselves to death about trifles; great calamities we endure with becoming fortitude, but little crosses and disappointments worry us just in proportion to their insignificance. Our feelings are like streams which chafe most where the water is the shallowest.

Ascending a circling range of lofty elevations, Lucca presented itself below, in the midst of a broad

verdant valley, around which nature had cast this mountain barrier. Daylight yet lingered sufficient to betray its embracing wall, with its broad, continuous parapet, and embowering belt of trees. The tumult of the city had subsided, or partially passed off with the peasantry, who were seen in every direction wending their way to their distant homes.

The burdens they were bearing showed that their arrival would make many a heart glad around their hearths; these were not luxuries, or any of the extravagancies of pride and variety, but simple, serviceable articles, such as affection, with the most slender means, would procure. The brother had not forgotten his fond sister; the son had remembered his widowed mother, now waiting the return of her orphan-boy; and the father had numbered over his children again to see that he had procured for each some gift; nor was she, who had been newly arranging the coarse furniture of the cabin, and trying to create a pleasurable surprise in the more comfortable appearance of the household, beyond the recollections and tokens of that conjugal devoted heart.

“ At length his lonely cot appears in view,
 Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
The expectant *wee-things*, toddlin, stacher thro’
 To meet their dad, wi’ flichterin noise and glee.
His wee bit ingle, blinkin bonnily,

His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie wifie's smile,
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
An' makes him quite forget his labor and his toil."

Leaving our passports with the police at the gate, we passed to the Hotel Royal de l'Europe, an extensive establishment, exceedingly well kept, and usually quiet, but which had now been rendered rather tumultuous, and extremely gay by the festivities of a wedding party. They were full of song, anecdote, and repartee; and their occasional bursts of laughter shook the whole building with their explosive energy.

Why cannot people enter into the marriage state without such a troublesome exhibition of joy? We see nothing in the occasion calculated to inspire mirth, but on the contrary, much that might justly awaken solicitude and tears. Who can tell what may betide? That nuptial wreath may not yet have faded when the eye that now flashes beneath its fragrant bloom may be closed in death! That costly bridal dress, enriching and betraying the beautiful form, may not yet have received a soil from time or an invasion from fickle fashion, when it must be laid aside for the pulseless shroud! and those who have now met to congratulate and make merry, may, ere another moon shall wane, meet to sympathize and mourn!

But this, you will say, is like a crusty old bachelor, who never furnishes such an occasion of rejoicing

himself by submitting to the chains of Hymen, and croaks when others do. Now I take this occasion to say in behalf of the whole bacheloric fraternity, that the flings so often thrown out against us are by no means deserved. The life of a bachelor is as full of benevolence as the sun is of light; wherever he goes he is regarded as common property, or rather a common blessing, and all avail themselves of his kindness, indulgence, and simplicity as freely as they breathe the atmosphere. There is not a mother who does not look upon him as the husband of her daughter, provided her more youthful expectations shall be disappointed elsewhere.

He is considered a resource against all contingencies of this kind; and then the widows, too, they regard him as one providentially left in this state to meet their condition. Besides this, the little children of the whole neighborhood look to him as a sort of common uncle; they run to meet him as he walks; gather around his chair as he sits, climb his knees, finger his locks, pick out his breast-pin, and get his watch out of his pocket to their ear, and then they want to know when he is going to take another ride in his carryall, when he is going again to Mrs. Bustle's fancy shop, or Mrs. Filbert's confectionery. He, with a benevolence that melts like dew on the tender plants, instead of feeling himself annoyed, has a smile, a kiss, and a promise for each and for all. And he will keep that promise, too; he is the only

being in the world who keeps his promises to children.

But he is not only this kind and benevolent being, when those around him are in health, but more especially so, when sickness has overtaken any of them. He will hunt all day to find a bird that may suit the weak or fastidious stomach of the patient; and though after all this pains-taking, not a bone of it may be picked, yet he is just as ready to start the next day and look up another: and all this is done for wife, widow, or child alike.

If death renders vain these kind attentions, his benevolence flows off in another channel. Those mourning dresses, which were beyond the means of the mourner, but not beyond her grief, have been, unbeknown to others, supplied by him; for he letteth not his left hand know what his right hand doeth. Often the simple slab is erected by him, and still oftener those left in orphanage and want share the affection and solicitude of his paternal heart. Were his hearth large enough they would all be grouped about it, a group now more dear to him as their other supports and hopes have been broken.

Such are the feelings, and such the benevolent habits of the good old bachelor. He is a blessing to the community in which he lives. He is a husband for all the widows, and all those disappointed elsewhere; he is the indulgent uncle of all the children; he attends to the sick, buries the dead, and

takes care of the living. Blessings on him; blessings on his occupation; blessings on his memory; and be his the blessing of a patient cherishing wife long before he shall be under the sod.

There is but little in Lucca to detain the curious traveller. The cathedral is in imitation of the one at Pisa, but inferior in every respect; the royal palace, in the absence of architectural pretensions, has one feature to recommend it—every article of its superb furniture is the work of Lucchese artisans. The citizens are remarkable for their industry, virtue, and love of liberty; the peasantry, especially those occupying the woody steeps, are hardy, and represent a race that gloried in their independence. They subsist mainly on the chestnut, which grows here very large; and when boiled or roasted, is very nutritious.

On this simple fare their spirits are always light and buoyant, and notwithstanding the exertions of despotism, their limbs are still fetterless and free as the winds that visit their lofty dwellings. Those in the vales, and the lowlands of the Serchio, may clank the chain, but the songs of freedom will still be echoed about the stupendous steeps of the Apennines. Their rallying-call is the loud thunder, their spears are tipped with lightning, and their rush is like that of the torrent rolling from the dark bosom of the rent cloud.

The car of despotism has rolled in triumph over all the peopled plains of the civilized world, but on

the rugged mountains, and about the inaccessible cliffs, there have ever been those who have maintained their independence; who have kept the beacon-lights of freedom constantly burning—watch-fires, that with more than a comet's power have cast their ominous light into the pale recesses of kings. When tyranny shall have extinguished these, it will have achieved its last triumph, and liberty lost its last hope. But they are not thus to be extinguished; a better destiny awaits human nature.

Man shall not always mourn, and lowly bend
 His neck to pave a pampered despot's way;
 His spirit "cribbed, confined," will yet ascend,
 As eagles soar towards the source of day:
 His freedom-shout shall with his torrents blend,
 And fill Imperial Senates with dismay,
 While on the wall an unseen hand will fling
 The mystic words that blanched Assyria's king.

Like him disowned of God, denounced, discrowned,
 Monarchs shall mock the diadems they wore;
 Nor parasite nor crouching slave be found
 Where satraps knelt and nations bowed before;
 While o'er the mount, the river, plain, and sea,
 Ascends to God the anthem of the free.

Spirit of Liberty! thou art endowed
 With such an energy as will compel
 This earth to thy embrace: monarchs have bowed
 To thee, and must, or hear their hurried knell!

Spirit of Liberty! thy sacred light
 Streams up the heaven to herald in the day

When roused-up nations, resting from the fight
 And carnage of the field, shall meekly lay
 Their clashing weapons by, no more to blight
 And mar that form which God hath clothed with light.

Then will the clarion, voiceless as the grave,
 No more arouse the war-steed with its breath,
 Nor summon forth the unreturning brave,
 Nor peal its larums through the ranks of death—
 But through the world shall sound the slave's release,
 And loud hosannas to the Prince of Peace.

* * * * *

After a page or two more on Florence, abruptly suspended in the midst of a sentence, the Notes on Italy were never resumed by Mr. Colton; and they were left to the day of his death uncorrected, just as he jotted them down in the leaves of his Journal. The work of the Editor in putting the foregoing Notes into shape, as well as those we have called "The Sea and the Sailor," has been not unlike that of the painter in restoring an old picture, or of an engraver in cutting the lines of his design. Though it be not exactly what the Author would have done, had he himself attempted it, the Editor ventures to believe that full justice has been done to his head and heart.

Our track of Mr. Colton's footsteps in the Mediterranean, which many have followed with pleasure through "Ship and Shore" and "Land and Lee," is here necessarily ended. With the following delicate tribute of regard to one whose presence in the Constellation, during her cruise in the Mediterranean, gave an embellishment seldom known to life in a frigate, we pass to other valuable remains never before published.

There was ONE—who often accompanied us in our diversions along the shores of the Mediterranean—one who frequently gave to such occasions an interest

beyond the objects which lured our steps—one who would light up the most common themes with her sparkling gems of thought, or supply the worn topics with others, brilliant and fresh from recollection and fancy—one who made others happy, without seeming to be conscious that she was the source; and who ever delicately evaded, as if misplaced, the admiration her youth, genius, and beauty awakened—who now, alas! has left us forever! She has gone from the circle of our friendship, and the hearth of her fond father, to return no more! Over the pleading youth of her age, and the retaining force of our affection, death has sadly triumphed!

The delicate virtues that had bloomed, and those that were timidly expanding to the light, have perished from the earth! The form that moved so lightly; the eye that beamed with such tenderness and hope; the lips that ever breathed the accents of gentleness and truth; the ear on which music never sacrificed its charm; the rich locks that rendered the cheek still more transparent in the relief of their raven darkness; and the face, filled with the expressions of sweetness and beauty, and where no frown ever cast its shadow—all have gone down into the silent recesses of the grave!

The ship in which she had traversed the ocean—where she had seen the wonders of God displayed in the deep—had returned from its long absence: the green hills of her native land were breaking the hori

zon ; another day, and she would tread that beloved shore. Many were gathered there to whom she was tenderly allied, and who waited to embrace her with a sister's yearning love : she had redeemed the pledge in which they parted ; and often beguiled their lonely hours with the graphic beauties of her pen : they now waited to enfold her in their arms, and half blamed the breeze that brought the ship so slowly to her anchor.

They were the first on board, and sought first the one they most loved. Alas ! the pale form was there, but the spirit that gave it light and animation had fled ! Still the tokens of its peaceful departure lingered in the sweet composure of her face ; the calm brow was still written with thought ; the cheek softly tinged with the dreams of her rest. They had come to greet her, to hear her speak, and welcome her home ; but the only office that now remained, was to consign to the earth this beautiful relic : with breaking hearts, they dressed her grave on the banks of that stream where she strayed in her childhood, and where long the melancholy wave will murmur the music of her name.

What avails it now that she so widely surveyed the scenes which lend attraction to other shores ? that she wandered among the hills of Greece, and gazed at the bright isles of the *Ægean* ?—that she lifted her eye to the solemn dome of *St. Sophia*, and walked in the deep shadows of the *Coliseum* at

Rome?—that she saw Venice emerging in splendor from the wave, and Etna still sending up its steep column of cloud?—that she glanced through the gay saloons of Parisian pride, and lingered along the banks of the Nile?—that she surveyed the pyramids of moldered Egypt, and made her pilgrimage to the desolate city of David?—that she stood in the garden where persecuted LOVE resigned itself to the bitterness of its cup—on that mount where the Innocent suffered, that the guilty might live—and by that tomb which once sepulchred the hopes of the world?

Ah! *these* availed her; for these mementoes of a dying Saviour's affection, and of his triumph over death, were themes upon which her latest and fondest thoughts dwelt. She knew, at length, that her hour had come, but her confidence in the faithfulness of this Redeemer made her a stranger to dismay; she felt that she was passing beyond the asiduities of mortal friendship and affection, but she cast herself resignedly upon the love of this compassionate Jesus. Her last faint accents whispered of the Cross, and of that land where tears and farewells are unknown.

Shall we see one dying so young, and with so many objects to attach her to life, and not be reminded of the hastening hour when we must follow her? Shall the admonition that tenderly speaks from her grave be lightly regarded? Shall the seraphic look in which she died be soon forgotten?

Shall the religion, displaying the signet of her resignation and triumphant hopes, continue to be a stranger to these hearts? If one so faultless could not die without the light of a Saviour's love, how shall we, in our sins of deeper shade, meet the King of Terrors?

Ah! there is only one Being that can sustain in that last hour of need; only one that can furnish, in this extremity of nature, a refuge for the soul. This ONE has long been near us, waiting to be gracious; he has tarried without, suing for admission to our confidence, till his locks are wet with the drops of the night. Happy he who admits this Saviour to his inmost heart: death may then break down and lay in ruins this mortal form; but the spirit will have given it "the wings of the dove, that it may fly away and be at rest."

RODIEKER'S YOUTH:

A POEM.

I.

AROUND an infant's grave fresh flowers are springing,
Which scent the zephyrs with their balmy breath;
Above that grave the early birds are singing,
Blithely as they who little know of death:
How lightly falls on flowers and waving leaf,
And warbling bird, the touch of human grief!

II.

And near that grave a little child is seen,
With flowing ringlets and a glancing eye,
Darting about the fragrant shrubs between,
In eager haste to catch the butterfly:
He little heeds the tender flowrets crushed,
As o'er their forms his flying footstep rushed.

III.

Rodieker's mother o'er his infant mind
The tender light of heavenly truth diffused;
She taught him where his withered hopes might find
A higher boon than fortune had refused;
A fount of bliss whose gushing wave shall roll
In limpid freshness o'er the thirsting soul.

IV.

She made him feel he lived beneath an Eye
Whose sleepless vigilance extends to all—
Beneath a Love that hears the raven's cry,
Beneath a care that marks the sparrow's fall ;
And that the Smile which cheers these fragile things,
Around his steps a holier radiance flings.

V.

And oft at eve she knelt with him in prayer :
His little hands were clasped—his eyes to heaven
In trusting sweetness lifted, as if there
Some infant error sought to be forgiven—
Some sorrow soothed—some disappointment made
A blessing to the hope it had betrayed.

VI.

How sweet, how beautiful that kneeling pair !
It was as if a bright-eyed cherub knelt
Beside its guardian-angel, lighting there,
And breathing o'er its plumes the bliss it felt,
And, like the bird that soars the Alpine height,
Tempting its nursling to a higher flight.

VII.

And yet, all mortal rose that mother's prayer :
"Father," she said, "oh ! bless my darling child ;
Preserve his infant steps from error's snare,
And keep his tender bosom undefiled ;
And grant to him that gem of heavenly light,
Which only they who have can read aright."

VIII.

And then she laid him in his quiet rest,
But often to his couch would softly creep,
And hang above his lightly-heaving breast ;
And often would she smile, and often weep :
She wept, she knew not why ; but 'twas a joy,
E'en through her tears to watch her sleeping boy.

IX.

A mother's love ! how innocent and deep !
E'er gushing up from its exhaustless source :
Alike through shade and sun its waters leap,
With silent, salient, and resistless force :
So pure, a seraph might within its wave
Untouched by earth its glowing pinions lave.

X.

My mother ! sure in that seraphic sphere,
Where dwell the meek, remembrance thou'lt retain,
And cherished care of loved and lost ones here ;
For oft, when night asserts her silent reign,
Adown the depths of air that music streams
With which thou lull'dst to rest my infant dreams.

XI.

I seem to lie in thy dear arms as then,
And look up to thy face so full of light ;
Thy soft maternal eyes meet mine again,
As shaded fountains gush upon the sight :
Its silken lashes seem as if they hid
A heaven of speechless rapture 'neath the lid.

XII.

It cannot be, my mother, thou art dead :—
A fond illusion proffers this relief :
If not thy breast on which I lay my head,
It is thy care that thus consoles my grief :—
Ah, death ! that lifeless form may rest with thee,
My mother's love shall still survive with me.

XIII.

And I will hive it deep in my heart's core,
And to its teachings turn with that sweet awe,
In which the meek enthusiast kneels before
An oracle that speaks in shape of law :
Yet breathes its mandate in so soft a tone,
The listener thinks the whisper was his own.

XIV.

Rodieker's gentle mother had those features
Which rather win than waken admiration ;
She might have furnished young poetic preachers
A key to portraits limned in Revelation
So indistinctly, that a living soul
Seems requisite to represent the whole.

XV.

But she was one who, at a hasty glance,
Would hardly strike as beautiful, and yet
Some hidden charm of form or countenance,
Like silver planets when the sun has set,
Would seem to cast its veil of shadows by,
And timidly advance upon the eye.

XVI.

Her very presence on your wonder stole
With such an atmosphere of tender light,
It seemed as some aurora of the pole
Were melting down the silent depths of night;
And yet you felt that merely light and air
Could never form a thing so sweet and fair.

XVII.

Her features were most delicately molded,
And so transparent seemed her dimpled cheek,
That when her large black eye its rays unfolded,
Her face was lighted like some Alpine peak,
When zephyrs roll the circling mists away,
And on its summit breaks the blush of day.

XVIII.

Her step was airy, yet it had precision
As lifted in a certain place to light;
Her form just filled your chastened eye's decision;
Her stature rose beyond the medium height,
And yet so harmonized in every part,
It seemed quite small when mirrored on the heart!

XIX.

Her voice was soft as warble of a bird,
And yet it had sufficient depth of tone—
You listened to its flow as if you heard
A strain of music, which the breeze had thrown
Upon your ear from some wild woodland lyre,
Or Seraph's harp, or old Cathedral choir.

XX.

She broke upon you softly as the day,
 Or Dian from her circumambient cloud ;
 The triumph which her beauty bore away
 Was not the noisy homage of the crowd :
 It was that silent worship which ascends
 As o'er its shrine a trusting spirit bends.

XXI.

You felt that such a one, if death were nigh,
 Could cheer and soothe you, though she might not save ;
 You thought how sweetly on your closing eye
 Would fall each glance her tender spirit gave ;
 While meekness showed where guilt might be forgiven,
 And mercy plumed the parting soul for heaven.

XXII.

Rodieker's father was a shrewd physician,
 With less of science than of tact and skill ;
 No word of sternness or of cold derision
 E'er mocked the most imaginary ill :
 He deemed such patient might be often cured,
 By *listening* to the ills which he endured.

XXIII.

And he would sit from hour to hour and list
 The random snatches of a nervous dream,
 Which took as many features as the mist
 That shapes its shadows o'er a murmuring stream :
 And still he listened on, as if he caught
 Some new idea in each vagrant thought.

XXIV.

But when disease its real shape betrayed,
And peril on his panting patient pressed,
Observant, cool, collected, undismayed—
Detecting symptoms doubtfully expressed—
He traced the fearful fever to its source,
With skill and power to grapple with its force.

XXV.

If health ensued, he never spoke of skill;
If death, he stood resigned and calm as one
In silence watching, o'er the twilight hill,
The circle of the disappearing sun:
He felt that orb will not more surely break
The Orient wave, than man from death awake.

XXVI.

But glance we now at young Rodieker's home—
A stern old mansion, built of rough-hewn stone,
And standing 'neath the deep embowering dome
Of antique oaks and maples, which had thrown
Their sturdy limbs and leaves, in matted woof,
Above its heavy walls and moss-grown roof.

XXVII.

Behind it towered, precipitously steep,
A mountain-range of forest-feathered rocks;
The toppling crags frowned o'er a torrent's leap,
Whose rushing footsteps shook the granite blocks,
And plunged into a lake below, where rose
That strangling strife which mutual hate bestows.

XXVIII.

The deep lake trembled to its shaded shore,
And rolled its crested waves against the foe ;
But each advancing billow sunk before
Its whelming strength, and disappeared below ;
While others crowded on as fierce and brave,
To shout defiance o'er their roaring grave.

XXIX.

But far removed from this tumultuous scene,
Where circled from the lake a quiet bay,
Protected by the rocks which intervene,
And screened by chestnuts from the summer's ray,
Was seen a snow-white swan, pure and at rest,
Like conscious innocence in virtue's breast.

XXX.

And near this swan a little bark canoe
Was glancing o'er the waters—light the oar
Which urged its course, and glad the wild hallo
That hailed the swan, which seemed to shun the shore,
But ever to the boat turned back its eye,
Like girl to lover whom she feigns to fly.

XXXI.

And young Rodieker balanced well his boat,
A Huron chief could not have trimmed her better ;
Few, save a politician, thus afloat,
But would have missed their balance and upset her ;
But he excels all others as a trimmer,
And, if capsized, will prove a dextrous swimmer.

XXXII.

Now light as cork he floats among the bubbles,
And keeps the current whereso'er it tends :
He has at times, 'tis true, his little troubles,
Such as the trimmer has with drowning friends ;
But off he darts, as quick as flying trout,
And leaves them all to help each other out.

XXXIII.

Give me a Locofoco in foul weather :
When drives the wrecking gale through hail and fog,
He calmly calls his haggard crew together,
And orders each a double glass of grog ;
Then jumps into the boat, when they are drinking,
And in an hour is safe while they are sinking.

XXXIV.

Why *should* a man perplex *his* soul for others ?
Or like the Tribune talk of obligations,
As if mankind were all a band of brothers,
And nature's God had sanctioned these relations ?
No, better be as cool as Peter Schlemil,
Reserved, and self-concentred as the devil.

XXXV.

And then he'll pass you for a gentleman,
The incarnation of the beau-ideal—
A perfumed martinet in fashion's van,
Though almost too exquisite to be real :
But still a mortal whose capacious soul,
In dancing Polka, gains its utmost goal.

XXXVI.

The Polka! most repulsive rigadon
 That ever revelled in the satyr's dance,
 When romping on the hills beneath the moon—
 First copied by some harlequin in France;
 But now the pet of parlor, hall, and stage,
 And with the higher circles all the rage.

XXXVII.

When first beheld, the maid and matron blushed,
 As if an act of shame had found the light;
 But now they wonder why that color rushed
 To modest cheeks at such a harmless sight:
 We gaze on naked statues by degrees,
 And what offended first now seems to please.

XXXVIII.

But if thou'lt keep thy heart and soul untainted,
 Set chastest sentinels about thine eyes;
 Through them it is the shameful—chiselled, painted—
 Its silent, secret cankering poison flies;
 Then let no image on your soul be thrown,
 Which Virtue's purest thought would blush to own.

XXXIX.

Return we to Rodieker's childhood-home,
 O'er which the maple cast its grateful shade;
 While near a rushing torrent rolled its foam
 In ceaseless thunder down the steep cascade,
 And spread into a lake so broad and bright,
 A thousand stars slept in its depths at night.

XL.

The grove resounded with the lays of birds,
The verdant hills were garlanded with flocks ;
The meadows sprinkled o'er with lowing herds,
The plough-fields studded with the reapers' shocks ;
While floated on the breeze that crisped the pool
The shout of children just let loose from school.

XLI.

The church, from out a granite quarry reared,
No chiselled phantasies of art betrayed :
Compact and stern, and, save the cock that veered
Above a swinging mass of chestnut shade—
Withdrawn from sight, like some strong heart in prayer
O'er secret sins which conscience whispered there.

XLII.

And many graves within the church-yard swelled,
Where youth and age, and infant beauty slept :
How oft that slowly swinging bell had knelled
The fate of one by all beloved, bewept,
While each, as on his ear the death-dirge stole,
Felt nearing fast himself his final goal !

XLIII.

I wish my humble obsequies might share
The artless tears our village maidens shed,
When unavailing proved love's fondest care,
And sorrow whispered that their friend was dead :
Beside his flower-strewn bier, all hand in hand,
They sang his passage to the spirit-land.

XLIV.

The parson's mansion stood not far remote,
So tranquil in the aspect that it wore,
You seemed to hear his evening worship float
In solemn whispers ere you reached the door :
The gayest wight no look of lightness cast,
As near that house his slackened footstep passed.

XLV.

He was a man of calm, yet austere mood,
And in his sternness showed his pedigree ;
For he was born of Puritanic blood :
To no one did he ever bend the knee,
Except to God, and even then expressed
Less seeming homage than his heart confessed.

XLVI.

His brow was marble, but his heart was mild ;
The fountain gushed, though curbed its sparkling rim ;
His eyes, as he chastised a froward child,
Were oft with nature's gentle dews made dim ;
He struck with those fond feelings he betrayed,
As round his old arm-chair the urchin played.

XLVII.

His words were few, select, and pertinent,
Each understood and well performed its task ;
Before their force frivolity grew silent,
And guilt in sudden fear let fall its mask :
And yet, though strong his bow and sharp his steel,
He only wounded men that he might heal.

XLVIII.

From off the pulpit's consecrated seat
He rose as one there called by God's behest ;
His locks fell on his shoulders like a sheet
Of snow upon a bending maple's crest ;
His brow, above his eyes in sternness piled,
Repressed the lightness of the gazing child.

XLIX.

His prophet-eye looked out as if its ray
Could travel through the grave's eclipsing night,
To some far-distant clime of cloudless day,
Some spirit-land that rose upon his sight,
As Judah's vine-clad hills in glory sweep
On his who gazed from Horeb's towering steep.

L.

He was a breathing, bold impersonation
Of moral outlines, which he often drew,
Impressing portraits, sketched in Revelation,
By corresponding features full in view :
A living picture strikes, when one that's sainted
Will sometimes fail, however strongly painted.

LI.

But if you take the living, let it be
Some one whose points of character are strong :
'Tis not enough that he is merely free
From striking faults and overt acts of wrong ;
His virtues must be positive—a thing
Whose echoes ever on life's anvil ring.

LII.

This world is full of action: he must ride
 The foremost wave who would direct its motion;
 The timid seaman on the inland tide
 Can never feel the mighty heaves of ocean:
 Then lift your anchors, spread your strongest sail,
 And speed with steady helm before the gale.

LIII.

Around Rodieker's home a colonnade
 Of native beech its glancing shadows flung;
 Its shafts and branching architrave displayed
 The climbing evergreen, whose tendrils hung
 In fragrant festoons round the blushing grape,
 That sought its love in this fantastic shape.

LIV.

Beneath its eaves the blue-bird built its nest:
 That bird had watched Rodieker's infant play,
 Nor feared the child would e'er its young molest,
 For oft he listened to her matin lay;
 And when it ceased, he looked and listened on,
 As if with that some secret joy had gone.

LV.

The floors and ceilings were of solid oak;
 No Wilton carpet sunk beneath the tread,
 No gilded mirrors on your wonder broke,
 No chandeliers their flashing radiance spread;
 No glowing landscape lit the sombre wall,
 No sculptured fawn or fay danced in the hall.

LVI.

And yet the good old mansion had an air
Of cheerfulness which reached your very heart ;
A warmth and soul which oft enticed you there,
And made you linger when you should depart ;
But none, of all who came and went away,
Could tell wherein the fascination lay.

LVII.

It was the heaven-born hope which therein dwelt,
The light of love which filled each quiet room ;
A mental halo which each bosom felt,
Like gush of sunlight in a forest's gloom,
Or blossoming of stars when dying day
In evening's sable shadows melts away.

LVIII.

He was the youngest child of two ; for only
These two had crowned, it seems, a parent's bliss ;
No daughter made its mother's hours less lonely,
Or ran with him to share the envied kiss :
We half forget lost Eden when we see
A sweet child climbing up its father's knee.

LIX.

His brother died in infancy : the grief
Which shook its mother's bosom may be guessed
From strains wherein her spirit sought relief :
Her pregnant sorrows breathed themselves to rest,
Like harp-strings which the winds have rudely rent,
In this bewailing, yet resigned lament.

THE MOTHER'S LAMENT.

MY child! my sweet one! speak to me;
It is thy mother calls to thee;
 She who felt too deeply blessed,
 When thy lips to hers were pressed,
When thy little arms were flung
Round this neck, where thou hast clung,
 Caressing and caressed.

Thy infant step was light as air,
 As 'mid the garden flowers
I watched thee, glancing here and there,
 Between the April showers;
Thy cherub cheek was sweetly flushed,
 Thy locks the free breeze stirred,
As through the vines thy light form rushed
 To reach the new-fledged bird.

I saw thee in my raptured dreams,
 Clad in the hues of youth;
Thy path resplendent with the beams
 Of honor, love, and truth.
I thought should he, whose noble worth
 Thy brow the promise bears,
Be summoned from our humble hearth,
 How soft would flow thy cares!
How soft to her, whose lonely breast
 Would then such solace need!
How sweet 'twould be, I thought, to rest
 On such a gentle reed!

Ah, little thought I then, my child!
That thy quick, balmy breath,
And pulses, running warm and wild,
Would now be chilled in death!
In death? Oh, no! that sable seal
Disease can never set,
Where lip and brow so much reveal
Of life, that lingers yet.

I still shall feel that gushing joy
Which thrills a mother's breast,
Whene'er she clasps her bright-eyed boy
From out his cradled rest.
Come, meet thy mother's warm embrace,
Return her fervid kiss,
And press thy sweet cheek to her face,
"My first-born bud of bliss!"

Alas, my child! thy cheek is cold,
And yet thy forehead gleams as fair
As when those flaxen ringlets rolled
In life and gladness there.
But then thy lips are deadly pale—
That were of rose-red hue;
And thy long lashes, like a veil,
Fall o'er those eyes of blue!

Still round thy lip, where mine delays,
A smile in tender sweetness stays,
The imaged transport of the soul,
Escaping from its brief control,
Yet leaving, as it passed away,
This smile of rapture on the clay,
To tell us, in this trace of bliss,
There breathes a brighter world than this.

I feel reproved that thus I strove—
 The errings of a mother's love—
 To keep thee here, when only given
 To glance a gladness 'round our hearth,
 And, all untouched by stain of earth,
 Fly back again to heaven!

'Twere wrong in me, had I the power,
 To win thee back the briefest hour;
 For guilt and grief are all unknown
 Where thy seraphic soul hath flown:
 Be mine the task, through faith and prayer,
 And Christ's dear love, to meet thee there.

LX.

Twelve vernal suns had called the wild-birds back,
 Since first Rodieker heard their joyous trills;
 This infant stage on life's ascending track
 Had little felt the weight of human ills:
 If 'mid its light a trace of sadness lay,
 It seemed some shadow that had lost its way.

LXI.

But there was one from whose large lustrous eyes
 Each scene a brighter ray of gladness caught;
 Her hand in his to each light thrill replies,
 Her eye returns the glance his own had sought:—
 A timid glance—but all his heart can claim—
 Since hers the source from which the token came.

LXII.

“Bright sainted one! the bloom of youth was on thee
When thou didst smile and die—when I beside
Thy couch, with doubting tears, still gazed upon thee,
And idly thought thou yet wouldst be my bride:
So like to life the slumber death had cast
On thy sweet face, my first love and my last.

LXIII.

“I watched to see those lids their light unfold,
For still thy forehead rose serene and fair
As when those raven ringlets richly rolled
O'er life, which dwelt in thought and beauty there:
Thy cheek the while was rosy with the theme
That flushed along the spirit's mystic dream.

LXIV.

“Thy lips were circled with that silent smile
Which oft around their dewy freshness woke,
When some more happy thought or harmless wile
Upon thy warm and wandering fancy broke:
For thou wert Nature's child, and took the tone
Of every pulse, as if it were thine own.

LXV.

“I watched, and still believed that thou wouldst wake,
When others came to wrap thee in the shroud;
I thought to see this seeming slumber break,
As I have seen a light, transparent cloud
Disperse, which o'er a star's bright face had thrown
A shadow like to that which veiled thine own.

LXVI.

“But no; there was no token, look, or breath:
The tears of those around, the tolling bell
And hearse, told me, at last, that this was death!
I know not if I breathed a last farewell!
But since that day, my sweetest hours have passed
In thought of thee, my first Love and my last!”

LXVII.

Thus mourned Rodieker, as he left the spot
Where, 'neath the flowers, his lost Cathara sleeps—
A being by the world too soon forgot;
But one lone heart its faithful vigil keeps,
And pours, unseen, a soft, undying flame
O'er that loved face and fondly cherished name.

APHORISMS, MAXIMS, AND LACONICS.

AMONG the papers of Mr. Colton, the Editor found a few leaves of original aphorisms, and valuable sententious sayings, to which he has added more from other published and unpublished fragments. They are here revised, and presented with suitable captions, or titles; and they are embodied in these Remains as giving a fair exhibition of the sentiments, the principles, and the style of their Author.

APHORISMS, MAXIMS, AND LACONICS.

THREE LEVELLERS.

THE vanity of those distinctions on which mankind pride themselves will be sufficiently apparent, if we consider the three places in which all men must meet on the same level—at the foot of the cross, in the grave, and at the judgment-bar.

SHIFTS OF POLITICIANS.

A POLITICIAN, who has no resources of his own, always connects himself with some great temporary excitement; just as a hungry shark rushes along in the wake of a ship, to pick up the damaged provisions, amputated limbs, and even old shoes, that may be thrown overboard.

COWPER AND YOUNG COMPARED.

THE gloom of Cowper flowed from the maladies of his nature—that of Young from the maladies of his ambition. The former was a victim against his will, and sought to veil his sorrows even from the few; the latter threw himself on the rack, and called on the world to witness his agony.

THE LAWYER AND HIS FEES.

LAWYERS find their fees in the faults of our nature ; just as woodpeckers get their worms out of the rotten parts of the trees.

PULPIT AMATEURS.

THE pulpit has its amateurs, and the fiddle also : and they both perform occasionally for the amusement of mankind.

FRANKNESS WITHOUT SINCERITY.

THERE is no dissimulation so impenetrable as that which apparently leaves nothing to penetrate. It is art without artifice, concealment without disguise, and frankness without sincerity. He who can successfully practise these may escape exposure here, but must inevitably be detected in that day when the heart will be required to give up its secrets, and the grave surrender its dead.

HABITS OF YOUTH THE SEEDS OF AGE.

THOSE habits which dignify, or dishonor manhood, obtain their shape and complexion during our earlier years. The fruits of summer and autumn vegetate in the spring, and the harvest of old age germinates in youth.

COUNSEL THROWN AWAY UPON SELF-CONCEIT.

ADVICE, given to self-conceited men, is like water cast upon a duck's back—it never penetrates.

LITTLE MEN AND LARGE MEASURES.

THE patronizing air with which some men pipe to every great movement in the community, is often extremely ludicrous. The vast objects on which they bestow their gratuitous favors, so far from lifting them into their own element, and making them partakers of their sublimity and grandeur, only have the effect to dwarf them the more, to render their insignificance still more palpable, and expose their vanity to the mirth of mankind. They resemble one who should fiddle, on the desert of Sahara, to the towering columns of sand, whirling in their sirocco waltz.

PIETY IN THE LOFTY AND THE LOW.

THE piety of the humble and obscure is less imposing, but it is more vital, as it is more simple, than that which emanates from unapproachable superiority. The mountain torrent may dash downward magnificently to the plain, and roll on in splendor to the ocean; but it is the little streamlet, winding around in the valley, and revealing here and there the traces of its brightness and purity, that fertilizes and refreshes the earth.

ACTIONS SURVIVE THEIR ACTORS.

DEATH may remove from us the great and good, but the force of their actions still remains. The bow is broken, but the arrow is sped, and will do its office.

INTREPIDITY GROWING OUT OF IGNORANCE.

IGNORANCE is often the source of the most intrepid action, and the most implicit faith; since there are none so fearless as those who have not light enough to see their danger; and none so confident as they who have not sufficient knowledge to discover their own errors.

HAPPINESS NOT IN CIRCUMSTANCES.

SOME men ascribe all their unhappiness to the narrowness of their means; but place them in the immediate enjoyment of all that enters within the circle of their present hopes and desires, and they will no sooner have entered on the enrapturing possession, than new hopes and desires will begin to manifest themselves. You cannot place a man in such a situation that he will not look above it and beyond it; give him the whole of this world, and, like the hero of Macedon, he will inquire for another.

TYRANNY OF EVIL HABITS.

HE who has struck his colors to the power of an evil habit, has surrendered himself to an enemy bound by no articles of faith, and from whom he can expect only the vilest treatment.

VANITY OF LOVERS.

SENTIMENTS of friendship merely, are ever construed by a vain lover into the diffident expressions of deep affection.

DEPENDENCE OF LOVE ON IMAGINATION.

DIVEST the objects of our affections of every thing but reality, and love would become friendship, and poetry prose.

INDECISION A PROOF OF WEAKNESS.

INDECISION is an evidence of weakness, because it evinces a want of capacity to apprehend what is best, or a want of energy to pursue it.

FRIVOLITY OF EARTHLY DISTINCTIONS TO HIGHER INTELLIGENCES.

THE greatest earthly distinctions, in the estimation of angels, are, probably, as frivolous as the little favoritisms of infancy, in the estimation of men.

SCANDALS COME BACK ON THE AUTHOR.

PERSONALITIES are like woodpeckers, which always hunt for the defective parts of trees; and scandals are like chickens which always come home to roost.

THE LADIES IN THEOLOGY.

LADIES are always interesting to us on profound theological questions; they never take us down into the dark and troubled depths of the stream; they skim its bright surface, resembling a duck which flies and dips at the same time. The motion of the dolphin is much more amusing than that of the whale, though the latter makes the deeper plunge, and stirs the waters more lustily in his path.

TALK NOT OF SELF.

SAY nothing respecting yourself, either good, bad, or indifferent: nothing good, for that is vanity; nothing bad, for that is affectation; nothing indifferent, for that is silly.

FOLLY OF HUNTING A LIE.

NEVER chase a lie; for if you keep quiet, truth will eventually overtake it and destroy it.

CONFIDENCE SOLICITED GENERALLY BETRAYS.

NEVER trust a person who solicits your confidence, for in nine instances out of ten, you will be betrayed.

OPENNESS TO FLATTERY A PROOF THAT ONE CAN EASILY BE MADE A FOOL.

IF you wish to make a fool of a man, first see whether you can flatter him; and if you succeed, your purpose is half gained.

THE WISDOM OF HUMAN CONDUCT JUDGED BY ITS RESULTS.

BE careful how you charge another with weakness or inconsistency; he may be governed by motives beyond your apprehension: it is the final result that stamps our conduct with wisdom or folly.

A GOOD RULE OF CONDUCT.

SECURE the approbation of the aged, and you will enjoy the confidence of the young.

BOAST NOT OF YOUR PARENTAGE.

NEVER talk of your parentage; for, if it is honorable, you virtually acknowledge your claims to rest on the merits of others; or, if it is mean, you wish to show that something good has at length come out of Nazareth; or, if it is neither, your conversation can be interesting only to yourself.

CENSORIOUSNESS OFTEN A PROOF OF ROTTENNESS.

WHILE you say that the religion of your neighbor is like a garment that sets loosely upon him, be careful that yours is not like a glove, that fits either hand. Those who have the least piety are ordinarily the most censorious: a dishonest man is the first to detect a fraudulent neighbor. Set a thief to catch a thief.

THE voice of envy's ever prone
To slander merit not its own—
Reduce the good to its own level,
And paint an angel like a devil.
Thus liars think all men are false;
Knives, all dishonest, rich, or worse;
Thus sots no temperate man can find,
And rakes, none chaste of woman kind.

AMBITION A FOE TO FRIENDSHIP.

AN ambitious man is himself the most sensible of his folly; and his ambition travels on a road too narrow for friendship—too steep for safety.

A MAN'S TALK HIS MIND'S LOOKING-GLASS.

COMMON conversation is the best mirror to a man's heart and head; and he that can be deceived by a person with whom he has been intimate, discovers a want of discernment that, were it possible, would excuse the imposition.

ATTENTION CHANGED TO INDIFFERENCE.

A PERSON who has treated you with attention, but now with indifference, labors under a conviction of having previously mistaken your character, or is now chargeable with misconstruing your conduct: the first shows a mortifying want of discernment; the last a pitiable want of generosity.

THE HEART MORE POTENTIAL THAN THE HEAD.

NOTWITHSTANDING the deference man pays his intellect, he is governed more by his heart than his head. His reason may pronounce with a certainty that seems to imply an impossibility of mistake; but, after all, his heart will run away with the action.

IGNORANCE THE PARENT OF PRESUMPTION.

THERE is the most assurance usually where there is the most ignorance: we feel certain of safety, because we have not light enough to discover our danger.

THE CONFLICT BETWEEN PRIDE AND POVERTY.

THE hardest grapple upon earth, is that which obtains between pride and poverty: and the man

who has become the disputed province of these two belligerents, is a stranger to repose and happiness.

SOCIETY WHEN PROFITABLE AND WHEN UNPROFITABLE.

SOCIAL intercourse is of great value as a means of improvement, when it has that object in view, and is guided by a sincere regard for those with whom we associate, and a real interest in their society. But when such intercourse becomes a mere compliance with artificial rules of fashion, and we are driven to it by the authority of public opinion, and maintain it mechanically, it occasions waste of time, and renders the social circle a place unworthy of a cultivated mind and an independent spirit.

PRINCIPLES HAVE THEIR TIMES AND THEIR SOILS.

It is not often that the politician who makes the most noise, effects the greatest amount of good for his party. Principles are seldom planted deep and strong in tumult and excitement: they may be developed and enforced on such occasions, but not permanently established. The foundations of a city are never laid while the ground is rocking with the earthquake.

THE OLD FOR COUNSEL—THE YOUNG FOR ACTION.

THERE is an adage that says, old men for counsel and young men for action: there ought to be one which should say, old divines for comments on the Prayer-book, and young divines to enforce them.

RESULTS OF BLUNDERS.

THE upsetting of a gig was the occasion of Washington's being born in the United States, and the subsequent establishment of our national independence; an error of the miner in sinking a well led to the discovery of Herculaneum, with all its magnificent treasures of ancient art; and a blunder in nautical adventures, resulted in the discovery of the island of Madeira, with all those delicious wines which have ever since

Filled banquet-halls with song, and wit, and laughter;
But salts and soda-water the day after!

CHARACTER DISCOVERED BY TRIFLES.

MANY are philosophers in great misfortunes, who lose their equanimity in trifles. Their troubles resemble streams which ripple most where the water is the shallowest. The current of our life is ruffled most at its surface; its depths are seldom disturbed.

POLITICAL AMBITION AND TIMIDITY.

A MAN ambitious of playing a prominent part at a public meeting, should have courage enough to put his name to its proceedings without an apologetic explanation. It is not for him

To do, then half undo what one has done;
 To speak, then half recall the spoken word;
 To cast a stone in this scale, then in that,
 Till Justice falls asleep upon the beam.

RELIGION AT THE BALLOT-BOX.

THERE is a morbid apprehension abroad that the names of licentious and unprincipled men will ere long cease to disgrace the ballot-box;—that gamblers, and duellists, and drunkards, and all that genus, will be deemed at least as unfit for civil offices as clergymen. The rabid are known by their fear of water. It is not without reason, however, that they represent the exercise of common rights by religious men, and by those who desire upright and virtuous rulers, as the entering wedge of something greater; for it is already inscribed on the chief record of the Church, “The kingdom and dominion, and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven, shall be given to the people of the saints of the Most High.” Therefore, if they are emulous of office, it will be their safest way to alter their character.

SANCTITY OF MOTIVE AN EXEMPTION FROM INJURY.

VIRTUE and goodness can never be overthrown by attempts at ridicule and profane wit. They have been assailed by such weapons before, but have always come off unharmed. The shafts fail of reaching their objects, and frequently fall on those who fling them. There is a sanctity in good motives which exempts their possessor from injury. There is a conscious rectitude of purpose which has sustained itself amid sneers, frowns, and flames of the stake.

The last surrender which an upright man will make, is the comforts and hopes of his religion, and this surrender he will make only with his life, when he commits them with his deathless soul to the hand of his God.

FORCE OF EARLY EDUCATION.

IN very early life our conduct flows from the principles of our animal constitution ; but in age it is, in a great measure, the result of habit. The infant that expresses itself only in its smiles and tears is, indeed, the child of nature ; but the man whose eyes are seldom, if ever, wet with these soft dews of the heart, has gradually yielded himself to a passionless habit, and is fixed beyond the influence of his softening propensities. The opening of our being, like that of the flower, shows the simple original properties ; but as the color of the rose is affected by the state of the atmosphere in which it is placed, so the complexion of our character is derived from the circumstances of education.

SELF-IGNORANCE THE SOURCE OF SELF-CONFIDENCE.

MEN who think they can dupe others, are the most easily duped themselves. They are reached themselves through that very vanity which led them to think they could overreach others.

THE THREE FOES OF LIBERTY.

IGNORANCE, and Vice, and Luxury, are the gorgons that will devour the liberties of this country. Cæsars and Catilines are always abundant; and when this dreadful trio, sent up from darkness, have accomplished their work, the fabric of freedom tumbles of itself, and party spirit or foreign power sets up his tyrant-vulture to brood upon its ruins. Ghosts of departed republics, of Greece and Rome, and names less illustrious, bear testimony, all of you, that this, and this only, was the process of your destruction! Brutus, Cato, and Demosthenes, are then only reeds in a torrent, or feathers in a whirlwind. The blood of a despot may produce a civil war, but, at the same time, it seals the charter of a tyrannical lineage.

THE FALSE WISDOM OF TACITURNITY.

NOTHING is more ridiculous than the wordless taciturnity of some men. They wish to pass for profound thinkers. They know that a shallow stream usually makes the most noise—that a deep current is scarcely heard; therefore, they resort to silence. Mark them: how fixed and tranquil is each feature—how steadfast the insufferable scrutiny of the eye—what an air of the contemplative clothes the changeless brow—what an expression of deep and solemn thought pervades the whole man! They move among us like a superior order of beings, who would

have no communion with our dusty thoughts—no sympathy with our grovelling affections. They would fain to live apart, in the retirement of their own minds, and to be familiar only with those thoughts which are either too deep or too high for the intellectual ken of those around them.

Now, we hesitate not to say that, amidst all this apparent thoughtfulness, there is a total absence of thought—that, amidst all this seeming profundity, there is nothing but surface—and that this atmosphere of golden light is a land of darkness as darkness itself, and where the light is as darkness. Doubtless there are men of few words and profound thoughts, but there are also men of few words and still fewer thoughts. Taciturnity is as far from being an evidence of uncommon profoundness, as the tranquil face of a lake is of unfathomable depths beneath.

OPPOSITION OWING TO STRENGTH AND FIRMNESS.

A MAN of a weak, complying disposition, whom no one fears, no one will be at the trouble to oppose; while a man of a strong and fixed character will be liable to opposition, at least from those who expect to derive a certain kind of importance from the dignity of their adversary. But he will compel even this opposition into subserviency to himself, just as the mariner obliges the wind that opposes him to help him forward.

THE CONDUCT OF GREATNESS AND OF WEAKNESS IN DISASTER.

WHEN a political demagogue has been overthrown he always attempts to relieve the mortification of his disaster by a charge of foul play.

There was a greatness in the fall of Sampson, for he overwhelmed his jeering foes with himself. But in our politician, we discover only a loss of sight, and an impotent hand laid to the pillars of the temple. There was dignity in the sufferings of Prometheus, for his invisible mind was superior to agony. But in the demagogue we see only the flappings of the vulture, and hear only the screams of the victim.

COMPANIONSHIP A SHIELD TO CRIME.

VENALITY in others, seems to conceal one-half its guilt in us. The reflection that our neighbors are as bad as ourselves, has a wonderful effect in quieting conscience. It does not indeed make our crimes the less, but it is one thing to commit faults in the society of sinners, and another thing to commit them in the company of saints.

WEAPONS AND WORDS TO SUIT THE MARK.

THEY who cry for help in their distress, should be the last to crow when misfortunes come upon their benefactor.

Never ward off a bumblebee with a cutlass; or resort to the solemnity of an oath to meet an idle conjecture.

THE SURFACE OF LIFE AND ITS UNDER CURRENT.

GLANCES at men and things seldom penetrate beyond the surface of their subjects. The springs of action, the habits from which these visible forms and features take their shape, remain untouched. Motives, which form the under current of life, and which can be reached only by patient study, or a profound sagacity, are seldom essayed, and never brought distinctly to light.

It is the surface of life at which most men look ; if the face of the stream sparkles, they care but little for the darkness and tumult which prevail in its depths.

THE ACTION OF A GREAT MIND AFTER SUSPENSE.

A GIANT mind may be held in suspense, but that suspense must be brief, and the action which follows it will be more decided and energetic in consequence of that detention ; just as a stream rushes with greater force for a temporary obstruction.

A GOOD MAN'S AGENCY IS ENDURING.

THE influence of the good man ceases not at death ; he, as the visible agent, is removed, but the light and influence of his example still remain ; and the moral elements of this world will long show the traces of their vigor and purity ; just as the western sky, after the sun has set, still betrays the glowing traces of the departed orb.

LOTTERIES FOUNDED IN FRAUD AND DISSEMBLING.

WERE the venders of lottery tickets to publish their honest convictions in as glaring capitals as they do their prizes, their offices would be the resort only of those who could not read.

CREDULITY BETTER THAN SKEPTICISM.

IN estimating the claims of human nature, it is better to err on the side of credulity than skepticism, inasmuch as all social happiness is founded on mutual confidence.

THE PASSION FOR DRESS.

AGE, which tames all other passions, never subdues the passion for dress in some females. Gay costume for advanced life, is like "flowers wreathed around decay." Splendid jewelry on parchment necks, is worse than a pun cut upon a tombstone.

THE IMMORTAL REWARDS OF VIRTUE.

VIRTUE may be misrepresented, persecuted, consigned to the grave; but the righteous wake not more assuredly to the reality of their hopes, than does virtue to an immortal remembrance.

MORAL WRONG FOLLOWED BY SUFFERING IN THIS LIFE.

THERE is not a selfish or vicious action of which man is capable, from which he is not deterred, by a punitive consequent attendant upon it, even in this life.

A CONTENTIOUS MAN SOON SPENT, IF NOT CONTENDED WITH.

IF a person is bent on quarrelling with you, leave him to do the whole of it himself, and he will soon become weary of his unencouraged occupation. Even the most malicious ram will soon cease to butt against a disregarding object, and will usually find his own head more injured than the object of his blind animosity.

EDITORIAL DISREGARD OF COURTESY.

SOME editors cast themselves so far beyond those courtesies which obtain between well-bred men, that they find in their very position an exemption from responsibility. No man who has clean apparel himself, will return the mud-balls with which he may be assailed by one who has taken his stand in the ditch.

THE RADICAL IN OFFICE AND OUT.

YOU may take any radical you please, and place him in an office of dignity and emolument, and he will very soon loose all his levelling notions. If a particle of the *loco* remain in him, it will be in theory, not practice. When we see men going barefoot who can afford to have shoes, without coats when they have credit with tailors, and living in log cabins when they have the means of constructing palaces, we shall believe *locoism* belongs to human nature; but till then, we shall consider it something very much governed by circumstances.

THE STAR THAT NEVER SETS.

THERE is one star that will never disappoint the hope it awakens ; its ray is never dimmed, and it knows no going down ; its cheering light streams on through ages of tempest and change ; earth may be darkened, systems convulsed, planets shaken from their spheres, but this star will still pour its steady, undiminished light. The eye that is turned to it will gladden in its tears ; the countenance that it lights, sorrow can never wholly overcast ; the footstep that falls in its radiance finds no gloom even at the portal of the grave. It is the star—

First in night's diadem—

The star, the star of Bethlehem.

THE CAUSES OF NATIONAL WEAL AND WOE.

THE destinies of a nation depend less on the greatness of the few, than the virtues or vices of the many. Eminent individuals cast further the features of her glory or shame ; but the realities of her weal or woe lie deep in the great mass. The curling tops of lofty waves are the crest of the ocean, but from its depths flows the overpowering strength of its tides.

THE HIGHEST IN STATION MOST EXPOSED TO FALL.

THEY who occupy the most eminent stations, have the most at stake in preserving the public tranquillity ; for in popular convulsions, as in earthquakes, the highest objects are the first to topple and fall.

THE COST OF BEING A REFORMER.

HE who maintains the right, though countenanced by the few, and opposes the wrong, though sanctioned by the many, must forego all expectations of popularity till there shall be less to censure than applaud in human conduct. And when this is the case, the millennium will have dawned.

THE SECRET OF A FEMININE WEAKNESS.

A LADY of fashion will sooner excuse a freedom, flowing from admiration, than a slight, resulting from indifference. The first offence has the pleasing apology of her attractions; the last is bold, and without an alleviation. But the mode in which she disposes of the two, only shows that her love of admiration is stronger than her sense of propriety.

EARLY LOVE IN WOMAN.

A YOUNG girl, scarcely yet awake to the mysteries of her nature, and fluttering over the first demonstrations of Love, is like a child sporting on the rippling strand of the sea, when a high tide is about coming in.

THE REFORMER'S REWARD.

HE who writes against the abuses of the age in which he lives, must depend on the generosity of the few for his bread, and the malice of the many for his fame.

SCURRILITY BETRAYING ITS FOUL NEST.

SCURRILOUS epithets are like foul birds, which transiently disturb and disfigure the foliage of the trees on which they light, but whose nature is never mistaken, for they carry on their feathers the pollutions of the nest in which they were hatched.

THE MANAGEMENT OF RELIGIOUS CONTROVERSY.

IN religious controversy, we seldom apply the Baconian philosophy of letting facts go in advance and establish the theory. We rather adopt the theory first, and then go on in search of facts to prove it. How few there are who take the Bible alone for their theory, and allow it to explain itself! One thing is remarkable in these controversies; men seldom differ in general principles which have regard to outward conduct. It is rather in matters of belief in regard to some minor doctrine, and the difference is so small that it sometimes requires the imagination of a metaphysician to perceive the difference. If all the words which have been wasted in telling people what they should *believe*, had been employed in telling them what they should *do*, the world would be much better than it now is. A celebrated author says—"Two things, well considered, would prevent many quarrels; first, to have it well ascertained whether we are not disputing about terms rather than things; and secondly, to examine whether that on which we differ is worth contending about."

THE WORTH OF SMILES MEASURED BY THEIR RARITY.

A MAN'S smiles should be like fruit on a high limb. People lightly value what they get without pain. If diamonds could be picked up among the pebbles of our brooks, who would wear them for ornaments ?

THE TRUE PHILOSOPHY OF PUNISHMENT.

It is the certainty of punishment, rather than its severity, which prevents crime. Many charged with murder now escape conviction ; some through a feint of insanity, some through the misapplied sympathy of a juror, and others through a moral aversion to the punishment itself. The execution of the sentence, too, when decreed, often loses no small portion of its moral force from bewildering sympathy with the sufferer. Should imprisonment for life be ever substituted for capital punishment, the possibility of pardon should be cut off from every source whatever.

MEN CONQUERED THROUGH SELF-ESTEEM AND THE POCKET.

If you wish to make use of a man, ascertain the measure of his susceptibility to flattery ; for all that you can raise him, in self-estimation, will be at your disposal. Convince any man that you can teach him to play on two fiddles, equally well, at the same time, and he will promise that one shall be played mainly for your advantage.

IGNORANCE OF ITS TIME, AN ARGUMENT FOR HABITUAL PREPARATION FOR DEATH.

DEATH is the most certain, and yet the most uncertain of events. That it will come, no one can question ; but when, no one can decide. The young behold it afar in the future ; the aged regard it still at a distance ; but both are smitten suddenly as by a bolt from the cloud—a serpent from the brake—or a shaft from an unseen quiver. There is no safety, therefore, save in that habitual preparation which nothing can deceive, and nothing surprise.

AN UNFINISHED SATIRE. IN VERSE.

I.

I WANT—what Byron wanted once—a hero,
On whose achievements I can hang my rhymes :
He might as well have taken Faust, or Nero,
As Juan, young in years, and old in crimes :—
But then no doubt his choice was made at random,
Besides—“de gustibus non disputandum.”

II.

The “est” has been left out in this quotation,
As its insertion would destroy my measure ;
But then its strict grammatical relation
The learned reader can restore at pleasure ;
And will, no doubt, with something very fine
About my mangling thus his classic line.

III.

A fop in learning, and a downright fool,
Differ, but in their claims upon our pity ;
The first still prating Greek, picked up at school,
The last essaying something grave or witty ;
Both stir those subtle thoughts in him who hears,
Which burst in laughter, or dissolve in tears.

IV.

I want a hero free of affectation,
All coarse vulgarity, or mock sublime ;
Whose deeds can bear no misinterpretation,
Too frank for falsehood, and untouched by crime :
A sternly honest man, plain, and free-spoken,
And one whose word once given, is never broken.

V.

I want a hero free of self-conceit,
Of resolute, and self-relying spirit ;
Exempt from pride, vindictiveness, deceit,
Commanding by the force of his own merit :
No woman's slave, yet sensible to love—
“Wise as the serpent, harmless as the dove.”

VI.

Of course I shall not go among the lawyers
To find me such a being—a profession
Whose conscience always sticks to their employers,
And who maintain, in spite of his confession,
A client's innocence—advising him to plead
Not guilty—though he has confessed the deed.

VII.

Nor will I take a thorough-bred physician,
Of all, the most accomplished homicide ;
He kills his patients with such learned precision,
Men swear 'twas of the fell disease he died ;
And then forestalls the final resurrection,
And disinhumes his victim for dissection.

VIII.

Nor yet, select my hero from the clergy,
Of whom, are some blind leaders of the blind;
And others with a threat of hell will urge ye
Direct to heaven—and stay themselves behind;
But some there are, and many such, I trust,
Whom Christ will place at last among the Just.

IX.

Nor will I take a modern politician,
His party's oracle, and polar star,
Inflated with the pomp of his position,
Like Phaeton in Jove's imperial car:
His prototype fell in the roaring Po,
But he will probably bring up below.

X.

Nor will I choose a poet—one of those
Who weep themselves to make their readers weep,
But find at last, o'er all their unveiled woes,
Mankind in sneering laughter—or asleep;
Then try another phase in mortal sadness,
And feign a fatal touch of downright madness.

XI.

Nor will I take an antiquary: he
Would sack a city—sift a nation's dust,
To find a copper—then in ecstasy
Hang o'er its letters, eaten out by rust—
At last, on good authority, restore
A name and date it never had before.

XII.

Nor yet a dandy, alias a fool,
 Although no doubt he never plead the latter,
 In bar of being soundly whipped to school :
 He seems a creature boon to fawn and flatter,
 And thinks each woman some celestial dove,
 With *his* exquisite beauty deep in love.

XIII.

Nor will I take a broker : he's a sharper,
 Who outwits others—then's himself outwitted ;
 In purchasing he plays the croaking carper,
 But sells as if another's wants were pitied :
 Alike in puff, and pity insincere,
 The first a lie, the last without a tear.

XIV.

Nor will I take a tailor—his sly theft
 Is now notorious as his shears or goose :
 The Bible says a remnant shall be left,
 And this, by his interpretation—rather loose—
 Refers to cabbage filched from you and me :
 The devil quoted Scripture, so can he.

XV.

Nor will I take a woman—her creation
 Was left entirely out in Heaven's first plan :
 If rightly I interpret Revelation,
 The earth was first created, and then man ;
 And both were perfect, free of sin and pride,
 While woman slumbered still in Adam's side.

XVI.

When waked to being, what was her first act
But one of weakness, guilt, and endless shame?
And when accused of this, adroitly packed
On Satan's shoulders almost all the blame,
Or sought to do so; but she did not try,
Like modern knaves—to prove an alibi.

XVII.

But let this pass—to Adam, Eve was dear,
Dearer, perhaps, than had she never erred,
As will from his own elegy appear:
No heart by deeper grief was ever stirred,
Or overcast with darker clouds of woe,
Than that from which these tender accents flow:—

XVIII.

“ Sweet solace of my life! my gentle Eve!
The idol of this heart thy beauty blest!
More than for Eden's early loss I grieve
To close the earth above thy narrow rest.
What now to me fair sky, or sparkling wave,
Or day, or night, since thou art in the grave!

XIX.

“ Forgive the frown that darkened on my brow,
And fell on thy sweet face like an eclipse,
When the fair, fatal fruit was plucked its bough,
And turned to ashes on our pallid lips:
Thy thirst for knowledge triumphed o'er thy fears,
And prompted crime, since cancelled by thy tears.

XX.

“ When I remind me of the noontide hour
I first beheld thee, near Euphrates’ stream,
And led thee, sweetly blushing, to my bower,
The ills that we have felt appear a dream ;
So warm and blest, the memory of the time
When thou wert faultless—I without a crime.

XXI.

“ How freshly on our slumbers broke the morn !
How sweet the music of the mountain stream !
How all things seemed of bliss and beauty born,
And bounding into life with day’s young beam !
Alas ! the sin that could such joys forego,
And fill an infant world with guilt and woe !

XXII.

“ But mine the fault, for I stood silent by,
Nor sought dissuasion by a look or sign ;
But, dazzled by the tempter’s gorgeous lie,
That we should be than gods scarce less divine,
Assented, fell ; and found, too late to save,
This virtue guilt—its only gift the grave.

XXIII.

“ But Eden lost, this heart still found in thee
A depth of love it else had never known ;
As elings the vine to its sustaining tree,
When ’gainst its form the tempest’s strength is thrown,
So thou, as each new care or sorrow pressed,
The closer clung to this unshrinking breast.

XXIV.

“ The birds still sing, to wake thee from thy rest ;
 The young gazelle still waits to greet thy glance ;
 The flowers still bloom thy early cares caressed ;
 Thy shallop’s sails still in the sunbeams dance.
 Oh, that on these unheeding things were spread
 The deep and tender thought, that thou art dead !

XXV.

“ But now, to whom can my deep sorrows turn ?
 Where find in others’ tears for mine relief ?
 I only live to dress thy gentle urn,
 And shrine thy virtues in a widowed grief,
 Till near thy side I seek my native dust,
 And wait that signal trump that calls the just.”

XXVI.

This elegy, or epitaph, was found
 Graved on a golden urn near Eden’s site,
 Within the centre of a mighty mound—
 And by a recent earthquake hove to light :
 A traveller, halting there to sip a cup
 Of Mocha-coffee, saw the urn come up !

XXVII.

The elegy was set around with gems,
 Which flashed a radiance on its Hebrew letters
 Like that which falls from Moslem diadems
 Upon a Christian slave’s indignant fetters :
 The truthful traveller says, the light they gave
 Might wake a young Aurora in the grave !

XXVIII.

This urn our new lights in geology
 Maintain upsets the credibility
 Of all our Scriptural chronology :
 The earth, they say, then in its infancy,
 And man a savage, without steel or derrick,
 Could never have bequeathed us such a relic !

XXIX.

These savans find on mountain-tops a shell,
 And say the deluge never placed it there ;
 They see in caves a petrified blue-bell,
 And think it never bloomed in upper air ;
 And therefore gravely tell us—age of wonders !—
 The Book of Genesis is full of blunders !

XXX.

But to my tardy theme, or rather, story,—
 Perhaps I ought to christen it a song,
 As it is written less for gold than glory ;
 And any madrigal may be as long,
 Unless, as often happens near the sun,
 The maiden wooed is in the mean time won.

XXXI.

This shall be brief—I do detest great length
 In any thing, unless it be a kiss ;
 And that, I think, oft loses half its strength,
 By such a prolongation of the bliss ;
 For, after all, nothing the heart can capture
 So much as brevity in wit and rapture.

XXXII.

I cannot bear great length, even in a sermon,
 Except where thoughts their heavenly truth instil
 Sweetly as fall on flowers the dews of Hermon,
 And musical as rolls the mountain rill;
 But when you would the stupid sinner start,
 Then pour the truth in thunder on his heart.

XXXIII.

Some austere writers stamp with guilt and shame
 Whatever in this world of fair and good
 May still remain: yet from the folding flame
 Which wraps the freshness of the forest wood,
 As scattered trees escape, so may we find
 Surviving virtues in the ruined mind.

XXXIV.

Now unrequited love is seen deriving
 Its very life from out its own despair;—
 The mother, for her infant boy contriving
 Those schemes of future good she may not share;—
 The sister, sweetly winning back to truth
 The erring wildness of a brother's youth.

XXXV.

Here, too, is found the young and guileless girl,
 Whose joyous heart is fettered by a tie
 She scarce can comprehend.—Deep as the pearl
 In Oman's wave, and pure, those fountains lie,
 From which the soft, mysterious feeling springs,
 Like magic tones from undiscovered strings.

XXXVI.

The symptoms of this tender passion are,
 The downward castings of a pensive eye,
 A countenance not wholly free from care,
 The scarcely heard, yet all-absorbing sigh,
 A want of interest in what's said or seen,
 Mixed with a certain carelessness of mien.

XXXVII.

I know not why it is, but there are words
 Found in the soft complainings of the dove,
 As well as merrier notes of other birds,
 That seems the truest syllables of love ;
 The very language which, if man might choose,
 Would be the only one that he would use.

XXXVIII.

A man in love is fond of solitude :
 He flies away from busy life and men
 To some sublime interminable wood ;
 Some deep, unknown, and almost sunless glen ;
 For nature there seems just as she had caught
 The very hue and coloring of his thought.

XXXIX.

He loves to wander on the shore of ocean,
 To hear the light waves ripple on the beach ;
 For there is something in their murmuring motion
 Closely allied to language, and can teach
 His young, unpractised heart the very tone
 Of passionate tenderness that is love's own.

XL.

He loves to wander on a starlit night
Along the pebbly margin of a lake,
Whose tranquil bosom mirrors to his sight
The dewy stars—where not a wave nor wake
Disturbs the slumbering surface, nor a sound
Is heard from out the deep-hushed forests round.

XLI.

And there each star lies in the tranquil water
So tremulous, so tenderly serene,
He can but think it is the tintless daughter
Of that pure element in which 'tis seen;
For there it lies, so bright, so sweetly fair,
It seems a sinless spirit dwelling there!

XLII.

A sentimental youth makes love in posies;
His fluttering heart is veined on every leaf;
The perfume, only meant to please our noses,
Exhales the tender touches of his grief:
Till, by degrees, the nuptial noose is thrown
Around some heart as silly as his own.

XLIII.

Oh! how unlike to this soft, floral wooing
Was theirs whom we are proud to call our sires!
They left to doves such simpering, senseless cooing,
And, seated 'round their ever social fires,
With right good common sense talked o'er the matter,
And ne'er forgot the pudding-bag and platter.

XLIV.

Let their example teach our young and gay,
Who plunge in marriage as a mere diversion,
And seem to think that state a holiday—
That love, which can survive a stern reversion
Of all its outward fortune, is a thing
Not taught by flowers—they only bloom in spring.

XLV.

Let those who kindle at the slightest spark
Of Cupid's torch, and go off like a rocket,
Without an aim, an object, or a mark,
Con o'er the dying words of David Crocket:
“This maxim keep in force—when I am dead—
See first that you are right, then go ahead!”

SELECTED EDITORIALS

FROM

THE PHILADELPHIA NORTH AMERICAN.

SELECTIONS FROM EDITORIALS.

THE TRUE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.

THERE is no country in the world where there is more talk about the freedom of the press than in this, and no one, perhaps, where less of it is enjoyed. The fetters come not in the shape of arbitrary law, or the prohibitions of absolute censorship, but in a form little less effective. The fear of giving offence, or of saying something that may possibly clash with the interests of a subscriber, exerts a more paralyzing influence than any mandate of regal jealousy or despotic sway. There is no antagonist so difficult to contend with as a man's own fears. Against this foe he has no heart, no resolution. He has not even that little courage which resentment can impart.

Let the press yield to these fears, and the greatest sufferers would be they who create them. They would hear the language of commendation and flattery, but rarely that of impartiality and truth. It is often the most unwelcome sentiments for which we should be the most grateful. We get into the right by being told that we are in the wrong. But this

lesson comes from those only who respect *us* more than they respect our prejudices ; who would sooner censure and correct, than flatter and betray.

We do not propose to establish in this paper any claims to praise for independence of thought, speech, or opinion, but we wish to escape the humiliation of the opposite. There is no merit in exercising all the freedom which we claim, but there would be a reproach in surrendering it. Our sea notions of liberty may, perhaps, require too much scope for the land. But it would be a little singular if that freedom of thought which is acquired under the monarchical forms of ship discipline, should prove too much for republicans and democrats.

We claim no freedom of speech which we shall not allow in others, and in our own columns too. Any man who sustains this press, differing with us in opinion on any point, may here, frankly, fearlessly, express his dissent. He may combat our opinions ; he may assail our arguments, and, if he can, overthrow our conclusions. It is the conflict of mind with mind that discovers moral truth, and reaches those great social and political principles on which the honor and happiness of communities repose. It is the *wise* and the *good* that we should pursue ; it is the right that we should seek, and to which we should pay our homage, wherever found. Truth never forsakes its friends, never disappoints the confidence it has won. It may at times be overpowered, but it

lives on still, and will yet assert its unconquerable energies. While error will inevitably cover its votaries with dismay.

Truth, crushed to earth, will rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers ;
While error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies amid its worshippers.

RIGHTS OF PRIVATE JUDGMENT.

PROSCRIPTION for political opinions, and martyrdoms for forms of religious faith, differ but in the degrees of suffering which they inflict. They are the same in their natures ; they both flow from the same spirit of cruel intolerance, and both merit the reprobation of mankind. They are a violation of the rights of the citizen, guaranteed to him by the constitution under which he lives ; they are an outrage upon every instinct of humanity, and every cherished sentiment of moral justice.

The pilgrim fathers who planted our institutions, and the revered patriots who achieved our independence, never dreamed that the day would come when their children would be dragged to the political guillotine, for having exercised the rights of American freemen. Such a spectacle, even in prophetic vision, would have cast as sickly a light over their last moments, as the face of Cain in his fratricidal guilt on the dying countenance of Adam.

There is nothing in despotism, in its most absolute forms, so revolting as these political hecatombs, which

are offered on the altars of party proscription as often as a new aspirant reaches the executive chair of the nation. Tyranny is consistent; it professes to know no rights but its own; but republicanism is full of professions of regard for the rights of others. It calls every lover of freedom its brother, and then stabs him "under the fifth rib." Because he conscientiously supported, at the ballot-box, a different person than the one who has succeeded, his head must be brought to the block. His capacity, his integrity, his past services, weigh nothing against the crime of having voted as his judgment dictated. He is visited with the last penalties of a law which knows no forgiveness, no mercy, no remorse. And this is called freedom, republicanism, and liberty of conscience! Never were revered names so mocked and blasphemed.

Let us cease to talk about the serfs of Europe till we have made ourselves free. Let us cease to prate about the horrors and crimes of the Bastille, while the guillotine overshadows our own ballot-box. There is scarce a dungeon in the Inquisition where the rights of private judgment have not been as much respected as they are in the results of a presidential election.

EDITORIAL RESPONSIBILITY.

THERE is, we apprehend, no class of men in the country, that exert their influence so recklessly as

the conductors of public journals. They appear, many of them, to have no steady polar star by which to direct their course. They are, like a hulk on the ocean, carried away by every current that prevails. We do not expect them to be more than human ; but it does not require an angel's decision or energy to hold something like a consistent course through the moral and political elements of this world. It is the suggestions of self-interest, the heat of party strife, and the absence of fixed principles, that give rise to all this inconsistency and insane deportment.

Most of the blind and irrational excitements that disturb the tranquillity of the public, originate with the press, or are fostered by it, with the hope of turning them to some political or sinister account. We do not implicate the whole editorial fraternity in this charge. There are not a few noble exceptions. But how many of them are there, who have nothing to guide their devious steps but the fluctuating light of a transient policy ! And hence it is that the men and measures that are cursed one year, are applauded the next ; and one system of operations is buried in ignominy, only that its moldering remains may be brought again to the light, and invested with all the fascinations of a fresh existence. Had Satan's course from hell to Eden been as crooked as that of some editors, he would not have reached it to this day !

PUBLIC MEN.

THE test of public men which, doubtless, prevails to a very great extent in this country, is faithfulness to party and sectional interests, and the determination and the ability to bear them onward, in defiance of justice and of truth. Thus, while with entire propriety we shun and stigmatize the religious test of England, we actually use one ourselves which is far more abominable, and dangerous to liberty.

It is beyond dispute that our public offices ought to be filled with men who, in some way or other, excel. This is implied in the very idea of an election. But it is equally dishonorable and dangerous to cast our votes, or raise our voice, in favor of those who have nothing to commend them but the insidious power to rise without merit, or their indissoluble adhesion, with an utter recklessness of principle, to the ranks of a party. It is high time that both these characteristics should serve only as a dead-weight to sink those who bear them far beneath the level of negative qualities.

What, then, are the proper inquiries to be made respecting those proposed to be the rulers of this republic? *Is he honest—is he capable?* is a proverb in every mouth; but seldom, indeed, does it reach the heart, or govern the practice. It dies by the poison of political intrigue, or is blasted by the breath of party. Still it is the genuine watchword of liberty, and the only one that can secure its safety. Let every

patriot, then, do his utmost to give it power and distinctness. Let those individuals and parties who in practice discard it, be marked as unworthy of freedom, and the real foes of their country.

Let the qualifications and character of candidates be extensively and accurately known, and for this purpose let the venders of political delusion be held in universal abhorrence. Let suspicion no longer breathe its calumnies, while silence conceals or perfidly praises the daring violation of vital and invaluable principles. Let those who pass the rubicon that guards the Constitution and laws of the nation, under the pretence of their country's good, meet their own, and not their country's ruin. And let it be forever taken for granted, as a self-evident and immutable truth, that the dishonesty of political craft, and the weakness, vices, and obliquities of private conduct, can never be regenerated or sanctified by the elevation of power or the robe of authority.

INDEPENDENCE OF CHARACTER.

POLITICAL partisans are the last men who have any claims to independence of character; and this conviction has not been weakened by the manner in which most of the measures have been disposed of that have been introduced upon the floor of Congress. Indeed, if any body of legislators can be excused from consulting their own innate convictions, and from acting upon the decisions of their private judgments,

it is the very body that assembles daily in our Representatives' Hall.

In the first place, they are bound up confessedly to the will of their constituents, right or wrong; and, in the next place, they are bound up to their political party, and threatened, in case of dissent, with all the opprobrious epithets of hypocrite, renegade, and traitor. Under such circumstances, it is hardly reasonable to expect that a man will consult his private convictions, and act upon the simple responsibilities of his own understanding. Hence it is that every question capable of a political bearing, is decided by party considerations: the merits of a measure, its connection with the righteous claims of an individual, or the reasonable expectations of a community, are forgotten, and it is doomed to stand or fall just according to its political complexion.

The true source of all this evil is found in the dis-tempered corrupted state of public sentiment; it flows from that violent party spirit which is poisoning the heart of the nation. Public legislators are like other men; they are not exempt from the infirmities of our common nature; and when the country is shaken and convulsed by the tempests of party strife, they must participate largely in the shock—the vessel must move with the storms and currents which agitate the ocean.

When the people wish for legislative measures which shall be honorable and beneficial to the coun-

try, they must calm their own passions, lay aside their sectional feelings, surrender their party distinctions, and delegate men to represent them who, unseduced by flattery or unawed by frowns, will lean upon their own convictions, and surrender themselves to the unprejudiced decisions of an enlightened understanding.

MORALS IN POLITICS.

THE political principles which a man entertains, and which he asserts at the ballot-box, reach to the happiness or woe of millions. They embrace in their ultimate results the safety or ruin of nations. In asserting these principles, therefore, whether with the pen, or through the rights of the elective franchise, a man should ever feel the high responsibility under which he acts.

What are personal preferences, or mere party triumphs, when weighed in the scale against such tremendous issues? They are less than the dust of the balance. Petty jealousies and private preferences cannot live for a moment in the breast of one who feels the full force of the political principles which he avows. As well might a man be wrapt in the dread magnificence of the ocean, and busy himself with the chafing pebbles of its shore.

Our forefathers felt the force of principles. Their reverence for truth, their devotion to those great moral rights which lie at the foundation of social virtue and political freedom, forced them, through

countless perils, to these inhospitable shores. More welcome to them the wilderness, with their principles, than palaces without. When these principles were invaded, they rose in arms, and put their lives, their fortunes, all interests this side the grave, at issue in their defence. Their faith in these principles never wavered: they baptized them with their blood, and bequeathed them to us, and shed upon them the benediction of their dying prayers.

Shall we trifle with these sacred legacies? Shall we sport with the blessings which they bestow, or the responsibility which they impose? Shall party names, or private ambition, be substituted for their inestimable benefits? Let those who are now assembling in the capitol of this nation answer these questions. Their example must reach the extremities of the land, and mold opinions long after they are in the grave. Our influence over others, remote as well as near, when we are dead as well as when living, enters into the sum of our virtue or guilt, our merit or our shame.

MORALS OF CONGRESS.

IF our obligations keep pace with our opportunities, then men in eminent public stations are under a fearful responsibility. They are not at liberty to feel and act as those who move in humbler spheres; their situation demands higher sentiments and more elevated endeavors. The influence attached to their

example is enough to make one tremble : if pure, it will be a fountain of moral life ; if depraved, it will convey to the hearts of multitudes the immedicable sickness of the second death.

Do the public men who annually assemble in our Capitol at Washington realize this truth ? Do they rightly estimate the consequences which must flow from their morals as well as their measures ? Do they feel that every virtue or vice practised there is to affect the character of a nation ? With these truths before them can they stoop to folly ? Can they pass around the intoxicating bowl ? Can they mingle with the reckless and profane at the gambling board ? Can they defile the sanctity of their office in the haunts of licentiousness ?

We would not throw out an indiscriminate censure or suspicion. There are men in that body to which we allude, of a purity of life that may fearlessly challenge the strictest scrutiny. But we have reason for believing that there are those also whose conduct is deplorably at variance with their professions, and at war with those virtues on which the purity and peace of society depend. These men seem to leave the mantle of their correct habits at home, and to divest themselves of that sense of responsibility which the presence of domestic piety and affection impose.

We cannot conceive of a more infamous breach of trust than what that man is guilty of, who finds in

the ignorant credulity of absent friends a release from the wholesome restraints of morality. It is a species of deception and treachery as much to be reprobated as that open profligacy which may be much more callous to shame.

PROFANITY IN THE SENATE.

SEVERAL of the members of this body are in the familiar habit of using the name of the Supreme Being for the sake of giving emphasis to a weak or worthless sentence—and of hauling into their speeches garbled quotations from the sacred Scriptures for the sake of giving piquancy to a witless sarcasm. This is what might be expected in a wrangling bar-room or a babbling brothel, but it inflicts the deepest disgrace on the morality and dignity which the public have ever been in the habit of associating with the Senate of the United States. It merits the execrations of every man who has any reverence for his God, or any love for his country. Justice to the other members would seem to require us to single out those gross offenders against moral decency; but the seal of opprobrium can be set without this personality from us—the guilty are already known, and will, we trust, suffer that chastisement which the moral sense of this nation has never yet failed to visit on the impious and profane. The higher the object the hotter is the lightning that blasts it.

POLITICO-RELIGIOUS ACTION.

WE stated the other day that the political movement of Bishop Hughes and his confederates would not stop with their defeat at the election. The subsequent resolutions of that body show that our apprehensions were well founded. They have resolved to prosecute their object and never relinquish it till their perseverance shall be crowned with success. They will prove fearfully true to their purpose. They hold the balance of power between the two great political parties which divide the State, and they will exert it for the attainment of this object.

Having succeeded in New York, a similar movement will be made here. The same motives and objects exist in the two places, and must be achieved by the same means. This political ball once in motion, and impelled by the hands of crafty prelates, encouraged by assurances from Rome, will continue to roll on. The discreet Roman Catholic may withhold his hands, and disclaim participation, but *Foreign priests*, and they over whom their authority extends, will ply the work.

The prelates of the Papal See have always interfered with the political institutions of Protestant countries. With us they are not native-born citizens—they spring not from the great mass. They are strangers in our midst, and with all the unfortunate prejudices which attach to a foreign birth. They have not, and it is not in the nature of things that

they should have, a sympathy with our republican institutions. They cannot respond to the jealousy with which we guard every encroachment of ecclesiastical power upon civil rights. They have been accustomed from their cradles to contemplate Religion in connection with the provisions of State. They cannot appreciate its pure, separate existence: it is with them a moral anomaly.

The Papal See, that great archetype of opinion, is itself a combination of temporal and spiritual power. From this seat of supreme authority they are sent forth. There they receive their commissions; there lies their allegiance; there rest their responsibility and hope of preferment. The ecclesiastics of all other persuasions act under an authority which belongs to this country, and can be checked, censured, or deposed, without the intervention of a foreign tribunal. But from such liabilities a representative of the Roman See is exempt.

Still, so long as this fearful power is used for wise and good purposes, for objects compatible with freedom of conscience, and the genius of our institutions, we shall not complain; with the discharge of appropriate offices, parochial duties and obligations suggested by charity, we shall not interfere. It is against the *political* movements of these foreign prelates, and their unjust interference with our civil institutions, that we offer resistance. For this they denounce us—for this they introduce us with obloquy into their

public discourses—concert against us in their private conclaves, and even interfere with the better judgments of those who find it for their advantage to extend their favors to our journal. But we shall not retaliate; we shall not return evil for evil; but we shall do our duty, temperately and firmly—unawed by menace, and uninfluenced by any sectarian spirit. We owe this to the community and the social and civil interests of our common country.

THE BANKRUPT LAW.

THE elements of this law are good, and the spirit which pervades its provisions is honorable to human nature. The difficulty lies in realizing its advantages and escaping its evils—in securing the benefit and avoiding the abuse.

No good man will consent to be released from his liabilities, if his release is to be made a source of mischief and calamity to the community. He will not wish to have a door unbarred to him, if through that door swindlers are to rush. He will not accept emancipation on such terms; he will not walk forth to liberty in such company. He will consider a law so latitudinarian as this, as a libel on his own integrity. No; he will plant himself on his own unshaken honesty, and, though surrounded by the sad results of adversity, ask for nothing, and desire nothing incompatible with the public good. Such a man finds his protection in his uprightness and in the moral

sense of the community. The creditor who should attempt to invade his condition, to chain the energies and crush the hopes that still remain to him, would be overpowered by public censure and rebuke. He would be withheld from the execution of his wicked purpose by influences stronger than law—by a moral power superior to legal enactments.

That a bankrupt law may be shaped so as to secure the just benefits of the present one, and escape the evils to which it is obnoxious, we cannot doubt. Patient application and an honest purpose can effect these objects. The present law was hurried through the forms of legislation with an impetuosity that left much more scope for the relieving pictures of the imagination than the careful decisions of a sober judgment. The nation was captured with the humanity of its spirit, but forgot, in this gush of sympathy, to guard sufficiently its provisions. In their zeal to relieve the debtor, they lost sight of the claims and condition of the creditor. Legislation consequently looked all one way.

What should now be done is to suspend its going into effect till sober judgment and fidelity to its principles can revise its provisions and rectify their imperfections. This should be done without delay; it should be done in good faith. It is the firm conviction of many of the first men in the country—men practically and thoroughly informed on this whole subject—that if the bankrupt law, in its present

shape, should go into operation, it will make ten bankrupts where it will relieve one. Over such a mass of prospective disaster, misfortune itself should pause.

REVOLUTIONS IN EUROPE.

THE thrilling influences of the French Revolution are pervading the continent of Europe. The Netherlands are in arms, and the bloody conflicts of Paris have been acted over in Brussels. Austria is filled with alarm, and Italy is deluged with an armed force to keep her in subjection. Spain reels to her foundations, and the throne of Portugal totters to fall. The dynasties of Germany are convulsed, and even the autocrat of all the Russias feels insecure. The powers of Prussia would fain shut out the light and freedom that beams from France, and rivet in darkness and degradation that despotism that has become too odious for the intelligence that surrounds it.

These popular movements that are disturbing the whole of continental Europe, have something in them more stable and portentous than belongs to the ebullitions of momentary passions, or the blind rush of a reckless rabble. The first demonstrations of disaffection and resistance may, perhaps, be found among the more rash and unreflecting part of the populace, but this is only the foam that floats on the *ocean* that is rocking to its lowest depths. The age of uninquiring submission is past; new light has overspread the nations, and sentiments of self-respect, in-

dependence, and personal responsibility, have taken possession of the human breast. Little is now apparent but tumult, disorganization, and falling fragments of antiquated systems; but out of these wrecks a new order of things will be brought forth, suited to the present age and the condition of man.

The last twenty years has been a period of inquiry and penetrating scrutiny into the insolent claims of despotic power; and what we now see is the result of this bold inquiring spirit: it is not a momentary excitement, accompanied by no intelligence, and directed to no definite object. Those who regard these popular movements as the mere transient symptoms of a blind phrensy, will find themselves deceived. They have within them a voice to which kings and their privileged nobility will do well to turn a listening ear. They may, perhaps, by a timely compliance with the claims of oppressed and indignant humanity, escape the disastrous doom that otherwise inevitably awaits them. This age is to stamp the character of centuries yet to come. The moral and political condition of the millions that shall move over our dust, is now trembling in the scales. God grant that this generation may be true to its high and fearful responsibilities.

REMOVALS FROM OFFICE.

THE whole administration press is now uttering its remonstrances against removals from office. Softly,

gentlemen, softly. The doctrine of removal is one of your own concocting; it is a cup of your own mingling: and a bitter cup it is, too; it is wormwood and gall, hemlock and henbane to the brim. You made the poor whigs swallow it, and you stood by unmoved by the agonies which the poison occasioned. It sickened the whole land; it threw the whole nation into convulsions; the great whig party was like a Prometheus overpowered and chained to the Caucasian rock, with the vultures at his heart. But that stern Titan had sympathy; the daughters of old Ocean bent over him and softened his tortures with their tears. But no such compassion mingled in the sufferings of the poor whigs; there was none to pity, none to deliver.

But now the tide of fortune has turned; the victim has become the victor, and "even-handed justice presents this poisoned chalice to your lips." Alas, for you! Alack the day you compounded that cup! You should not have gathered those herbs; you should not have extracted their poison; you should not have mixed that bowl of convulsive and penal torture. You could then protest; you could then appeal to justice and humanity; but now your remonstrance is without power; it gasps and dies in conscious guilt. Still we hope you will not be called upon to drain that cup. We know its bitterness so well, we would save your being required even to taste it, were it in our power. Forgiveness is a virtue, re-

venge a crime. The "poisoned chalice" some men administer to others without compunction. Its bitterness they never fully understand, until it is returned to "their own lips."

THE SLAVE-TRADE, AND RIGHT OF SEARCH.

AN armed expedition from the U. S. ship Vincennes, cruising in the West Indies, was sent out on the 28th of March, 1843, to explore a part of the south side of Cuba. "In the Guava river," this expedition, as the authentic narrative states, "fell in with a Spanish slaver, which submitted to an examination of her papers, which were all found correct. She did not attempt to resist, nor was a gun fired. She was well armed, with a crew of forty-three men, and had left Africa with five hundred and fifty slaves, of whom thirty-four had died, and two jumped overboard in delirium: had been at sea twenty-eight days. This slaver was permitted to pass, which was regretted by all."

And why was she permitted to pass? Why was she not captured, the public indignantly exclaim! Why? because our government have taken up a position on this subject which forbids capture; and visitation too, even in going on board of that slaver, ascertaining her character and accursed occupation. We violated our non-visitation principle! a principle that splits diplomatic hairs, and allows a continent to be rifled of its helpless children! which shapes a

definition, and covers our coast with the miseries and horrors of the slave-trade!

Never was a Christian nation before placed in such an attitude of humiliation and reproach. We were the first nation to declare the slave-trade piracy. We invoked England and other Christian powers to join us in measures for the condign punishment of those engaged in it, and the final extirpation of the inhuman traffic itself. When these powers at last thoroughly moved in the matter, and on the force of impulses which we first gave, we at once backed out, and we have now taken up a position which turns all our previous measures, our holy horror and penal enactments, into a burlesque. We have made ourselves perfectly powerless so far as the slave-ships of all other nations are concerned. The ocean may swarm with them, and we cannot capture one unless she has American papers, nor can we even go on board to ascertain that fact. The slaver has only to run up the flag of any other nation, and her immunity is complete; she may laugh at our armed force, and send up her jeers amid the whole squadron which we are about sending to the coast of Africa. Such is the condition to which we have been reduced by our foolish jealousy and hair-splitting diplomacy.

Were we to stop here, we might, perhaps, have the virtue of consistency, in our humiliation and shame; but, as if to relieve our condition, we are about sending out to Africa an armed squadron,

which our non-visitation principle, if carried out, will render as idle as if sent to the moon. We cannot stir there, tack or sheet, without violating the very restrictions which we have imposed on other powers. We cannot capture even an American slaver that has the wit to run up foreign colors; we cannot allow an officer or sailor to profane her deck with his intrusive footstep. Had we set our ingenuity to work to invent some plan by which to protect, in the most effectual way, the slave-trade, we could not have been more successful than we have in our non-visitation principle. It is a perfect shield to the slave-ships of all other nations, and our own too.

We trust this nation will not long submit quietly to this attitude of helplessness and reproach. We owe it to ourselves, to the moral principles of the age, to the claims of humanity, and the requirements of infinite justice, to throw at once this diplomatic quibbling to the winds. We should say, frankly and fearlessly, to all the powers of Christendom, capture and sink the slaver wherever found, and under whatever colors she floats. Should abuse in any instance follow, demand and enforce redress: any thing but this skulking behind a diplomatic quibble, and seeking to protect the honor of a national flag by a definition. It is more disreputable than even the torpedo system of the last war.

Instead of standing aloof, declaiming about the right of search, allowing our commerce to be im-

peded, and our flag used as a protection for pirates, it would better become us to unite in the humane purpose of other nations, and depend a little more on our own courage and activity, to prevent any abuse attendant on a mutual concession of the right of search.

We have declared the slave-trade piracy, and it ill becomes us now to say that no nation shall interfere with the wretch who attempts to carry on this accursed traffic, under an abused use of our flag. It would be much better, and much more honorable in us to say to other nations, you may pursue the slave-ship under whatever flag she floats, but you must not abuse this privilege, you must not interfere with our legitimate commerce; and then to place at the disposal of the Secretary of the Navy, a force sufficient to protect our interests and honor on the African coast. But to do neither of these, only evinces indifference to character, and insensibility to crime.

Oh, Africa! in blood at every pore!

Thy nameless sufferings are a world's disgrace!

Nations have battered on thy brood; each shore

Has been the grave of thy ill-fated race!—

Worse than the grave, for thou hast lived, and bore

Thy wrongs, while death had been a resting-place.

What voice shall now thy captive sons reclaim!

What arm secure thy children that remain!

DOMESTIC SLAVE-TRADERS.

IF there is a class of men that ought to be regarded with universal and unmingled detestation, it is the miserable beings that are often lurking in this city and district, in the character of slave-traders. They are prying into each cabin and kitchen, searching out the circumstances of each person of color; and where they think a *speculation* can be made, endeavoring to effect a purchase. But they do not confine their impertinent inquiries and merciless bargains to the district; they perambulate the country, tempt the planter who has become embarrassed in his finances, and at length succeed in making the requisite purchases: a vessel is chartered, and several hundred of these unfortunate beings are shipped on board for the New Orleans market.

The anguish and despair that are thus occasioned by breaking up the strongest ties of nature, by dragging away children from their parents, brothers from their sisters, and the mother from her infant child, may, perhaps, be conceived, but never described. It is no uncommon thing to see a young female slave, ascertaining that she has been purchased by one of these merciless traders for the Southern market, flying from house to house, endeavoring to sell herself for a higher price than that for which she has been bartered away, so that she may be able to satisfy the demands of her rapacious purchaser, and live and die among her relations.

Were such things transacted on some barbarous coast, where the humanizing influences of civilization and Christianity were unknown, our amazement might be less; but when we see them openly countenanced in a land that boasts of the freedom of its institutions, and the mildness and equity of its laws, we are ready to regard benevolence, virtue, and religion as a mockery.

Reason, justice, and humanity demand of our national Legislature the immediate enactment of a law prohibiting, under severe pains and penalties, this wholesale traffic in human flesh. The man who finds himself in the possession of slaves, entailed upon him perhaps with his patrimonial inheritance, and who treats them kindly, is entitled to our most charitable considerations; but the heartless being who goes about buying up his fellow-creatures, as a mere matter of cold-blooded speculation, instigated only by the most sordid and reckless avarice, merits our unmingled scorn and abhorrence.

His occupation is a piracy on human life and happiness: he thrives on the tears and agonies of his fellow-beings; and the dungeon, with its chains, or the scaffold with its ignominy, ought to be his immediate allotment.

And yet these inhuman monsters are allowed to shelter themselves under the very eye of our Capitol, and to prosecute their fiendish schemes with as much impunity as if life and liberty were meant only for

their sport. The deluded being who lifts his hand against the transportation of a few idle letters and worthless pamphlets, we consign to an unwept grave; but the wretch that, like a vampyre, batters on the life-blood of the community, is allowed to pass unmolested.

UNITED STATES BANK.

WHY should some be so sensitive on the subject of this institution? Why regard every inquiry with distrust and aversion? Why construe every suggestion into an evidence of hostility? It is one thing to stand before an institution as its unqualified enemy; it is another thing to stand before it as an unquestioning worshipper; it is another thing still, to stand before it as one ready to correct the wrong, to strengthen and uphold the right.

Convince the public that an institution is privileged against inquiry; that it is exempt from investigation; that its errors are to be kept a secret, or spoken of only in whispers, and you destroy at once the confidence of the community in that institution. It is the full persuasion that its errors will be known—that its faults will be corrected, its evils rectified—that sustains it in the calm judgment of mankind. Nor is this vigilance and honesty to be the less active and faithful with its friends, because the institution may have its foes. They are not to be excused from correcting real faults because others may be attacking

imaginary ones. It is our weak points that we should fortify; our stronger ones will take care of themselves.

When General Jackson waged his blind, exterminating war against this bank, heading his forces in person, closely investing it with the bristling strength of his beleaguering lines, erecting his engines, and heaving against wall and bastion the full force of his enormous battering-ram, prudence and good policy required the besieged to stand strictly on the defensive; to husband their resources; to strengthen every weak point; to watch every movement of the enemy, and to meet every charge with firmness and composure. But instead of this we had a series of sorties, all gallantly led, it is true, and making a brilliant display, but leaving no permanent impression on the beleaguering foe; while that old battering-ram, undiverted by these transient sallies, was shaking bastion and buttress with the thunders of its impetuous strength. The voice of the old hero in the mean time was heard at every point rebuking the inactive, cheering on the resolute, and shouting for glory or the grave.

But the besieged committed a worse folly than that of their sorties: they sent out scouts and recruiting parties in all quarters—not to bring up forces, to man the walls, and strengthen the besieged citadel, but for an outside battle. So numerous were those sent out in this recruiting capacity, and such the sums

spent to procure their aid, that the citadel itself was fearfully weakened and impoverished. The mercenary troops in the mean time were tardy in coming to the relief of the besieged, and, when they did arrive, they were without an experienced commander, without discipline, or any concerted plan of action. The consequence was, they made a poor fight of it. Some were dismayed, some proved treacherous, some fled, and a few fought like men. But the old hero was too strong for them; too strong in numbers, and too strong in that phrensied resolution which forgets all things else in the achievement of its object.

The fortress, weakened by its sorties, and disappointed in the conduct of its mercenaries, was at last obliged to capitulate; or rather, it threw out a new banner upon the breeze—one in which the glorious star of Pennsylvania shone bright and alone. The besieging general, amazed at the new insignia, and well knowing that it was not against such a banner that he had declared war, seemed at first in doubt how to act. But, suspecting some artifice, he only partially suspended hostilities; but it was enough to give the besieged time for breath, for consultation, and for arranging a new plan of action.

And what was this new plan of action at length adopted? It was to make a new demonstration under this new banner. It was to secure champions and friends for it in the North and the South, in the East and the West; to have it welcomed from a thousand

hills and plains. Under this new enthusiasm, past misfortunes were to be retrieved, lost laurels won, and the tide of victory rolled back on the foe. But all these new alliances, these new friendships, kept drawing heavily on its resources. Every community that sent in its allegiance expected its reward. They required, in some shape, an adequate return for their fealty.

Few communities expected this, and none certainly claimed it, in the form of a direct largess. But they sought it on the face of securities which had no sound claims to the confidence which they required. In this way the energies of the institution, instead of being concentrated or posted where they could be called into immediate action, upon any emergency, were dispersed far and wide, and so mixed up with other interests which had none of its solidity or recuperative force, that their efficiency and ability to render prompt relief was utterly lost. The consequence was disaster, and almost ruin, when the day of trial came.

When we consider the substantial service which this institution had rendered the country, the benefits it had conferred at home and abroad, the good character it had sustained for uprightness, and when we consider, too, the blind malignity with which it was assailed, the fury and force of the war waged against it by General Jackson, we are almost ready to excuse any errors it may have committed flowing from meas-

ures of defence, however fatal they may have proved. But it is worse than idle to say that no such errors have been committed, or that none have occurred which financial ability and moral firmness could have avoided.

Let the errors of the past be our monitors for the future, and let it be our business to correct faults rather than excuse them, to rectify evils rather than seek their concealment.

RESUMPTION DAY.

It would puzzle the pencil of Hogarth to sketch the motley scene presented at the counter of the United States Bank, in Chestnut-street, on the day of its resuming payment. First you would see some active, sharp-sighted broker, very polite, and asking for only some fifty thousand; then would follow a distrustful depositor, half doubting whether it was best after all to burden himself with the specie, and when he had got it, looking for all the world as if he knew not where to go, or what to do with it, and quite ready to accuse his stars for his folly. Not so with the next one; he is a gaunt, tall figure, with a face so thin that only one person can look at it at a time, pinching a few bills in his long, bony fingers, and quite determined to hold on to it with one hand, for fear of some cheat, till the specie shall rattle in the other.

Then comes a Hostess Quickly, with her full, red

face, and go-ahead manner, shaking her bills, and determined to take ample revenge for all the shinplasters and counterfeit notes which her roguish customers have palmed off on her. Then comes up a sailor, taken all aback when he sees the piles of gold and silver, and looking as if ready to knock down the man who had told him the bank was not safe and sound. Then strides up a huge Irishman, bringing his own bill, and those of some dozen others. But what shall he do with the *dollars*? he finds a hole, or suspects there is one, in each of his pockets. So he offs hat and has them thrown into that, when out drops the crown, and the dollars roll around the floor, to the merriment of all save the son of Erin. Then approaches a spare laundress, with her ten-dollar bill, asks for gold, takes the eagle and deposits it safe in her snuff-box before she has stirred an inch from the counter.

Then comes the Ethiopian, with his white ivory flashing through the curl of his dark lips; he has somehow got a ten-dollar bill, wants it all in fifty-cent pieces, shoves the shiners into his pockets, ejaculating as he turns away, "I guess we'll empty their big box for them to-day." Then strides up a locofoco with his elbows out, and his nose red enough to illuminate his footsteps in the darkest night, "Here, Mister, is a shinplaster of yours; if it's good for any thing, give us the hard stuff." Then comes wheezing along a countryman, with a bag on his back filled

with specie, rolls it from his shoulder upon the counter, and requests its amount in bank bills. Had a man sprung out of his grave, the astonishment of the motley group could not have been greater. The women dropped their specie, the locofoco stood speechless, the pickpocket forgot he had fingers, and Hostess Quickly was pale and still as Lot's wife in monumental salt.

MAY DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

SPRING-TIME is a season full of hope and promise. It is symbolical of youth, and its opening is worthy to be kept with innocent pastimes, and as a joyous holiday. The beautiful customs of the rural population of England have never yet been introduced among their descendants in this country. "May Day" is hardly known with us, except as a season of common, social congratulation. In England it is kept as a festival full of delightful interest, its associations being of the most joyous and fascinating character. The season there is one of rich horticultural beauty, the meadows throwing off the delicious fragrance of their wild-flowers, while the hill-sides blossom with the woodbine and honeysuckle. In many of the villages the custom of celebrating May Day is kept alive. It beautifully tends to infuse poetical feeling into common life, while it sweetens and softens the rudeness of rustic manners without destroying their simplicity.

In England, the "May-pole" is erected in some choice and beautiful spot. It is decked with jessamines, and garlands of flowers, and honeysuckles hung in beautiful clusters from its summit. The youth of both sexes join in the rural dance and song, and pastimes of the most guileless nature are enjoyed by the unsophisticated population of the rural districts. The "Queen" selected to preside, becomes the object of distinguished admiration, often bringing the most ambitious swain at her rustic feet. The influence of this beautiful season has been most salutary in England, but it declines with the chilling habits of gain, and as the country mawkishly apes the customs and fashions of the town.

With us but few rural customs are known, and none are extensively observed among the rustic population. Yet the season of spring-time comes alike to all with welcome loveliness. The dreary winter has passed, and nature, throwing off the cheerless embrace of cold and tempest, gladly opens her bosom to the warm dalliance of soft winds and yellow sunshine. Man and beast alike feel the reviving influence of the genial warmth which this season of youthful beauty diffuses. Vegetation revives, and the world teems with resuscitated vegetable, animal, and insect life.

The green lawn brightens with its fresh verdure. The buds swell and open, and the foliage thickens upon the leafless forest-trees. Birds, those sweet

messengers of love, and objects of refined admiration, carol on house-top and bush, and swell their gay notes even among the dust and clamor of the great city. Flowers spring up by the narrow walk, and the fragrance of the rose diffuses its rich perfume at every opening window. The honeysuckle throws out its tendrils and clings to whatever it finds to lean upon, while the woodbine climbs up the dizzy wall, as if in reach of light and a pure atmosphere; and household plants, which have been hid from the rough wind of winter and the cold sunbeams, are now seen at the open lattice, turning their bright tints and lily hues to the warm sun, and drinking in the soft winds of spring-time.

ASSOCIATIONS OF CHRISTMAS.

THE one hundred and twenty bells which hang in the turrets of Mafra castle, are now in joyful chime. That old cathedral bell of England, which at other times only wakes up to toll the death of kings, hath found a merry tongue. All the bells which swing in the countless towers of christendom, are now pouring their music forth to hail this happy morn. Palace and cottage, the swelling city and the castled steep, catch and return the glad echoes. The young yield themselves to festive mirth, and the aged are happy again ere they depart this earth. The eyes of the dying light up; and immortal hope cheers even the gloom of the grave.

This should be the happiest day in the year. It has a source of gladness all its own. This is not the greeting of friends, nor the gathering of childhood and age once more around the family hearth. It is not the interchange of kind wishes, or the mingling of glad voices over the banqueting board. It is not that bright promise which greets the glance of the father in the face of his boy, nor those smiles of infant beauty over which the mother hangs in transport; nor is it that sacred tie which binds a brother's pride to a sister's confiding love.

It is a love beyond this, beyond all that human heart hath known. It was born far back in the depth of ages. No earthly splendor encircled its cradle; no philosophy taught it lessons of wisdom; no systems of humanity matured it into higher strength. Yet at its word sorrow forgot its tears, and despair smiled—the lame leaped like the roe, the deaf listened to unwonted harmonies, the blind caught visions of transcendent beauty, the dumb shouted for joy, and the dead left the dark prison of the grave.

But this love was unrequited; it was persecuted and betrayed. The form in which it dwelt was mangled on the cross, and yet it prayed for those who did the deed. Over its divinity death had no power; it rose from out the gloom of the grave; poured its light over the hills of Palestine, over the isles of Greece, and through the palaces of imperial Rome. The divinities of superstition saw it and fled; while

the dark systems of philosophy, like shadows at the break of morn, melted away in its light.

Ages have passed away, nations disappeared, the storms of revolution and time swept over the wrecks of human greatness, but this divine light still streams on. It glows this day over the city of David; it is hailed in the baronial halls of England; it gleams amid the relics of Rome; it kindles along the icy cliffs of Greenland; it melts over the dark bosom of Africa; it illumines the isles of the southern seas; it pours its splendors along the banks of the Ganges.

It is this light which cheers our temples; which sanctifies the hearth of our homes; which fills this day the swelling city, the quiet hamlet, and the aisles of the deep forest with hymns of gratitude and devotion. This is that light which came from heaven; that love whose mission of mercy flows to all lands, and which will yet reach the sorrows of every human heart.

The voice of the angels, as in Bethlehem, still peals the anthem, PEACE ON EARTH AND GOOD-WILL TO MEN; and the cross of Christ stands now as it stood eighteen hundred years ago, unworn by age, and throwing its sacred light through the earth. Repentant multitudes through the past have turned to it, and forsaken the paths of guilt and error. Good men in all ages have lifted to it the eye of faith, and talked of its glories in their dying hour. Martyrs at the stake, the scaffold, and the block, have looked to it and forgotten their persecutors and their pains! No wonder then

that the angels watched that hour when the Saviour was born—that they hymned, in seraphic numbers, that love which induced the Son of God to veil his divinity in mortal form, and which made him the hope and refuge of a lost world !

It is this event for which these Christmas bells are in chime. It is this event that has given such beauty and brightness to this morn. It is this event that has poured such a tide of happiness and love through the myriads of hearts that beat in Christian lands. May this happiness, dear reader, be thine ; may this love be the light of thy soul ; may this Saviour be to thee the chief among ten thousand. This choice and affection his fidelity will repay ; he will be thy stay and strength when other supports shall fail ; he will sustain thee when the lamp of life goes out, and graciously remember thee in that day when he shall number up his jewels.

EARLY RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION.

It has been argued by one of the popular female writers of the present age, that religion ought not to be taught in early life, lest the mature faculties should be trammelled or misguided by early impressions, and should thus fail of arriving at the truth. It seems a pity that one so learned as Miss Edgeworth should appear not to have discerned the distinction between *personal religion* and *technical theology* ; or, if she discerned it, she perhaps confounded the two

together, as the French infidels did Popery and the Christian religion, for the purpose of effecting the ruin of both.

We will not at present advocate the opinion that all children and youth should be made theologians. But now, and ever, we shall neither be afraid nor ashamed to maintain that the conscience of all, that spiritual censorium of whatever is salutary or pernicious, that secret but heavenly monitor, should be rendered and kept as susceptible, active, and efficient as possible; and that religious motives should be brought to act with all their power on youthful minds, to deter them from dangers which are fatal to so many, and to urge them onward to excellent attainments.

It seems almost idle, on this subject, to appeal to Scripture, if it has ever been read. Its decision appears to us full, clear, and unequivocal. If its numerous injunctions to teach its truths to the young, and to bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, mean what we suppose they must mean, there can be no dispute with regard to early religious instruction, except with infidels, or those who merit the name by their perversion or neglect of the Bible. But with such we are willing to argue briefly on other than Scriptural grounds.

In the first place, then, we assert, without fear of contradiction, that in communities where the Bible is a common book, for every young person that is in-

jured by error, superstition, fanaticism, or moroseness, derived from early religious impressions, there are tens and hundreds that are far more injured for the want of seasonable religious instruction. What are, in fact, the great sources of vice and ruin to the young in such communities? Who ever heard of religion, pure or erroneous, amidst their scenes of idleness, quarrelling, gambling, drinking, revelry, drunkenness, prodigality, and debauchery, except when it sounds a secret note of alarm, through an accusing but stifled conscience? It will be a new era in the history of such communities, when these ruinous irregularities can be ascribed to the errors, and not to the want of early religious instruction.

The actual evils, then, of religious mistake, under the advantages which we enjoy, are no more to be compared to the evils which religion is designed and calculated to prevent and remedy, than a cold or headache to the pestilence. It is proposed, however, to substitute wordly considerations for the mighty power of religious motives; as if they had not been tried before; as if the world were reforming too rapidly; as if the furious horse, even while he is bursting through the barriers of brass and shattering curbs of steel, may be considered already mild enough to be led by a hair, or confined by hedges of poppies; as if the temptations of the age may be warded by a shield of bulrushes, and rampant nature

in the blood and brains of youth may be checked and controlled by curbs of tinsel.

We look at the tests of experience. We look at the actual condition of society. We have no respect for those Utopian schemes which are not at all adapted to that condition, but to the imaginary condition of an imaginary people. We have thus far advocated early religious instruction, merely for the sake of worldly benefits and worldly advantages. We have not taken into the account the infinite importance of preparing, in due season and in a proper manner, for a certain and unchangeable eternity.

We slight mere worldly motives, in training the young, not only on account of their comparative inefficacy, but on account of their actual tendency, as it is very often exhibited. Fashion and custom are the almost universal powers of worldly principalities; and it need not be told how despotic is their sway among worldly motives, nor how often they are even hostile to the purity of virtue, the correctness of taste, and the excellence of character.

Besides, the youthful heart is apt to aspire to mere greatness: it may be greatness of merit or greatness in crime; and it naturally pants no more to emulate a Solon or a Daniel, than a Tamerlane or Bonaparte. Though it is seen that the indulgence of vicious propensities is in general a hindrance to great attainments, yet as there are some exceptions to this general rule, and as each fancies himself one of the num-

ber, he is not unlikely to endeavor to make his way, through the recklessness of moral restraints, to the distinction which he desires. Thus, for one chance of guilty eminence, he runs a thousand of wretched debasement.

If these views are correct; if there is an obligation resting somewhere to bring information and motives from the eternal world to bear upon the movements of the youthful mind, and to aid in the formation of the youthful character, it doubtless rests especially on those to whose care they are intrusted, in the eventful and often dangerous connections and transitions of colleges, schools, and academies; where, separated from the restraints and happy influence of home, they are hastening to a moral and intellectual maturity, and putting forth a profusion of bloom which many a mildew threatens to blight, and many a corrupting contagion may turn to excrescence or bring to premature decay.

CUSTOMS AT FUNERALS.

FASHION obtrudes itself even at the threshold of the grave. Customs have been established which often give pain to the sober. Yet they must be observed by the most discreet. When a friend dies, the dwelling of the departed should not become the resort of the curious or vacant crowd. None but the most intimate of the family circle should presume to ask admittance. Quietness is essential to absorbing grief,

and strange faces pain hearts which are wrung with bitterness and anguish. We would dispense with all the machinery of preparation, where tailors, mantua-makers, and milliners congregate, to talk gossip and speculate upon dress and the latest fashions. There is in all these hurried and jarring operations, where the dead lies untombed, a mockery of woe.

Private funerals are most impressive. They are in accordance with the sensitive feelings, which shun contact with observation, when bleeding from complicated wounds. Funerals should be simple, unostentatious, not disfigured with pomp, and parade, and nodding plumes, in long procession. The shocking mummery of hired mourners, seen in an array of empty carriages, whether bipeds or quadrupeds, should be rejected as an abomination. The religious exercises should be condensed, comprehensive, and suitably fitted to the place, the person, and the occasion. The simple prayer of affection at the burial of a virtuous man, in a village grave-yard, is more touching and impressive than all the regal pomp and mercenary display thrones can command. We would that the lifeless remains should be deposited in the grave with simplicity and reverence, with the entire absence of heartless show and empty pageantry. This is in accordance with chastened taste. Certainly they have the sanction of Christianity.

PROVINCE OF SABBATH-SCHOOLS.

THE modesty of the Sabbath-school institution brought upon it at first the indifference of some—the contempt of others. But there were those who had the wisdom to perceive that merit does not always consist in noise and parade, and who, overlooking the comparative insignificance of the institution, and fixing their eyes on remote results, found in it an importance which appealed to their deepest sympathies, and warranted their most strenuous efforts. They saw consequences flowing from this institution which involved the highest interests of society; they determined by self-denial and indefatigable exertions to sustain it, and for years plied their humble task with the patience and zeal of the martyr. No orator lifted an eloquent voice in eulogy of their sacrifices and efforts; no poet rolled their silent triumphs through his applauding numbers; yet they went on with unfaltering constancy and firmness. Such courage and perseverance show that piety has within itself that which can dispense with the stimulants of human applause.

They who are engaged in giving instructions in the Sabbath-school are molding the very elements of society; they are filling the future with the living monuments of their own virtue. They are training for posterity the advocates of piety and patriotism, whose influence will be felt in the undisclosed destinies of this nation. They are fashioning for a

brighter sphere spirits over whom death and the grave have no power.

It is this living and acting for the future that dignifies and ennobles life; it is this supreme reference to interests which shall quicken when we are dead, that invests our conduct with abiding greatness; and this is the homage which this nation owes every individual who is submitting to the self-denying labors of the Sabbath-school. The most retired female in these nurseries of morality and religion is touching a string that will vibrate when all the harps of mortal minstrelsy are silent; she is lighting a taper that will burn when suns expire; she is laying a train of influences which will move on when the schemes of the profoundest politician shall have reached their utmost limit.

There is, in our opinion, no institution upon earth so humble in its pretensions, and, at the same time, so commanding in its effects, as that of the Sabbath-school. It exists among us without noise, operates without parade, and is accomplishing the most stupendous results without any of the showy appendages that usually accompany a great enterprise. It is like a stream which has no cataracts to astonish us with their magnificent thunder, but which winds along in the tranquil valley, asserting its existence only in the life and verdure which appear along its course.

THE FORCE OF PARENTAL EDUCATION.

THE parent should never resign his child to the influence of chance, and do nothing for him because he cannot do every thing. He can aid in the development of his faculties; he can turn the current of feelings into suitable channels; he can fix his attention on worthy objects. He can present examples of sublime eminence in poetry, and tempt the wing of his fancy towards heaven; he can pour the impassioned language of the orator on his ear, and waken his heart to the majesty of eloquence; he can spread before him the results of science, and rouse his curiosity; he can echo the language of the dying patriot, and kindle a love of country; he can call up the sentiments of the martyr to virtue, and inspire a veneration for exalted goodness. These young sentiments he can nourish; he can plant them as vigorous shoots deep in the soul; he can twine them with the roots of every principle in his moral and intellectual being; and, if the harvest does not equal his reasonable expectations, his withered hopes will at least find consolation in the consciousness of duties discharged.

In the power of habit, however, he has a strong, though conditional pledge of success. This mysterious power, by uniting itself with the tenderness of our nature, lays the foundation for improvement, and becomes the guarantee of exalted excellence; or it hastens our progress to ruin, and binds us over to ir-

retrievable sorrow. We may be insensible to its transforming power, and dream only of its imbecility; but when the reverie of our dream is past, we shall find that under its subtle energy our tendencies, whether good or bad, have been strengthened; that our characters have become more fixed, and that we are nearer the illustrious limit which mortality has affixed to human excellence; or nearer that inglorious grave, where we can hope to escape shame and contempt only in the forgetfulness of mankind.

The parent may gaze with prying intensity upon his infant boy—catch eagerly every expression that breaks from his undissembling features—watch the gathering intimations of intelligence, and the brightening dawn of reflection; he may discover in his countenance a resemblance to that of men who have been eminent in genius, learning, and patriotism; and he may fancy that he has ascertained what age will do for this young object of his solicitude; but it is mere fancy—aside from the influence he can exert on his education, he can form no rational conjecture respecting the future character of his child.

For aught he can tell, the difficult sciences may lie beyond the grasp of his intellect, the regions of poetry soar beyond the reach of his genius, and the political creed of his nation lie beyond the extent of his comprehension; or the dark lineaments of vice may one day creep over that countenance—the deep

shadows of unbridled passion cast over that brow, or the weight of accumulated sorrows crush that heart which now beats joyfully to his clasping hand. He may, indeed, realize his glorious hopes in the future happiness, the moral and intellectual elevation of his child; but these are to be the result of circumstances over which he has so limited a control, that he cannot calculate on it with assurance.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

WE were in the Hall of the House of Representatives, when the concerted attack of the South and West on the old statesman of Massachusetts unrolled its thunder. It was fierce and terrific; it seemed to embody the bursting force of long accumulated wrath. It came down with a shock that took away men's breath. It for a time overpowered even sympathy, and left the victim of its vengeance silent and solitary under the appalling crime of perjury and treason. The silence which followed was like that which invests the verdict of a jury awarding death!

In this silence the old statesman slowly rose from his seat, feeble under the weight of years; the dim light of the Hall falling faintly on his bald head, and touching the few gray hairs that remained. He stood there the representative of the past; the survivor of a generation now gone; and his own step only lingering ere it should bear him to the silent

assemblage of the dead. He was calm ; passion was still ; a sense of wrong and a consciousness of right shed over him an air of solemn dignity and repose—

“ His look

Drew audience and attention still as night,
Or summer's noontide air.”

The old man knew his strength, and where it lay. A few bold strokes at constitutional law, and the principles involved in our great charter of freedom, and light flashed forth : the dark accusations of his opponents melted away like vapor at the rising sun. He now stood as one on a lofty rock from which the clouds have passed, challenging himself the spirits of the departing storm.

To his accuser from the West, who had been seduced into the position of a prosecutor by false friends, he was somewhat lenient. Still, he swept away his legal pretensions, and left his judicial claims only that bewildered respect inspired by his other qualities. The pity reserved for the accused, strayed off through an unexpected channel to meet the wants of the accuser.

To his accuser from the South he was less lenient, as his attack had flown obviously from the most malicious motives. Fastening his steady eye upon him, he said—There came into this House a few years since, a man stained with the crime of murder : his expulsion was proposed ; I threw myself

between that man and the execution of this purpose, declaring against the constitutional competency of this House to sit in judgment on the crime. This man now comes here, with the blood of a fellow-being still dripping from his garments, and charges me with *perjury* and *treason* for having presented a petition! Let him go and appease the shade of the murdered Cilley; let him purge from his soul

“The deep damnation of his taking off.”

Here he paused, when ——, pale and confounded, rose, and sought to escape responsibility through a deeper implication of his associates. He sought to heave the crime from his own breast upon that of others, and to effect this, violated all the obligations of personal friendship, all the sanctities of private confidence. Such is the *honor* of duelling when put to the test.

We have noticed this scene, not for the purpose of casting odium on the accusers of Mr. Adams, but to bring out one great practical truth—the moral power of being in the right. It was this which gave the accused his strength, his defence, his vindication. It was this sacred constitutional right of the constituent to petition his representative, which armed him against the most fearful odds and rendered him invincible. This *right* is independent of abolition movements; it derives not its breath or being from that quarter. The slave question has

only brought it to the *test*; it will survive the ordeal and triumph. It will live, assert itself, direct opinion, and shape measures, when they who have battled against it have moldered in their graves.

We must come back again to the ways of our forefathers. We must select men of years, experience, and practical wisdom, as legislators. We must dismiss young Hotspurs to the stumps and pot-houses from whence they came. Even, if sober in their habits, they must still tarry in Jericho till their beards are grown. Their youth, inexperience, noisy oratory, and sprouting ambition, are a burlesque on grave legislation. How we were ever weak enough to send them, is one of those problems in human folly which will never be explained. But there they are, and there they will remain till we supply their places with men better fitted to the station.

Their situation is as much a subject of ridicule among themselves, as it is of humiliation to the public. They have one merit, at least, that of properly appreciating each other. No one mistakes his companion for a Solon. He knows full well where sound may pass for sense, and silly personalities assume the shape of sober reproof. They have wit sufficient to discover the faults of others, though not enough to detect their own. This partial sagacity age may perhaps mature into something better: they may then perhaps be returned to the places which they now occupy. But till then, it would be kindness to

them, as well as a duty to the public, to allow them to remain at home. One old statesman like John Quincy Adams, can rout a hundred of them. He merely uses one portion of them as weapons with which to demolish the rest; or he ties them together, like Sampson's foxes, with fire-brands in their tails.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

To be misrepresented, abused, calumniated, is the penalty which greatness pays for station. The same individual who is slandered in a public position, in a private one passes unharmed. Calumnies are like storms, striking with the greatest force the most elevated objects.

Were Daniel Webster a private citizen, or merely exercising his great powers at the bar, who believes that the slanders with which he is now assailed would have been set afloat? Even if there had been just occasion, calumny would only have spoken in whispers; but it is now open-mouthed and unscrupulous. It has at last, however, committed one of those excesses in which even calumny destroys itself. It had passed so long unrebuked, that, gathering impudence and assurance from previous impunity, it at last took a fatal stride, and perished in the enormity of the outrage attempted on the innocent. It was like a wild beast rushing at a man on the edge of a precipice, and which, missing its object, plunges itself over the steep verge and perishes in the abyss.

It has been our lot to spend not a few of our years in Washington city. We have there had an opportunity of seeing how great men are made and how they are unmade. There are three methods of destroying a man among the political cliques that annually assemble there. One is, by assailing his intellectual claims, and pouring affected contempt on the aid he can bring to a cause. Another is, by impeaching his political principles, perverting their character, rendering them odious, and, if possible, infamous with the public. A third is, by undermining his moral character, overthrowing his private virtues, and shuddering with affected horror over his unrelieved depravity.

No man from any section of the country, or from the bosom of any party, ever went to Washington to occupy a commanding political position, who was not assailed through one or more of these three channels. We challenge the individual who may question the correctness of this allegation, to find a solitary exception to its sweeping truth. Let him call to mind all the great names that have figured at the seat of Government, and designate, if he can, *one* who has not been attacked, abused, and slandered, in one of the three forms which we have named. Even Washington, he will find, did not escape jealousy and reproach.

Mr. Webster could not be reached through his intellectual claims, for they were known and confessed

of all men. He could not be successfully assailed through his political principles, for these, as exhibited in the weightier actions of his life, were regarded as sound and patriotic. His private character, however, remained as a medium of attack. This is what no public acts can thoroughly protect in any one: the visible cannot serve as a protection for the invisible—the known, for the unknown. Here, then, lay the great point of attack.

Out of this unknown, monsters were formed to suit the most malevolent purpose, and then against these creations a constant flight of arrows were discharged, till, at last, a portion of the public, deceived and duped in the matter, began to believe in the reality of the objects against which this war of virtuous indignation was carried on. They who sped the shafts knew they were shooting at shadows; or, rather, through shadows, at virtue, uprightness, and commanding worth. The arrows ever rebounded; often wounding and killing those who threw them. But the wounded were bandaged, and the dead buried unseen and in silence.

The man who may now believe the slanders heaped on Mr. Webster, and congratulate himself on his exemption from such faults, should he exchange situations with that great statesman, might soon find his own character and claims crumbling away under the assaults of his adversaries. Personal jealousy, party interest, and political rancor,

would not spare him. He might appeal to his integrity, his uncorrupted honor, but his appeal would be in vain. The martyr at the stake might as well talk of that faith which led to his persecution, and for which the fagot has been lighted. If such would inevitably be our own fate, we should have a little charity for those who share it in our stead. This war on Mr. Webster has been carried on longer than that which levelled the strength of ancient Troy. But the citadel of his fame still holds out; bastion and tower remain. There it stands, and there it will continue to stand, through this and coming generations. Time will hallow, but not impair its strength; while each departing year will cast upon it an imperishable garland!

DEATH OF GENERAL HARRISON.

THE President is no more! He breathed his last at half past twelve to-night. He was aware of his approaching end; anticipated it with composure and Christian resignation. It brought with it to him no terrors, no dismay, though it will fill multitudes with surprise and sorrow. The sudden and fatal termination of his disease was apprehended more by himself than others. He retained his reason, with a good degree of vividness and force, to the last: his energies rallied at intervals, but were at last overpowered. He took leave of his family and friends as one that is going on a journey, and expects soon to meet again

those from whom he parts. The members of the cabinet were present, and received his last injunction. Tears fell from eyes that seldom weep. He died like a statesman and a Christian; his last thoughts were for his country, his last hopes in his God.

“YOU UNDERSTAND THE PRINCIPLES OF THE CONSTITUTION—YOU WILL SEE THAT THEY ARE FAITHFULLY CARRIED OUT,” were the last words uttered by William Henry Harrison. Overpowered by his disease, he had sunk into a state of apparent insensibility, but before this relapse, had requested that the Vice-President be sent for; in his reverie that followed he had, it would seem, imagined his request fulfilled, when emerging with sudden energy from this state, he fastened his eyes wildly on his supposed friend, and uttered the words which I have quoted; then sunk away and soon breathed his last!

His death has filled all hearts with grief and gloom. The event has come so suddenly that no one seemed prepared to meet it; indeed it now seems more like some tragic dream than a mournful reality. Men can hardly persuade themselves that WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON is dead. But, alas! it is true; and we must bow resignedly to this afflictive dispensation of an all-wise Providence.

But one month, and what a change of condition in the man of our choice! How wide the extremes separated by this brief interval of time! Then he stood forth encircled with the splendors of the in-

auguration, and the enthusiastic confidence of millions. Now he lies in the silent embrace of death! Thousands came to utter their congratulations, and invest him with the high robes of his office. They will now come to pay the tribute of their tears, and wrap him in the dark pall of the hearse! With him life, light, and a nation's love, are all exchanged for the perpetual night of the grave!

Men will long speak of his worth, and mourn his death; but the tokens of their reverence and sorrow can never reach him. They who sought to darken his fair fame, and defeat his honorable ambition, will now relent, but their regrets can never pass the stern barrier of his repose. The voice of eulogy, and the tones of accusation will fall alike unheard on the stillness of his tomb! The flowers may spring there, the young tree put forth its green leaves, and the birds sing in its branches, but his senses are all sealed to their freshness and melody. The soldier will still rouse himself at the roll of the morning drum, but that rallying call will never more break the slumbers of his rest. With him the weapons of war are all laid aside, and the watch-fires have gone out! When will it be morn in the grave!

He is gone! the moral workman has been removed, but the principles which he has molded abide; the torch has been quenched, but the lamp it has lighted still burns on; the bow has been broken, but the arrow is sped and will reach its destination. William

Henry Harrison is dead, but the light and influence of his virtues survive, and the moral elements of this nation will long show the evidences of their vigor and purity, as the western sky, when the sun has set, still betrays the glowing traces of the departed orb.

From the pale relic that now awaits only the last sad tribute of our respect, an admonition comes to each and to all—"Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh." Shall that voice pass unheeded? shall the accents of the dead be lightly regarded? The web may have left the loom that is to weave our shroud; the tree may have left the forest that is to build our coffin; before another sun goes down we may find a grave sunk across our path: beyond that grave we cannot go; and the character which we carry with us down into its silent recesses, we carry with us to the tribunal of our God.

FUNERAL OF PRESIDENT HARRISON.

WASHINGTON, April 7, 1841.

THE funeral service for the deceased President was performed in the great saloon of the Executive mansion. The coffin was placed in the centre; in a wide circle around it were seated the members of the bereaved family, the Vice-President and Cabinet, ex-President Adams, with the late Secretaries of State and War, the foreign ministers, the attending physicians, the twenty-four pall-bearers, and the clergy.

The rest of the saloon was filled with ladies and gentlemen anxious to participate in the solemnities of the occasion. The service was read by the Rev. Dr. Halley of this city, out of the Bible and Prayer-book purchased by Gen. Harrison, for his private use, a few weeks since in this city. He found the mansion without either of these books, and his first business was to procure them.

It is a singular circumstance, and pleasing as it is singular, that the last chapter which General Harrison read in his Bible, is the one so much used in the burial service; it is the 15th of the 1st of Corinthians. Had it pleased an all-wise Providence to spare the life of the deceased President, the Executive mansion would have presented a good example of religious decorum and domestic piety. But for ends, mysterious to us, it has been ordered otherwise. It becomes us, without a murmur, to bow to this bereavement. Our plans and purposes are the result of a knowledge that is dim and imperfect; they are overruled by superior wisdom and goodness for our benefit. Bereavement and affliction often lay us under the deepest obligations to their Author. Prosperity may make us gay, but adversity makes us wise, and sorrows sanctified make us good. It is the fruitions of a higher state for which we should live; the happiness of a better world for which we should be willing to resign the pleasures of this.

This is a dark day; dark in its aspect; still darker

in its events. The clouds hang in heavy masses, and cast far and wide below their desponding shadows; the city is veiled in gloom, every dwelling is dressed in the coronals of the grave. The vast multitudes that have assembled to witness the solemnities of the day, are wrapt in silent sorrow; it is the stillness of an all-pervading grief for the departed—the voiceless homage of man's heart to death. Only the great river moves on its wonted way; *that* still rolls to the ocean—an emblem of our eternal existence.

The solemn service for the dead now fills the gloomy halls of the Executive mansion. In its dark saloons kneel the beauty of the city, the associates of the deceased, the renowned in the field, the forum, and pulpit, and the condoling dignitaries of other lands. Upon all falls a deep sense of bereavement, and a sad earnest of the time when they who weep will claim for themselves these last tokens of respect and sorrow. All are bound to the inevitable grave, and the revisions of the judgment-bar.

The body is borne in slow and solemn state from the portals of the mansion to the armed lines; they open and receive it with presented arms. Then wakes from martial bands the deep anthem of the dead. Then peals aloud from steeple and tower the monotone of the funeral knell; then rolls from the steps of the capitol the thunders of the minute-gun.

The coffin, veiled in darkness, and wreathed with that type of our immortality which blooms in the ever-

green, is lifted to the sable hearse. Amid the undying leaf lies the roll of the Constitution. Six milk-white steeds, each with its African groom in white, and all draped in mourning, are to roll the funeral car. The procession, stretching far away till distance becomes dim, is formed. Flashing arms, glancing helmets, nodding plumes, the liveries of state, and banners in the dark symbols of grief, wave over all. The roll of the muffled drum, through the intervals of the column, gives the signal, and the long procession, with slow and measured tread, moves forward. It comes down the wide avenue which lies through the heart of the city. Every building that lines it is in mourning. The thousands that from pavement, porch, roof, and balcony watch its progress, are mute; and every ear is turned to the solemn dirge of the dead. The sigh of sorrow breaks from the oppressed heart; tears fall from eyes that seldom weep.

The tomb, on the living outline of the city, is at length reached; the procession is suspended in its steps; the body is borne from the funeral car to the silent chambers of its last receptacle; a voice ascends clear and distinct over the silent multitude, uttering, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; yea, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them." The heavy door of the sepulchre returns upon its complaining hinges, closing in darkness the departed; when the silence is again

broken by the volleyed thunder of the last farewell—a prelude of that louder summons which will one day break up the sleep of the grave!

Thus rest in peace, and sacred trust, the remains of William Henry Harrison—beloved in life, honored in death, and embalmed in the grateful recollections of his country. May his mantle fall upon his successor, and the nation realize the anxious bequest conveyed in his dying injunction.

MR. CLAY AND MR. KING.

THE reconciliation of these distinguished senators affords unalloyed pleasure to a large circle of personal and political friends. It is precisely the course which gentlemen, possessing a just sense of honor and personal responsibility, would pursue. No man should hesitate to admit a wrong, or acknowledge an error, when it becomes apparent. To retreat from a bad position, which nothing but misunderstanding led one to assume, is not only virtuous, but an imperative duty. The language of menace and detraction which is used to such an alarming extent among the members of Congress, demands the serious attention of that body. Reformation and reform are needed in the legislative halls, at Washington, quite as much as economy is desired in the finances of the government. The rudeness and insults which are daily in vogue there, are subjects of fruitful offence every

where, and are exceedingly painful to the minds of reflecting, and honest private citizens.

The conciliatory course pursued by these gentlemen will have its influence, we confidently believe, in another way. It may lead smaller and more desperate politicians to follow out an equally politic course when their honor is thought to be doubted or their characters impeached. One instance of virtuous forbearance between distinguished men, such as the case under consideration, will exert a prodigious influence upon public sentiment. We hope it will do something to check the career of the cold-blooded duellist; that public feeling may not be wounded, and the character of the country again outraged by the sanguinary deeds of members of Congress. The wrongs inflicted upon the moral sensibilities of the nation by the wanton sacrifice of Cillely, are not yet healed or forgotten. God grant that this species of fashionable butchery may no longer be tolerated by public sentiment, or enacted by those who lead in the great political and social improvements of the country. We rejoice that the Executive no longer smiles upon the barbarous practice of duelling. May we not hope that his frowns upon the ferocious custom will not only bring it into dispute in private life, but also brand it with infamy in elevated stations?

DEATH OF GENERAL JACKSON.

THE intelligence of the death of General Jackson, which reached us yesterday morning, will produce, wherever it shall travel, no slight sensation. He was no common man. All the features of his mental and moral constitution were strongly marked. He would have possessed a striking individuality of character in any community. His virtues were never veiled by a shrinking modesty, and no hypocrisy ever disguised his faults.

As a military leader, his courage and sagacity have never been questioned. He may have been impetuous, but he backed up his impetuosity with all the powers which he possessed. His strength lay not in the maturity of his counsels, but in the quickness of his sagacity, and the promptitude of his action. The qualities which crowned him with victory at New Orleans, would probably have covered him with disaster in the Revolution. He had an iron endurance when action had commenced, but an uncontrollable impatience at the delay of a decision. If the beam trembled long on the level, he made a preponderance, and trusted the consequences to the energy of his conduct.

As a statesman he was patriotic in his purposes, and extremely arbitrary in enforcing them. His opinions were rather the result of impulses than a calm comprehensive survey of facts. His generosity might be touched, but his will was inflexible. His

determinations were never shaken by menace or defeated by difficulties. He was a democrat in his creed and in his social intercourse, and an irresponsible dictator in discharging his Executive functions.

He regarded the constitution as the sacred ark of liberty, but interpreted for himself the inscription on the tables which it contained. He set his iron heel on the decisions of the Supreme Court, but forced a refractory state, at the point of the bayonet, to reverence the authority of that tribunal. He respectfully submitted his nominations to the Senate, but in the event of their rejection still kept the incumbent in place. He acknowledged the constitutional competency of two-thirds of the popular branch of our national legislature to pass a law which met with his official disapprobation, but effectually defeated it by retaining it in his possession.

He overthrew, with Spartan perseverance, a national bank, that might have been rechartered, had his prejudice been conciliated and not his power defied. He threw his political opponents from place, not to gratify personal hostility, but to appease the clamor of pretended friends. It was his crowning calamity, as a statesman, to have confided where he should have distrusted, and distrusted where he should have confided.

As a citizen he was beloved and respected. He was as sincere in his friendships as he was undiguisèd in his hostilities. He was courteous alike to all. His

amenity never forsook him, unless in some paroxysm of anger, and this was transient. The heavens became clear again when the cloud had passed, and even before its thunder had ceased among the reverberating hills. Even in his stormiest hours the memory of his departed wife would come over him, serene as the bow arching the tumult and terror of the cataract. His manifestations of the religious sentiment shone out like stars between the broken rack of the sky. His last days were brightened with the steadfast hope of a happy immortality. He died with an unquenchable faith in the merits of the Redeemer. He will be remembered for his valor, for his iron force of character, and the Christian meekness in which he rendered back his being. He has left his impress on his age: an impress which time, disaster, and death will never efface.

WALTER COLTON IN THE PULPIT.

IN this volume of Remains hitherto, and in the previous volumes, we have seen Mr. Colton as a traveller, a journalist, a poet, a satirist, and a moralizer. It is in place also to present him now as a sermonizer; handling the deep things of God, holding forth the word of life, arguing with the reason, grappling with the conscience, addressing himself to the religious sensibilities of his fellow-men, and inviting them to Christ as a Christian minister.

Mr. Colton never prepared a sermon for the press, nor was he in the habit of writing his discourses in full. An intimate friend and relative, who may be supposed to have known well his habits, says of him, that he very seldom read a sermon, and scarcely ever had the original manuscript about him. "Before going into the pulpit he almost invariably prepared, for the time, a new brief. That paper was torn up on leaving the pulpit; and if he preached the same sermon on the next Sabbath, the brief was again written, occupying usually less than the space of half a sheet of letter-paper. His manner in the pulpit was always dignified and solemn. I never heard him there indulge in a quip or merry turn. In preaching he was as far from any thing like levity as any man I ever knew. There was in his matter and manner a something which chained and held the hearer."

His sermons seem to have been logical in their construction, and eminently beautiful in their diction and illustrations; and the impressions they left upon the hearer were always solemn. He was a close preacher, and came down at once upon the conscience and heart. He knew that sailors wanted a something that would pierce and probe, and his aim was to give that to them. He clung to the last to those principles of Christian belief often termed Puritan, wherein he had been trained in early

life. He used the Episcopal service at the Naval Station, and on board the man-of-war, but for other reasons than any preference of his own.

A clerical acquaintance in Philadelphia gives this testimony in regard to his preaching while there: "As religious worship was observed at the Naval Station only in the morning of the Sabbath, Mr. Colton frequently preached for me in the afternoon or evening, and always to the great acceptance and profit of the people of my charge. The train of his thoughts was always original and instructive; his illustrations, beautiful and striking; his style, chaste and simple; and his applications deeply solemn and impressive."

Respecting one of the sermons that follow here, it is proper for the Editor to add that it is the substance of that with regard to which Mr. Colton himself said, in a letter to his brother, that the most animating and gladdening thing that ever occurred to him, was when a lady of great influence in the South told him that her attention was first excited to personal religion by his sermon on the soul. "I would not," said he, "exchange that fact, and the results that followed in her case, for all the laurels which the most successful literary course could win."

A long period of time after the delivery of another sermon a gentleman met and made himself known to him while travelling, who told him that the impressions made upon his mind by listening to a discourse from him twenty years before, had never been effaced; and that the practical effect of it he hoped would appear in a son then travelling with him, in whose education he had never lost sight of the principles illustrated in Mr. Colton's discourse. There is other evidence, also, of pleasing practical results from his preaching, which, if narrated, would give additional value and interest to the specimens of his pulpit efforts which we now present.

DIGNITY, DESTINY, AND DANGER OF THE SOUL.

What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?—*Mark* viii. 36, 37.

THIS interrogation of Christ involves topics of a deeply impressive interest. The value of that soul, which can be contrasted with the whole world, must be of inconceivable magnitude. Though we may not be able to fathom the depths of this subject, yet we can sketch some of its more prominent features, and penetrate it sufficiently to understand the awful import of the question presented in our text—"What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

The value of the soul is partially developed in *the extent of its powers*. Here is an intellect that can grasp the mighty question, hold it steady and strong before its penetrating eye, unravel its intricacies, search through all its parts, measure its proportions, calculate its effects, and exult in its luminous conclusion. Here is an intellect that can penetrate the

subtle sciences, render itself familiar with the deep and difficult objects of knowledge, establish trembling truth, overthrow inveterate error, eject old opinions, introduce new ones, conquer prejudice, secure confidence, and bind the faith of men to unwelcome objects. Here is an intellect that can sway human conduct, kindle the brightest hopes, awaken the darkest fears, stir the strongest passions, rouse the mightiest energies, move a whole nation as by one impulse, and thus accomplish what may exhaust the strength of millions.

Here is a memory that treasures up each new discovery, each fresh experience,—embalming them, binding them together, rendering our existence a continuous chain, bringing back upon us in age the freshness of youth, restoring to us the joyous feelings, the happy incidents, the ardent friendships, the romantic devotions of our earlier years, supplying us in our desolate hours with themes of thought, bringing before us vanished objects, and beguiling us of present loneliness and sorrow by ten thousand recollections in which the past still lives in all its original beauty and freshness.

Here, too, is an imagination impatient of the earth, spurning each grovelling sphere, full of lofty aspiration and daring curiosity; it renders itself familiar with all that is wild, and beautiful, and sublime in nature; it visits the sunny vale and the thunder-searred cliff, the bleating field and the howling wilder-

ness, the quiet spring and the tempest-stricken ocean, the populous city and the trackless desert, the rayless cavern and the glittering heaven. It walks with the living, it communes with the dead; rides upon the tempest, and is familiar with the lightning; looks beyond all that is real, creates other worlds, peoples them, sends through them the voice of health and gladness, the shout of rivers, the roar of ocean, the solemn anthem of a mighty creation kindled into the love and worship of the superior, all-presiding Intelligence.

Here, too, are affections which bind us by a chain of sympathy not only to real, but to imaginary objects. We smile in the hall of festivity, and weep at the couch of pain; we talk lightly in the social circle, and tremble at the grave of the stranger. We hang delighted over the cradle of infant life, and linger around age for its last lesson. We follow the joyful youth to the nuptial altar, and the weeping captive to his dungeon and his chains. We shout the patriot victor to the rich harvest of his triumphs, and wail with indignant sorrow over the rack of the holy martyr. We go beyond reality, and spread our affections and sympathies over ideal existences. The loveliness with which poetical rhapsody invests its favorite character, kindles the deepest feelings of our hearts, and makes us sigh to gaze on this vision of a romantic dream. The virtue, the suffering, the patience in which the melancholy mind embodies its

feelings, extorts our warmest tears, and chains us up to fictitious sorrow, as if we were bending over the couch where mortal sufferance exchanges earth for heaven.

The majestic elevation which a lofty soul gives to its master-creation, imposes a veneration upon us such as would become humanity in the presence of an angel. We move around among these ideal objects, admiring, weeping, trembling, exulting, with as much intensity as if they were the living substance of our nature. These are a portion of the properties inherent in the human soul. An intellect of all-grasping and all-subduing energy, an imagination of tireless and limitless power and curiosity; a memory vigilant and faithful to the countless objects of its trust; sympathies and affections which spread themselves in a radiant mantle through the universe.

But were the soul, with all its transcendent powers, destined to corruption in the grave, we should regard it only as the passing vision of a majestic dream. We might sigh that aught so glorious should be so frail, and even supplicate inexorable sovereignty for a longer date. But though the soul inhabits a house of clay, the tenant survives its tabernacle, and will flourish vigorous and young when its dwelling is formless dust. Yes, the stars may fall, the sun expire, the heavens be palled in endless night, but the soul shall emerge from this vast tomb radiant in the immortal image of its Maker. This imperishable

property of the soul—its immortality—gives it a value that outweighs ten thousand worlds. Who can tell what it may experience, what it may enjoy, what heights of knowledge it may attain, what depths of wisdom it may penetrate, when this glorious universe is a rayless wreck!

There is something in the idea of eternal duration and an endless progression of improvement which fills the mind with amazement, and overpowers the giant thought that struggles to comprehend it. The conception stands before us like some stupendous mountain, swelling into the heavens, and becoming, as we approach it, measureless and illimitable in all its proportions. We gaze, tremble, and sink into the dust! What arm shall raise us? what Almighty power come to our aid? Stand up, thou amazed, faltering spirit, it is thy destiny! Though man cannot adequately comprehend it, nor ocean with her ten thousand voices of living thunder express it, yet it is thy destiny!

We can conceive of numbers upon numbers till we have told the stars, counted the leaves upon the forest tops, and calculated the sands that spread the shore of ocean, but thy years, oh eternity! thy duration, thou immortal spirit, has only begun where our last numbers end! We only penetrate the surface of this fathomless theme. We see only the first link of an endless chain. We catch a glimpse only of that great future where space and splendor vie in the

prodigality of their gifts. But we discover enough to convince us that its immortality is the crowning gem in the coronet of the soul. This is its throne, sceptre, and diadem of dominion. Without it, instinctive nature might almost sport with its pretensions; with it, angels would scarcely stoop to envy, such is now the dignity, destiny, and worth of the soul.

If the human intellect, with all the clogs and restraints upon it incident to its connection with the body, is capable of the prodigious improvement in knowledge we observe here, what may not be expected when these obstructions are removed—when, passionless and pure, above prejudice, debility, exhaustion, it applies its powers to subjects which the highest intelligences in heaven ponder with intense interest! How may it not ascend from theme to theme, from one sublime truth to another, in a glorious endless climax!

And the memory, if with the effacing agencies which exist here it can still retain the traces of passing events, how will its mental tablature kindle into characters of clearest significance, when the searching light of heaven plays upon its imperishable form! Here, like a troubled pool, it reflects only the flowers that bloom upon its brink; there, like a tranquil lake spread wide and clear beneath ineffable splendors, it will mirror forth its unfading resemblances.

And the imagination, if it can wing the heaven

and tempt the uncreated here, how will it exult when this mortal weight is laid aside, and when it is braced by a pinion that can never grow weary! How will it range the dread magnificence of that heavenly region, where all the loveliness and grandeur of the universe is expressed! How will it wander back to the ruins of this world, and extort from every faded fragment some recollections deeply interesting to its celestial companions! How will it wander down the track of man's redemption, weeping, wondering, and worshipping along this highest achievement of the Almighty!

And the affections and sympathies of the soul, if they can spread themselves through the heavy atmosphere which weighs upon all things here, how will they wander, kindle, and expand in that world where all is buoyancy, light, life, health, and holy transport! How will they circulate among that congenial, countless multitude that have been redeemed out of every kingdom, and clime, and tongue under heaven! How will they mingle in that universal chorus, that like the sound of many waters, shall pour in a tide of ceaseless harmony down the lapse of eternity!

What a glorious vision of intelligence, creative power, and boundless enjoyment does the ransomed spirit present;—all mental darkness, depression, and satiety removed! God alone can tell its elevation and bliss. Well might our Saviour exclaim, "What

shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" If language can have meaning, this is full of it. It not only embodies the import of every deduction of enlightened philosophy, of every revelation of deepest interest from Jehovah, but it is sustained by sacrifices and sufferings in which the Son of God himself expires. If the faith of the martyr inspires us with confidence from his steadfastness amid persecutions, what shall we say of His declarations, whose words are oracles written in his own blood! What shall we say to His asseverations who appeals to his own omniscience for his authority, and to his dying agonies for his sincerity!

It is not the profound opinion of a deeply meditative philosopher; it is not the solemn conviction of a mitred priest; nor is it the awful disclosures of an inspired prophet, that here arrest our attention. It is the word of the King of kings, the Lord of lords, Christ our Almighty Redeemer, expressed in his own person, and under circumstances impressive enough to wake the dead: What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?—what shall a man give in exchange for his soul? Had this language been uttered in heaven, and rolled down in thunder upon this earth, it would not have the power which it now has, coming as it does from the lips of Him who has sealed its tremendous pur-

port by anxieties, sacrifices, and sufferings unparalleled in the records of humanity.

Had our Saviour commissioned an angel to impress upon the inhabitants of this world a sense of the soul's value, had he delegated the highest seraph to bleed and die in attestation of his divine commission, it were all insignificant, compared with what has actually transpired on Calvary. It is Deity stooping to a human form, subjecting himself to the infirmities of our nature, enduring sorrows, encountering ingratitude and persecution, warning and exhorting inconsiderate man, weeping over his obstinacy and blindness, kneeling in the Garden of Gethsemane, wearing a crown of thorns, fainting up the height of Calvary, hanging on the cross, bleeding and dying for man,—it is Deity in these attitudes that impresses us with a sense of the soul's high value. How inconceivable, then, must be the worth of that object which could induce such humiliation and suffering on the part of the Son of God!

Man may lay down his life for the accomplishment of a benevolent purpose, and it may still be a question whether the object were worthy of the sacrifice; but he who had created the soul knew the extent of its powers and capacities, what it might suffer, what it might enjoy; and it was this knowledge, united with a compassion of exhaustless depths, that brought the Sovereign of life into the manger of Bethlehem, and laid him a mangled martyr in the

grave. And he that cannot perceive, in the sacrifices and sufferings of his dying Redeemer, evidence of the soul's value which no language can express, must be dead to the strongest conclusions of human reason, and to the common sympathies of our nature. The very rocks might reproach his apathy, and the madness of hell were sanity in contrast with his.

And yet, to the astonishment of devils, there is scarce a tale of fabulous distress or imaginary sorrow, that will not awaken a stronger sympathy in the breast of many, than this story of redeeming love! They turn away from this heart-melting reality, and shed their tears over the morbid pages of a sickly dream. When we attempt to impress the value of the soul by considerations connected with the sufferings of Christ, we make as little impression as shadows cast upon marble. The reason of this is found in their aversions to the theme. Would they but follow our Saviour through Jerusalem, would they but pore over his character with that steadfastness of attention, which they bestow upon the hero of a bewildering fiction, their hearts must melt into sorrow and veneration. If not, the dead were only one remove from them in coldness and insensibility.

But we turn from this melancholy topic of man's insensibility to a consideration of his danger. The soul is in imminent danger of being lost! Though of such transcendent value, that the whole world dwindles in the comparison, yet it is in fearful jeop-

ardy of ruin. In its natural state, the soul is unfit for heaven, and its salvation can only be the result of the sovereign grace of God, united with the most intense and laborious warfare on the part of man. Even a resolution on the subject of personal religion is not the easiest purpose of an individual, but the carrying of that resolution into effect will leave no faculty unexhausted.

No man who has not vigorously attempted the great work of his soul's salvation, has any adequate conception of the difficulties with which he must contend. Could he be left alone to this work, could the restraints of the world for once be removed, the last retarding influence suspended, he would, nevertheless, falter and faint in the overcoming task. But he will not be left alone. The world has a strong attachment for him : it is at enmity with God, at variance with the high interests of the soul, and will endeavor to counteract every effort he may make to alienate himself.

This conflict with the world is the first obstacle with which the awakened sinner has to contend ; and it is so formidable, that thousands, after a few unsuccessful efforts, resign themselves to the calamity of their condition. They are the slaves of the world, of its opinions, forms, maxims, pursuits. A more subduing, crushing vassalage never existed. It weighs upon every faculty of the man. Thousands, having caught some indistinct glimpses of the free-

dom of the sons of God, resolve to possess it,—struggle, feel the weight of their chains, and expire.

But suppose this first mighty step to be taken: suppose the sinner has got clear of the world; that he is at liberty to devote his entire powers, as conscience and reason may dictate; and suppose he does consecrate all his faculties to the work of saving his soul—he will, nevertheless, reel beneath the magnitude of the undertaking. He has got to recall his past life, to go back in his memory through the painful recollection of his misdeeds, and break the impenetrable shield in which sin has incased his heart; he must go down into its sickly depths, wind through its dark labyrinths; bring forth every lurking failing, every wicked disposition; expose them to the light of heaven, and put them to death beneath the Cross.

This work itself is enough to shake the firmest purpose. It never would be accomplished, nor even attempted, did not the consequences of a failure involve eternal misery. Were there any alternative left the sinner but heaven or hell, he would never become a follower of the meek and lowly Jesus. As it is, he will slumber on till his salvation is a miracle. Multitudes are never roused till the flames of the bottomless pit receive them. They dream away life under the visionary hope of awaking in heaven, as if salvation were their rightful inheritance. They are as much at ease as if they expected to glide as gently into the Christian character as a tranquil

stream floats to its silent bourne, or as a star moves through the different stages of its serene ascension in the heaven.

To alarm these men, to make them feel their danger, and to rouse them to action, is beyond the power of human effort. Unassisted by divine energy, you would as soon invest the tenant of the shroud with the attributes of life. Could you condense into one sentence every startling sound and sentiment in the universe, and pour it in a rending cadence upon the hearing of the stupid sinner, he would still slumber on in the depths of his untrembling repose. Such is the palsyng apathy which sin spreads over the sensibilities of our moral nature.

The source of this stupidity is found in the wilful ignorance of the sinner. He courts a voluntary blindness to his true character. Let him but see his heart as God sees it, and as he will see it in the day of his last account, and he would loathe and abhor himself: his self-complacency would dissolve in tears and shame. But he blinds his eyes to this loathsome spectacle; or he throws around it the illusive coloring of his fancy. He will not examine it; he will not probe its ulcers. He prates of its soundness when it is diseased to its inmost sense; he talks of life in the midst of death, and feels secure of heaven on the brink of perdition!

You perhaps see the peril of his situation; you determine that he must and shall be aroused from his

false security; you repeat in his hearing all the alarming declarations of Scripture; you apply the high and holy requisitions of the divine law to his heart; you show him in the light of revelation this body of sin and death; you point him to that fountain which cleanseth from sin, to that Spirit which helpeth our infirmities, to that Saviour before whom the humble and contrite never weep and tremble in vain; you show him the brevity and uncertainty of life, the magnitude of the work before him, the momentous consequences that are pending,—and you beseech him by all that is dear to himself, by all that is due to his Maker, to immediate, strenuous, decisive action. But your admonitions and appeals have as little effect upon his listless senses, as whispers on the ear of the dreamer.

This impenetrable apathy is not confined to a few darkly conspicuous for their hardihood, but it spreads itself over all who have not received Christ in the meekness of a broken, contrite spirit. It settles down on every sinner in this assembly, stifling every ray that would divinely illuminate the heart, and blasting in the bud every sentiment of a holier and sublimer nature. It nullifies the most powerful exhibitions of Gospel truth; prevents the access of the hovering, quickening Spirit; blinds its possessor to the certainty of his destruction; wraps the conscience in the torpors of moral death; and becomes, as it deepens, the grave of the soul!

Say, then, is not this soul in danger? What voice can rouse it from its fatal slumber? What power recall it from its untimely grave? When will it come forth to the light of heaven, and to the quickening beams of the Sun of Righteousness? When will it be able to stand erect in renovated life and imperishable beauty? How shall it gather to itself this better purpose, nourish it into energy, and sustain it unshaken to the last? How shall it look steadily at its own pollutions; its utter unfitness for heaven; its peril in this state of alienation from Christ? How shall it break up its connections with the world, part with its earthly possessions, renounce its cherished friendships, abandon its idol gods, feel its helplessness and ruin, loathe itself, abhor its past life, and, renouncing every other refuge, every other hope, betake itself to the humbling provisions of the Gospel—to the Cross of Christ—and there, with penitence, contrition, and shame, weep over its guilt and degradation?

Oh, ye who trifle with the warnings of inspiration, and sport with the anxieties of the awakened sinner! your levity is amid the graves of thousands—it is echoed from each coffin's lid! You presume where others perished, and are gay where others despaired! You are full of presumption and reckless mirth, where all your predecessors have left the bleeding fragments of their best hopes!—you are as one that sleeps at mast-head, or slumbers on the plunging verge of the cataract!

The destruction of which the soul is in danger is *total*—extending to all its powers and capacities. Were all its other faculties at an immense remove from the pit of perdition, and the imagination only doomed to hover around this place of unalleviated suffering, with what representations of sorrow would it confound the peace of the soul! The sight of an execution will live long and frightfully in the mind of the spectator. He still sees the miserable victim of justice suspended from the scaffold, and still hears his coffin rumble down the untimely grave. If the violent extinction of animal life will so haunt and distress the mind of the spectator, what would those sighs, and groans, and unavailing lamentations do which crowd the world of woe! Even in such a situation, the soul must be inconceivably miserable.

What, then, must be its anguish when itself becomes the sufferer!—when the spectator becomes the victim!—when all these appalling representations of agony pour in endless reality through its every sense!—when every capacity is full and overflowing with unmingled sorrow!—when every effort at relief ends in a gasping sense of utter helplessness!—when every recollection only deepens its distress,—every anticipation only strengthens its despair,—and every sensation only brings with it a crushing consciousness of utter ruin!

The intellect which could here find an escape from adversity in the conclusions of its calm philos-

ophy, will there find, in every reflection, an exhaustless source of anguish; the memory which could here brighten the present with reflections from the past, will there restore only sources of remorse; the imagination which here would promise what might never be enjoyed, may there, in its horror, predict what can never be endured; the affections which could here twine themselves around other and happier beings, and thus participate in pleasures not its own, will there turn to hate, and pour into the desolate soul the bitterness of unavenged malice; conscience, which could here be stifled into silence, will there speak so that all hell shall hear—its reproaches will awaken the deepest pangs which Infinite displeasure can decree, or a deathless spirit survive!

The ruined soul will, therefore, find within itself no one unbroken faculty upon which it can repose,—no less subdued, less agonized sense upon which it can lean. Every refuge is only an escape to fresher anguish and more poignant despair: and it has no resource from without. There is no being in the universe upon whom it can call for aid,—no object upon which its wandering thoughts can rest,—no spot endeared by recollection, where it can partially wean itself from present suffering. The world where it once dwelt is changed,—its busy myriads are gone,—its palaces and towers are in the dust,—and the knell of time alone is heard through its lifeless desolations. All is as one empty grave! The soul is

thus left to its own unspoken, unpitied misery—abandoned of all sympathetic beings—and impassably confined within the burning circle of its quenchless agony!

The scorpion, begirt by flame, can destroy itself; but this self-destructive power is not a property of the soul. Essentially immortal, it will, and must survive, though it survives only to pant for death. The destruction of the soul is, therefore, not only *total*, extending to all its powers and capacities, but it is *eternal*. This is the darkest and wildest feature in its doom. It might, perhaps, brace itself to the wrenching tortures of its rack, had it but the most *distant* prospect of relief: it might still, perhaps, endure its sufferings, could they but cease when as many centuries have elapsed as there are particles that compose this globe. It might then watch in its pangs for the numbering of the last, lingering sand; but there is no such reprieve, even in the furthest future. This globe might waste away, though but one particle were to perish in a thousand centuries, yet the lost soul would even then be but in the infancy of its woe!

Were the duration of its suffering concealed from the condemned spirit, it might cherish a deceptive belief of final deliverance, and it might find in this vague hope some motive to resolution, some antidote to despair. The mariner, cast upon a desolate rock in the ocean, realizes less the true horrors of his

situation from the cherished possibility of a friendly sail: but no such beguiling possibility of relief comes to the wrecked soul in hell. There are no flattering delusions mingled with the terrors of the second death. The lost soul is smitten at once with hopeless and endless despair! Not even the prospect of annihilation relieves the agony of its irretrievable doom. Its guilt and shame, remorse and woe, have passed under the awful seal of eternity. The dead may wake from their graves, corruption start into life; but that seal will never—no, *never* be broken!

Why, alas! is all this shame, remorse, and despair to be endured? Why is it that this soul, endowed with faculties which might fit it to range all the magnificence of heaven, and enjoy the companionship of God and angels, is thus to be brought down a bleeding, burning wreck into hell? What is the *price* at which man thus parts with the *birthright* of his soul?—what is the strength of that bribe for which he thus sells his immortal peace and happiness?

One would think the temptation must be so strong as not to be within the power of human nature to be resisted. But no; it is a little pleasure, which cloy and disgusts as soon as embraced; it is a little honor which a breath hath made, and a breath can destroy; it is a little wealth which will scarcely suffice to gild the coffin and shroud! These—*these* are the trifles for which man parts with God and

glory!—these are the worthless baubles for which he barter away his everlasting life and blessedness! Where, my God, is that reason with which man was originally endowed?—was it not lost amid the ruins of the fall?

Self-conceited mortal, stand forth and vindicate your boasted prerogative,—show us in what be your claim to the slightest remnants of this reason. Do you believe the soul which you possess to be immortal,—that it shall survive the destruction of that body,—that it shall witness the decay of this earth and these visible heavens,—that it shall rise at last into a state of exalted happiness, or sink into depths of untold anguish? Do you, in your *heart*, believe these declarations of Scripture and conscience? And with this confession upon your lips, can you neglect and betray that soul?—can you abandon it to inevitable ruin?—can you trample its godlike faculties into the dust, while you are in chase of the bubbles that float on this stream of time? Where is the consistency between your conduct and creed?—where is the evidence of sincerity in your professions of belief? Those convictions are worthless which do not influence conduct,—they are mere vagaries which float through the mind, unaccompanied by a single sensation of the heart, or action of the hand.

Of what avail is your assent to the value of the soul, while you are regardless of its wants?—what signify your convictions of its worth, while you are

slumbering over its peril? How madly inconsistent and horribly guilty you are in acknowledging its heavenly birthright, and then betraying it unto devils,—in recognizing upon it the immortal image of its Maker, and then hurrying it into the flames of hell! Oh, could the sufferings of spirits in the bottomless pit speak! could the agonies of the damned have utterance, their execrations would come up over this world in a tempest of thunder! The terrors of the earthquake were forgotten in the more frightful horrors that would then visit the habitations of men.

Oh, man of sin, who art living in this danger, thy soul not saved! fly to the Lord Jesus Christ, through whom alone it is that salvation is not an impossibility. He came to seek and save the lost. He came for thee; and from all the terrors of the second death and the eternal ruin of thy soul, thou mayest now be saved, if thou wilt but cast thyself on him with penitence and faith. Him that cometh to me (they are his own sweet words) I will in no wise cast out. Take him at his word, and he will take you to his bosom, and will be glorified and happy in your salvation forever and ever. Amen.

THE SIN OF NEGLECTING OR DENYING CHRIST.

But whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven.—*Matthew* x. 33.

RETRIBUTION usually travels fast on the heels of transgression : it even casts its dread shadow forward of the steps of guilt, and spreads a premonitory dismay over the conscience of the sinner. It seldom fails to reach the guilty in this life ; but when it does so fail, it is certain to overtake him in the next. Our text is an illustration of this deferred retribution. It suspends execution here, but only to open its appalling battery hereafter.

Let us consider, first, the fact of denying Christ, and what it includes ; second, the causes which lead to it ; third, the criminality of it ; fourth, the consequences.

I. To deny Christ, to disown him, or reject him, are one and the same thing. What, then, is implied in it ? Or when may a man be said to deny or reject Christ ? What are the sentiments, and what the conduct of him to whom this flagrant criminality attaches ? That the scoffer and skeptic deny Christ, none can doubt ; but can this be predicated of one

who subscribes to the reality of his humiliation, sufferings, and death; and to the overpowering importance of that sacrifice which he made of himself on the cross?

To answer this question aright, we must look at the object of Christ's mission. Was it merely an exhibition of divine compassion? Was it a stupendous tragedy of love? Was it to atone for guilt, merely? Or was it to *save* the guilty? Was it to unbar the prison, only; or to bring the captive actually forth to light? The purpose of Christ was the *actual* recovery of our race: not the means of salvation, but *the salvation* itself. It was not to open an *avenue* of escape from peril, but the actual *escape* of those in peril. It was not to divide the Red Sea, but the *passage* of those through it, who crowded the strand. It was not to provide a city of refuge merely, but that all should fly to it. The purpose of Christ, then, was to save man.

Now he who disregards this purpose in reference to himself; who resists its constraining force, practically rejects Christ. He defeats, so far as he is concerned, the object of Christ's mission and death. His belief in the merits of the atonement, in the universality of its provisions, can avail him nothing. The question is, how does he himself treat it? How stands his own conduct in the matter? It is personal action which here stamps his character and his creed. If he withholds from Christ his own affections, he

disowns him. If he resists the purpose of Christ in his own salvation, he rejects him. Were all others to treat Christ as he does, of what avail were the atonement? Christ would have died in vain. There would not be a church on earth to treasure his love; not a heart in which his claims would be enthroned. Were all like him, the Saviour would have hung on the cross without a solitary follower, near or remote. He would have lain in the tomb without a heart to throb at the promise of his resurrection. He would have ascended from Olivet as unseen as the solitary bird soars from the depths of the silent wilderness.

II. The causes of rejecting Christ. These lie in the insensibility, pride, and presumption of the human heart. One of the inevitable consequences of sin, is a callousness to its enormity. The further one advances in transgression, the more insensible he becomes to his progress in guilt. It is the very nature of sin to blind the moral perceptions and harden the heart.

“ I wave the quantum o’ the sin,
The hazard o’ concealing ;
But, oh ! it hardens a’ within,
And petrifies the feeling !”

This insensibility to guilt is the prime cause of the rejection of Christ. Let a man *feel* his sins, and he *will* fly to the Saviour. Let him feel that he is lost, and he will feel for the cross. He will fly to that refuge of mercy as a pursued roe to its forest sanctu-

ary. But while insensible of his guilt and danger, he will make no effort to escape. You may hold up the absolving cross, but he will die and make no sign. There is a slumber on his soul deeper than that which wraps the silence of the grave. The dead might as well be expected to make the sign of the cross in their coffins, as a sinner, who is not burdened with a sense of guilt, to embrace Christ.

His pride likewise comes in to aid this result. It inflates him with conceptions of the dignity and self-relying powers of human nature; and fills him with repugnance to the humility of a cross-seeking penitent. If he must go to the cross, he wishes to go there in state, as noblemen appear at court in the insignia of their rank. If his own claims will not carry him to heaven, still he wishes to travel on their force as far as they will carry him, and be dependent on the charity of the cross only for the residue of the journey.

Poor, vain man! his miserable vehicle of ostentation and pride will not carry him a single league towards heaven. His flowing robes of self-righteousness, which he wraps around him with the self-complacent dignity of a dying Roman, are only filthy rags. He is a Lazarus in every thing but the humility which becomes his pinching poverty. But before he will confess his wretchedness, and seek relief where alone it can be found, his pride must be broken. He must feel like a shipwrecked mariner,

with only one plank left him, and even that thrown within his reach by an all-merciful Providence.

His presumption also contributes to his ruin. He persuades himself that the forbearance and pleading love of Christ will still hold out. He would make the cross a *dernier resort*, a last resource, a safe retreat when peril presses; a hiding-place when the hoof of Death's courser clangs on his ear. He expects to take refuge in it as the Arab flies to the lee of the rock when the *simoom* sweeps the desert. But the peril often comes too quick and fast. The child of the desert is overwhelmed before he can reach his rock, and the sinner perishes even in sight of the cross, but without clinging to it. His destruction is the combined result of his insensibility, pride, and presumption. By reason of these he lives without Christ, and dies without hope.

Wretched man! his insensibility cannot mitigate his guilt; his pride cannot protect him in the grave; his presumption can only cover him with confusion at the judgment-bar. Yet these are his ruling propensities; his master-spirits; the idols to which he kneels through life, only to see them shivered in death. Over their ruins his immortal spirit piles the mountain curse of its despair.

III. The guilt of disowning Christ. He who rejects Christ rejects the sacrifice which he made of himself on the cross. He pours disdain on that stupendous exhibition of sympathy and love. He pours

contempt on agonies which darkened the face of nature, and broke up the sleep of the grave. This mockery would be sufficiently impious were he a disinterested person. But it was for *him* that these sufferings were endured. It was to lift the curse from *his* guilty soul that Christ underwent the shame and ignominy of the cross.

Ingratitude is a crime. It forfeits all further claims to sympathy and respect. The generous sacrifices of a benefactor are held sacred by the common sentiment of mankind. Their disinterestedness sanctifies them in the minds of men. Now, man's greatest benefactor, beyond all comparison, is Christ. There is no parallel in the history of benevolence, to the tragedy of the cross. There has never been before, nor since, such a surrender of glory and bliss, and such a submission to reproach and torture. Other sacrifices have appeased the displeasure of man, but Christ's sacrifice appeased the wrath—say rather, made a way for the love to triumph over the wrath of a holy and righteous God. Other sacrifices have reached the welfare of a community, but Christ's embraced the hopes of a world. But these hopes, these vast and magnificent results, and the agonies out of which they spring, are all rejected by him who rejects Christ. He throws the dark shadow of his skepticism between the cross and the faith of nations. He covers earth with an eclipse darker than that of the Fall.

If it be a capital offence to put out the poor taper of life in man, what must be *his* crime who, so far as he can, puts out the light of life in the world? If he should endure the extreme penalties of the law who brings bereavement into a domestic circle, what should he suffer whose act and example would entail misery without end on millions? Such are the vast, disastrous issues of that skeptical indifference with which he regards the cross. He breaks down the only arch which spans the pit of perdition. Multitudes fill its depths with their groans who might have hymned their triumphs on the shores of life. Their wail goes up like that of a thousand cities sinking in earthquake convulsions. The gulfs which echo their despair will shake with the thunders of their agony, when the loud ocean is in the sleep of death.

But the guilt of disowning Christ extends beyond a rejection of his atoning sacrifice, and a defeat of its benign purpose. It reaches the supreme majesty of Christ, and pours dishonor on the Divinity of his claims. He stands before you, not as a mortal, not as a wonderfully endowed prophet, nor as a glorified martyr. He is your Creator as well as your Saviour; your final judge as well as your Redeemer. At his mandate worlds rolled from chaos into light. His breath poured over them the bloom of verdure, and made them instinct with life. It was his hand that drew aside the curtains of primeval night from the face of this globe. It was his voice that broke the

silence which slumbered over its vales and oceans. It was his power that lifted it to its orbit. It was his finger that drew its circuit through the heavens. It is at his bar that the countless dead are to appear. In his presence the highest intelligences in the universe kneel. The army of prophets, apostles, and martyrs cast their crowns at his feet; while the innumerable company of the redeemed shout, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing."

And who are you who stand up amidst these hal-lujahs of saints and seraphim, and murmur your dissent? Who are you who put in your sullen protest, while all heaven shakes with the swelling tide of seraphic harmony? Who are you who maintain a supercilious silence?—A being incapable of comprehending even the mysteries of your own existence! your very life trembling between two worlds, like a star between night and day!

It is as if the glow-worm were to lift its light to the sun! It is as if a bubble were to break amid the eternal thunders of the deep! Go hide your impiety and insignificance in the grave. It will be time enough for you to talk of your might, when you can keep off the worm that comes to fret your shroud. It will be time enough for you to turn away from the light of the cross, when you can cast the first glimmering ray into your confined night. It will be

time enough for you to talk of facing the king of terrors, when you can ward off one of the thousand shafts that fill his quiver. It will be time enough for you to talk of lifting from yourself the curse of a violated law, when you have complied with the least of its requirements. Your rejection of Christ is an exhibition of insensibility and guilt, at which an angel might shudder. Were such a spectacle of impiety never witnessed before, it would strike the world with a deeper terror than did the fratricidal crime of Cain.

This is the more apparent when we consider particularly the love that is rejected in rejecting Christ—the Divine mercy and benevolence that are set at naught. Man often undertakes or prosecutes an enterprise from which he would shrink, if he knew the privations and hardships which he must undergo in its achievement. But the benevolent purpose of our Saviour, in his mission to earth, derived no aid from any concealment of the trials and sufferings which lay in the future. He saw that very manger that was to cradle his infancy; the poor fishermen who were to be his companions; the scoffing hierarchy who would deride his claims; the fickle multitude who would forget the miracles wrought for their relief, and join the persecution. He saw the garden where he should be betrayed; the hall where he should be condemned; the hill where he should be crucified; the insane crowd that would insult his

latest prayer and mock his dying agonies! All these were clearly apprehended, and fully anticipated from the first. But he was not to be deterred. His compassionate purpose was fixed, unalterably fixed, and tranquil as that self-existent attribute in God, over which time, change, and death have no power.

But this fidelity and inflexible adherence to one all-pervading purpose was blended with the utmost gentleness and meekness of disposition. Our Saviour trenched upon no public or private rights; violated no natural sympathies; nor did he ever, except by the force of evidence, subject the opinion of an individual to his own infallible decision. There was a mildness and amiability in his character, which threw a softening aspect and deep attraction over its amazing energies.

When we see him travelling through the streets of Jerusalem on his mission of love,—breathing only the accents of benevolence and compassion,—acting in every capacity which philanthropy could dictate,—carrying relief and consolation to the humblest abodes of privation and sorrow;—when we see this, we forget that force of character which no difficulties could repress, no opposition overcome. We forget that serene indestructible purpose, which would have remained in the entireness of its strength, though all the fabrics of nature had sunk in ruins. Never was there evinced in any other being such mildness and forbearance, connected with such an untiring, resist-

less energy of character. Revenge may relax from the intensity of its fell purpose; ambition be wearied in the prolonged pursuit of its object; and even the strength of natural affection abate; but the compassionate purpose of Christ survives all vicissitudes, overcomes all opposition, and is triumphant even in the grave!

The cloud of centuries has passed away, and faith, hope, and charity still kneel at the foot of the Cross. There hung the bleeding Saviour; there sunk into the stillness of death the Being whose word spake worlds into existence, and whose voice will yet wake nations from their graves. They who sleep in the mountains and vales, and they whose resting-place is in the caverns of the deep, will one day hear his summons and come forth. Immortal happiness will be his who meets this Saviour as his friend, and endless despair his portion who coldly shuts him from the bosom of his confidence and love.

IV. But let us now consider, in the fourth place, the consequences of denying such a Saviour—*Who-soever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven.* The courtier who has fallen into the disfavor of his monarch, has been known to end his humiliation in the crime of self-destruction. Even the night of the grave was more tolerable to him than the frown of offended majesty. If the displeasure of a mortal can so unnerve the soul, what must the disowning look of

Christ do? If the discarded courtier takes refuge in the grave, what gulf of night shall cover the disowned sinner? Where shall he go to bury himself from his guilt and ruin? There is for him no escape. Wherever he may fly, that disowning look of Christ will pursue. It will flash in lightning from every object that meets his eye; it will pour the death-knell of his peace in every sound that meets his ear.

But he not only loses Christ as his Redeemer, but he loses heaven as his home. Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive what this Saviour has prepared for them that love him. But all this is lost, lost at once, and lost forever! You may lose an estate, and subsequent industry may recover what previous profi-gacy has squandered; but the soul, once cheated out of its reversion in the skies, can never recover it, though it should seek it carefully and with tears. That home which Christ provided for it is placed even beyond the reach of its hopes. Centuries of exile may be endured, but the celestial gate still remains barred. The flaming cherubim that guard its portal never slumber on their watch.

Where, then, shall the disowned of Christ go? Where take that soul with all its vast capacities and powers? What shall he do with that intellect of all-grasping and subjecting energy?—what with that imagination of boundless power and curiosity?—what with that memory faithful to the countless ob-

jects of its trust?—what with those sympathies which spread themselves through the moral universe of God? Where shall he go with these under the disowning look of Christ?—where employ them under that frown which shuts out the light of heaven and the visits of hope?

Down, like Lucifer from heaven, sinks that soul into depths of endless night! Heaven is not only lost, but hell is to be endured. Endless light exchanged for endless darkness,—an eternity of bliss for an eternity of woe. Faculties that might range all the heavenly hills, hold communion with saints and seraphim, and swell the anthems that roll from their golden lyres, all brought down, under the disowning look of Christ, a crushed wreck into hell!

Who has not shuddered over the tragedies of the sea? Who has not felt his heart cease to beat as the noble ship went into fragments on the roaring rocks? But the wreck of an armada is nothing, compared with that of the soul. The wind that breathes this hour and dies the next, may moan its dirge; but worlds might wail the wreck of a soul. The thunders of the Judgment-day, rolling on through eternity, would be the befitting knell of its despair! Such are the consequences of denying Christ; such the deathless pangs which the disowning look of Christ will strike into the guilty soul.

And it is right that these consequences should be incurred, in all their bitterness, by every wilful re-

jector of the Lord Jesus Christ. A mere profession of belief in him, and an intellectual assent to the truths concerning him, while your heart practically rejects him, can be of no avail; for, be it remembered, Christ did not make a sacrifice of himself on the cross merely that you should believe in the reality of that sacrifice, but that through it you should make your personal peace with God. He poured out his blood there, but it was that you should place your own throbbing heart beneath, and have its guilty stains washed out.

You may see others crowd to this fountain and come away cleansed; but what is that to you while you stand aloof from it yourself, covered as you are with moral pollution? So long as you refuse to go and immerse yourself in its wave, you slight its purifying virtues, you reject its cleansing provisions, your belief in its efficacy is nothing; it is worse than a dead letter: it only augments the guilt of your delay and refusal. You have no stains which it cannot wash out, and you know it, and yet you refuse to go.

Your moral nature is diseased: he offers you an effective, infallible remedy, and you reject it. Your soul has the plague-spot of moral death on it: he offers you the balsam of his blood; you reject it. You are covered with the rags of self-righteousness: he offers you a garment without spot, wrinkle, or any such thing; you reject it. He meets you in the city of destruction, and offers you a passport to a

place of safety : you reject it. He finds you poor, destitute, a ruined bankrupt, and offers you treasures in heaven : you reject them. He finds you unable to cope with the king of terrors, and offers you a panoply in which you can contend and triumph : you reject it. He finds you on the great ocean of life without compass or chart, and the tempest of God's wrath coming on, and he offers to take you to a secure haven : you reject the generous offer.

In doing this—in rejecting all these provisions of Christ's mercy, you reject HIM. You reject him as a Saviour, as a Redeemer, as the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world. And how, then, can you be saved, when his own words are—He that rejecteth me, and receiveth not my words, hath one that judgeth him : the word that I have spoken, the same shall judge him in the last day : and whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven !

MEMOIR.

THE character of a deceased Friend or beloved Kinsman ought not to be seen otherwise than as a Tree through a tender haze, or a luminous mist, that spiritualizes and beautifies it; that takes away, indeed, but only to the end that the parts which are not abstracted may appear more dignified and lovely. The composition and quality of the mind of a virtuous man, contemplated by the side of the grave where his body is moldering, ought to appear to be felt as something midway between what he was on Earth, walking about with his living frailties, and what he may be presumed to be as a Spirit in Heaven. It suffices, therefore, that the Trunk and the main Branches of the Worth of the Deceased be boldly and unaffectedly represented.

WORDSWORTH.

MEMOIR OF REV. WALTER COLTON.

CHAPTER I.

THE VERMONT FAMILY, AND SKETCHES OF WALTER AS A BOY, YOUTH, AND MAN.

PURE Livers were they all, austere and grave,
And fearing God, the very Children taught
Stern self-respect, a reverence for God's word,
And an habitual piety, maintained
With strictness scarcely known on English ground.

WORDSWORTH.

VERMONT is a State rich in physical and mental resources. No one can read its history without learning this, or can ride through it and observe its grazing-grounds, its geology, its woodland and mountain scenery, and mark the men whose energies are applied to develop its capacities, without admiring the region and the race. If its rocks are marble, its men and women, while of a noble granite make, are any thing but marble-hearted. Social and personal truth, purity, and kindness, are combined with a sturdy patriotism and fervent love of liberty. The ministers, teachers, statesmen, authors, merchants,

inventors, and men of science and art whom this State has furnished to the nation, rank with the wisest, ablest, and best of the world.

And still, amid the rocks and hills of the Green Mountain State, and of all New England, if the principles of '76 hold fast, our country will find its foremost men, its leaders in the great conflict for human freedom, and in all that is great and good. Rearing in those old farm-houses on hill-top and valley—taking and giving lessons at those firesides and in those district schools, and working the monumental marble in those quarries and shops,—are the young Marshes and Slades, the Collamores and Burrits, the Coltons and Belknaps, the Bushes and Blanchards, and Mary Lyons, whose monuments shall be in the memories of generations yet to come. The farms and the workshops of Puritan New England must continue to send forth noble men, and women too, for the City, the Church, and the World, to carry forward its Literature, Science, Commerce, and Christianization.

It was in one of those Green Mountain towns, in the County of Rutland, Vermont, that a child was born to Walter and Thankful Colton on the ninth of May, 1797, whom they named after his father, Walter. He was the third of twelve children, ten of them sons, of whom eleven were reared to adult age, and all of them became virtuous and useful members of society, and well to do in the world.

Walter's father was by trade a cloth-weaver, whereby, mainly, he sustained his family at a time when, before the introduction of the power loom and spinning-jenny, the largest part of wearing fabrics used in the interior of the country were home made. In his younger days he taught school, but emigrated early to Vermont from Long Meadow, Massachusetts. Through life he has devoted a portion of each day to self-improvement by judicious reading, thereby constantly adding to the stores of a tenacious memory.

By the blessing of God upon his uniform temperance, and an equable, regular life, his hale health has continued unbroken to his present eighty-seventh year; his mental faculties and animal spirits have been retained in their vigor. When at the age of seventy-seven he was heard to remark that, "for forty years past, he had not failed a single Sabbath to be present at church," although he has lived a mile from the meeting-house, and has always walked.

For nearly fifty years he has been a conscientious, consistent, and exemplary Deacon of the Congregational Church in Georgia, Vermont. Their father's principles and example, and a common-school education, were the only dowry he could give to any of his children. While some of the sons have attained to wealth, and all to competency in different parts of the United States, it is a feature in this Vermont family which deserves to be held up for imitation, that such is the strong feeling of affection still exist-

ing between all its members, that if one suffer, all the others suffer with it; and there has not been one of the eleven who would not at any time willingly share his last dollar with a brother or sister in want.

From early youth Walter was delicate in health, of a nervous temperament, and small make, and his brain unduly exercised for his body. He was, however, an active and happy boy, especially fond of gunning, fishing, and skating. For these exercises there were peculiar facilities in the town of Georgia, on the shores of Lake Champlain, where his father removed when Walter was but an infant.

In childhood he used to act the preacher, getting his books, pulpit, and hearers about him, and going through all the forms of public worship with a grave propriety far above his years. His memory was uncommonly facile and retentive; and when he was but eight or nine years old, he was in the habit of repeating or declaiming one of Dr. Hunter's sermons on the History and Character of Balaam. In his boyhood he was remarkably familiar with the Bible. It was a common practice in his father's family for all the children to sit down with their Bibles, and then for one of them, in turn, to repeat a verse from the historical parts somewhere between Genesis and Psalms, and set the others to hunting for it. By this practice, frequently repeated, they became so familiar with the Bible that they could readily turn to almost any text that might be given.

Walter was distinguished among his playmates and brothers for his mental vivacity, sparkling wit and imagination, playful fancy, and aptness at story-telling. He was regarded as a leader among other boys, and they would often gather in his father's yard to hear Walter spin his yarns. His fondness for society, and his company being sought after by his seniors, proved to him a snare, for at the age of seventeen a discovery made by his father that Walter was in danger from evil associates, led him to send his son to an uncle in Hartford, Conn., to learn of him the trade of a cabinet-maker.

He there came under the pastoral influence and instructions of Rev. Nathan Strong, D.D., whereby his attention was first seriously turned to the importance of personal religion. Early in the year 1816 his convictions of sin resulted in the hearty acceptance of the Christian scheme of justification through faith in Christ; and he consecrated himself to God, by a public profession of religion in the Centre Church, Hartford. Five other young men united with him in this profession, who were likewise following mechanical pursuits in another shop at Hartford, and they all afterwards became preachers of the Gospel.

Shortly after this decisive entrance upon the life of a Christian, feeling that he could serve God and his generation better through a liberal education with a view to the ministry, and advised also by his

pastor and friends, who saw in him a warmth of heart and a vein of originality that gave promise, if rightly worked, of future usefulness, he entered the Hartford Grammar-school, under the charge of Rev. Horace Hooker, in order to prepare for college.

In the fall of 1818, being twenty-one years of age, he entered Yale College, where he won the Berkleyan Prize for the best Latin translation, and delivered the Valedictory Poem when he graduated in 1822. He taught school one season in his college course at West Springfield, Mass.

Of his acquirements and scholarship while in college, a class-mate, since risen to eminence, says, that although highly reputable, they were not such as to place him in the first rank, or to give promise of any very signal success in that respect in after-life. "He entered college too late, with preparations too hastily and imperfectly made, and with his mental habits too far formed, as I suppose, to enable him to reach eminence in the profound researches of science, or successfully to compete in classical literature with many who, of perhaps inferior natural powers, had enjoyed the advantages of superior early training; and, though not universally applicable, yet there is undoubtedly great force and justice in the remark, that whatever nature may do in the distribution of talents, the true distinction between men is in their training.

"In activity of mind and quickness of apprehen-

sion ; in the exercise of imagination, often, it is true, at that time displaying more fertility than correctness, and needing rigid discipline therefore to restrain its luxuriance and bring it within the laws of true taste ; in the qualities which seem to find their proper sphere in elegant literature, and fit one to become a popular writer, or ready, interesting speaker, I think Mr. Colton stood among the foremost. It was customary in the literary societies and at the class exhibitions to make a dialogue or a play a prominent part of the entertainment ; and I well recollect that, on several such occasions, his powers were very successfully and with general approbation laid under contribution.

“The tendencies of mind were then very observable and active, which afterwards discovered themselves in his various productions, and gave him so large a share of success and distinction as an author. There seemed a natural aptitude for whatever was refined in thought or graceful in expression ; a genial warmth of fancy, a ready humor, a quick and keen perception of the beautiful, and of the ridiculous, too, which enabled him to describe a character or a scene with great felicity, and gave a strong attraction to his conversation and his writing. I have no doubt he found far more congenial communion with the poets and essayists than with the mathematicians ; and Milton, and Shakspeare, and Addison would rank higher in his estimation than Napier’s Loga-

rithms or Euclid's Geometry, Surds, or Conic Sections. This was owing probably as much to the late beginning of study as to the natural bias of his mind. I do not question that he had the natural powers adequate to have made him a very competent classic or mathematician; although the general features of his mental character would have remained the same substantially under any training.

“But he had not the time, nor perhaps the disposition, then to pay that degree of attention to those pursuits which were requisite to secure the victory. A mind that had already unfolded its powers of reflection, sought for thought and sentiment rather than words or signs. The possessor of it would most naturally become a reader, and betake himself to those master-spirits whose works are storehouses of thought and imagery, and who have enriched the world by the splendid efforts of their genius.

“In this respect he was an example of a large class of young men, especially from our New England colleges, whom a generous passion for an education has impelled at the age of manhood to forsake the farm and the trade for the academy; and who, if they do not become quite so minutely accurate in the niceties, so skilful in adjusting the beautiful drapery of learning as some others, often better attain the solid substance of available learning, and become the most successful and useful men in the various walks of professional life.”

The great object of Mr. Colton in relinquishing his former avocations and entering upon a course of study, having been from the beginning the Gospel ministry, he entered the Theological Seminary at Andover immediately on leaving college. He devoted much time while there to literature, composing, among other things, a Sacred Drama, which was acted by the students at one of their Rhetorical Exhibitions, and a News Carriers' Address for one of the Boston newspapers, which gained him a prize of \$200. His anniversary part at the seminary was also a moral poem.

Soon after graduating, in the fall of 1825, he was ordained as an Evangelist, according to the usage of the Congregational Church, and was then chosen Professor of Moral Philosophy and Belles-Lettres in the Scientific and Military Academy at Middletown, Conn., under the Presidency of Captain Alden Partridge. This appointment was accepted, not without misgivings and hesitation by one of his turn and training, from the necessity it involved of foregoing, for a time, the pastoral office. He was, however, mainly resolved in this decision—which proved the rudder of his life—by reasons growing out of the state of his health, already much undermined by dyspepsia. His bitter experience and mortal combats with the student's foe at that time were commemorated by him in some vigorous lines entitled "Dyspepsy."

During the four years of his professorship, besides fulfilling the obvious duties of his position, he wrote "A Prize Essay on Duelling," "A Discussion of the Genius of Coleridge," "The Moral Power of the Poet, Painter, and Sculptor contrasted;" and many other contributions in prose and verse for the Middletown Gazette, over the signature of Bertram.

Among other exercises in the line of his profession while there, the following are preserved, as having been much admired by his friends at the time, and as containing the grounds of his after success in authorship, and even the very germs of thought, imagination, and fancy, which later in life flowered into the peculiar rhetorical beauties of expression that marked his style. The first is in 1826, entitled

Address delivered before the Cadets of Captain Partridge's Academy, on the death of the Ex-Presidents Adams and Jefferson, by Rev. Walter Colton, Chaplain of the Institution.

THE bolt which rives the oak is hurled from the cloud of embosomed thunder: the wave that whelms a navy is urged by the might of a tempest: the earthquake, whose footsteps are the ruins of cities, proceeds from the violent contentions of those mysterious agents that war in the recesses of utter night; and those men of giant mold, who come forth to control the destinies of millions, are produced in those convulsions which shake the moral world to its centre. They appear in those conflicts which enlist the roused-up energies of nations, and which would be followed by the most disastrous consequences, but for these master-spirits that reign over the scene of their troubled birth.

There are no tempests in a tranquil atmosphere, no mountain

waves upon a quiet sea, no cataracts in an even stream; and rarely does a man of pre-eminent powers burst upon our admiration in the even, undisturbed flow of human affairs. Those men who rise to sway the opinions, or control the energies of a nation—to move the great master-springs of human action, are developed by events of infinite moment. They appear in those conflicts where the political or religious faith of nations is agitated, and where the temporal and eternal welfare of millions is at issue.

It was in one of these awful conflicts that those men appeared whose death has just occasioned the lamentations of a grateful people to mingle with the jubilee of their Independence. They appeared in our convulsive struggle for life and liberty; and let these universal expressions of respect and sorrow tell of their might in that hour of our extremity. Had they appeared *before* that hour, it would have been too soon for that point of awful decision—that point when their determined action would be supported by the combined strength of a nation; and had they appeared *after* that hour, it would have been too late, for the arms of the people would already have been bound in chains, or paralyzed in death.

No deep drift of human forecast could have arranged circumstances with so much precision. He who rules in the armies of heaven, and among the inhabitants of earth—who sees the end from the beginning—appointed the time, arranged the circumstances, and called up these powerful agents of his holy pleasure. He endowed them with those severe virtues which the perilous crisis demanded. They were to be firm, when others wavered; they were to decide, when others doubted; they were to act, when others faltered and deferred. They answered these high expectations. They *were* firm—firm when every thing around them fluctuated like the restless tide. They *were* decided, and wrote down with an untrembling hand a DECLARATION which the fearful read with quivering lips; which the brave regarded with awe;

and which loosened the joints of the monarch upon his throne: they *did* act—and their actions bespoke the entire exertion of their undivided strength.

They seemed like men incapable of doubt and fear, and who were removed beyond the necessity of suspense. They possessed an intuition of consequences, a knowledge of results that warranted them in a course of conduct which appeared to men of less penetration the height of rashness. The distant future appeared to them in a light approaching nearer to certainty than mere conjecture. They beheld its faint outline, dimly apparent, like that of the moon, through a long vista of vapors, clouds, and tempests.

They never lost sight of the ultimate object, or wavered in their march to its attainment. Their footsteps must be the graves of their enemies, and their eyes must swim in tears over the death of their friends; they must encounter the doubts and severe animadversions of the less bold and penetrating; for their plans lie too deep, and extend too far, for common observation; they must be opposed, and may be betrayed; but they must go on, the good of their country calls. They are not at liberty to consult for their own safety or happiness. They acknowledge no private interests, no personal motives. The common weal is the regulating principle in their conduct. They have placed themselves within the fatal range of exasperated ambition and provoked power, but they are prepared for consequences. They have written down a declaration of their freedom, and are ready to seal it with their blood.

They survived the conflict; broke the oppressor's rod; and laid the foundations of freedom, deep and strong. They realized their most distant hopes; they lived to see their country eminent among the nations of the earth; commanding resources which astonished the politicians of the old world; gathering new strength with every successive year, till her jubilee was ushered in with a shout, and rolled in a tide of rapture over her hills and valleys.

Their recollections were too vivid, their feelings too strong, the scene too transporting for enfeebled nature to endure; nature failed, and their vigorous spirits winged their way into the world unknown.

But though their mighty spirits have fled, and though their honored remains must be yielded to corruption, yet their memories will remain; and ages hence a record of their doings will be found deep and indelible upon the human heart. Those men who live only for the good of others, never die. The epicure will be forgotten with his banqueting-board. The conqueror hardly survives the pangs he has inflicted, or the liberties he has overthrown. The foster-child of fame, who floats through life upon a tide of popularity, may at last be wrecked upon a shore where the past is forgotten, and the future will mock his pretensions, and where the gilded trappings of a shroud are all that distinguish the man of wealth from the mendicant that starved at his portal.

But they who have lived for the good of others, though age may make a wreck of their strength, the animal flame go out, and the grave close over their mortal remains; though the monument may molder over the spot it consecrates, and the lapse of ages pass on; though the globe itself should become a ruin, and the course of its march through the heavens be unknown, yet these men, devoted to the high interests of their species, will live still. They, as the visible agents, are removed, but the light and force of their example still remain; and the moral elements will never cease to show the traces of their purity and power. The conduct of each is a link in that chain which connects time with eternity: over which death has no power, and which cannot be dissolved even by the fires that shall at last melt down these nether elements.

No! it is the man who limits his conduct to the circle of his personal interests that perishes at death; while he who seems indifferent to himself, who is affected by the interest of others,

who is roused to action by those objects which tell upon the happy destinies of a nation, lives on—lives on, despite of envy, malice, and the grave. The time will come, when those intrepid men who first asserted our rights and breasted themselves to the strongest power on earth, will be revered with a veneration approaching to idolatry, but for the exalted worth on which it is bestowed. Let the familiarities of affinity in time pass away;—let the medium through which we view them be extended into a vista of ages;—let the glorious results of their doings alone be around us, and from this position they will appear like beings strongly endowed for a work that transcends the common powers of humanity; and filling their noble vocation with a purity of motive, and depth of understanding, and an energy of action unparalleled in the history of man.

Of that determined few, who subscribed to the fearful declaration of our rights, but ONE remains. His companions,—where are they? One after another, they have gone to their final rest; and his heart is now breaking for those who were with him the only survivors, but who, even in death, were not divided. He stands alone, like a venerable oak amid the ruins of the forest, ere long to bow before the tempest that has prostrated its companions. He remains a living representative of the mighty dead—a monument upon which the splendors of their worth seem to linger, like the glories of sunset upon the evening cloud. He is the last of those constellations which appeared in our hemisphere while wrapped in darkness and tempest, and which held their courses, steady and luminous, through the long night of our peril, and waned not till the splendors of breaking day.

What may be our destiny as a nation, the impenetrable future must develop. God may so order it, that the deepest severities which overtake humanity may betide us. The political world is now, for the most part, still; but this quietude may be merely a suspense of action, while its exhausted energies may gather strength for a more violent convulsion. The ocean

seems most tranquil just before it is roused into wrath. We may be called from the peace and serenity of domestic life to the encounters of the doubtful field. We may be placed where upon our bearing the destinies of millions will depend. We may be placed where there is no alternative between a resignation of our privileges and the grave. But if we keep in vivid remembrance the worth and sacrifices of those who bequeathed us these privileges, we shall not be held in suspense, though the grave be damp and the shroud thereof drenched in blood. It becomes us, even in this apparent security, to prepare for the most perilous vicissitudes that can await us. We must brace the sinews of our strength to the grappling arm of tyranny wherever it may fall; and, trusting in Him who has been our defence in ages past, let us hand down to the generations that follow us, our rights and privileges unimpaired.

Address delivered at the Chapel of the Lyceum of the American Literary, Scientific, and Military Academy, after the funeral of Commodore Macdonough, by the Rev. Mr. Colton, Chaplain of the Institution.

THE attachments of a nation to the land of their birth are strengthened by their veneration for those who sleep in its bosom. It is this hallowed respect—this sacred affection for the dead, that unites the present generation with the past, and awakens in the breast of a people a vigorous, virtuous patriotism.

Were we compelled, by some irresistible urgency, to leave forever this land of our pride and hopes, our hearts would dissolve in grief over so hopeless a disruption from the breathing objects of our affection; but our blood would chill, as with parricidal horror, at the idea of abandoning forever the graves of

our fathers. These attachments to the deceased objects of our love and veneration are not without an influence upon our feelings and conduct; and the tendency of this influence will be salutary in proportion to the virtues of the deceased: hence the expediency of keeping in living, vigorous remembrance, the piety and worth of the departed.

Among those on whom our veneration fixes with the deepest interest, and who will rightly control our conduct from their urns, is he whose mortal remains we have just committed to the earth. Well might we weep, while we spread his cold couch of clay, and mantled him down into the voiceless recess of the grave. Oh, how changed—how altered from all that he was! The eye that melted with pity, is now sealed to its own corruption,—the heart that beat and glowed with the love of Christ, is now fixed and passionless,—the breast that heaved with noble, generous purposes, is now pressed down into unalterable stillness,—the arm, from whose reacting energy the javelin flew like lightning from the cloud, is now motionless and cold! In our voiceless grief, we awake above him the thunders of the minute-gun; but he is laid in that sleep from which we wake not—that sleep on which no clarion's note shall sound, no busy morning rise—the long, long slumber of the tomb!

But it is not my object on this overwhelming occasion, to give expression to passionate grief, or pronounce a lofty eulogy; yet, while we bow in silent submission to this mysterious Providence, it is due to the memory of the departed, and may not be without its salutary effects upon the living, to look steadily at the worth of the deceased.

True courage is one of the sublimest passions of which the human soul is capable. It is a calm, unreserved surrender of ourselves to the mighty event before us;—it is an unshrinking, uncompromising, unquestioning devotion to the dread, inscrutable issue. It differs essentially from that blind, reckless exposure of life, so frequently and falsely termed courage; and which

may belong, in as eminent a degree, to the man who leaps from the precipice as to him who dies in battle. True courage is not indifferent to consequences,—the sacrifice must not transcend its object. All the circumstances which predict success or failure are held in luminous survey, till the calm, collected judgment of the man determines—and then, action alone remains.

Such was the courage of Macdonough on the perilous edge of battle. When the sound of preparation had died away into that suspense where men are pinched for breath, and expectation becomes agony, he appeared tranquil as one unalterably fixed. And during the doubtful conflict he made none of those blind, headlong movements which indicate the presence of a desperate ambition or the want of capacity. He went to the work like a man penetrated with a deep sense of his duty—not at liberty to act otherwise—unconcerned what might become of himself, anxious only to answer the claims of his country, his conscience, and his God.

When silence from the deck told that the work of death was done, then the sternness of the general gave way to the sensibilities of the man, and he wept over the fallen brave. His generous pity overflowed in acts of attention to the bleeding enemy: he no longer regarded them as foes, but as sufferers, whom the irresistible impulse of his heart led him to relieve. That bitter hostility to the resisting or conquered enemy which has sadly tarnished the lustre of many a hero, found no place in the breast of Macdonough. He regarded the enemy as men whom the deplorable circumstances of war had arrayed against his country; and while it was his duty to oppose the destructive urgency of their movements, he would not, for a moment, harbor a feeling that would triumph in the destruction of an individual.

His kind offices to the wounded captive will long be remembered by those who encountered him, and many a rough Canadian heart will weep at the story of his death. Were all who

engage in war to possess the spirit of Macdonough, this Gorgon of death would lose half his horrors.

There was a silent energy in the movements of Macdonough that indicated the decision and efficacy of his character. While you would have thought him accomplishing but little, he would be conducting a complicated train of circumstances to a most difficult result; and would show, in the END, that he had not been the indifferent being you might have supposed him. The stream that makes the least noise has the deepest channel. The arrow that whizzes least from the string does the most execution.

The interest he manifested in the public honors bestowed upon him never exceeded a suitable respect to those who conferred them. Indeed, while different States vied in their spirit-stirring expressions of veneration for the hero, he discovered an indifference that could be reconciled only with the extreme modesty of the man. He seemed as one conscious of having done only his duty, and who had no claims to any particular favor. Therefore, he looked upon these expressions of public gratitude and veneration as a gratuity, pleasing, no doubt, as they bespoke the best feelings of a nation towards him, yet altogether unmerited on his part. He was never known, of his own accord, to mention the battle on Lake Champlain.

Looking at Macdonough as he developed the citizen, one would hardly think him formed for the tremendous issue of war. The innate modesty of the man pervaded and concealed the air and aspect of the conqueror. His unpretending manners and inviting address seemed hardly compatible with his commanding energies on the deck of death. A stranger, falling in with him, would soon have felt that he was in the society of a modest Christian, an enlightened citizen, a warm-hearted philanthropist—but it never would have occurred to him that he was conversing with the Hero of the Lakes; so utterly aside did the modesty of the man place him from every appearance that indicated a sense of personal importance.

He took apparently as lively an interest in the welfare of the community where he belonged, as those who were never, like him, called away from it by the responsibilities of a lofty station. No scheme that promised to promote the social, civil, or religious interests of the little community that embosomed his truly amiable family, languished for want of his prompt and liberal patronage. He discharged so faithfully the duties of a citizen, that one would have supposed these his prime responsibilities.

His benevolence to the poor is known best to themselves: the cottages of want can tell many a simple story of his charity that found its way unseen to their door. The famishing and helpless, refreshed by his bounty, have blessed the UNKNOWN heart that pitied them. The widow and fatherless may assume no pompous badges of woe, but they will FEEL that he is GONE. May God touch the hearts of others, and, as one source of charity is cut off, open new ones.

I have already transgressed the limits which I had prescribed to these remarks; but I should do injustice to the character of the deceased, as well as violence to my own feelings, not to bring more distinctly into view the unadorned piety of Macdonough. His religion was not a garment to be assumed or laid aside as taste or convenience might dictate. It was not an air of solemnity that pervaded him only when in the society of the good: it was not a current of feeling which commenced and terminated within the precincts of the sanctuary; but it was an ESSENTIAL part of his character—an indispensable in his very being: he appeared on no occasion without it. The first and last impression he left upon a stranger, was a deep sense of his religious obligations.

His piety, like his valor, was unpretending; it had more to do with his own heart than with the conduct of others. He inculcated religion by the purity of his own life. His conduct was a living, correct commentary upon his profession: they were never known to be at variance. Ascertain what his religious opinions

were upon a subject, either of greater or less moment, and you might predict with certainty what would be his course of conduct. Conscience imposed upon him an absolute obligation—an uncomplying necessity; he acknowledged no other authority—he consulted no other oracle; what she required must be done—what she prohibited, for his life he would not essay.

On the perilous edge of battle the hurrying sounds of preparation were arrested, that he might implore the aid of a divine arm; and when the conflict closed, with an overflowing gratitude he remembered that divine arm. It was this sense of the divine agency that made all his honors sit so loosely upon him; for they attracted every eye more than his.

While the public prints were loud in the rehearsal of his achievements, and the poets of the day were weaving into song his brilliant exploits, and men everywhere talked of his matchless worth, he was in the circle that had met for prayer. Oh, God! this humble, retiring piety adorns and exalts its possessor, as much as it honors thee! It is recollections connected with the piety of the deceased that now sustain his weeping friends. Had he gone to his grave with all his honors upon him, unprepared for his last account, we might well even now be pouring the loud expressions of our grief into his grave. But his godliness prevents our tears. Oh, Piety! thou brightest ornament, fairest virtue, richest inheritance of man!

Standing around the grave of Macdonough, who does not feel the energy of that saying, What thou doest, do quickly? The lightning which shivers the mountain oak plays destructively in the vale below: death tramples down alike the lowly and the proud: character or station is no security. I know you are now in the spring-time of your hopes: the currents of health mantle warmly through your veins; the pulse of life beats vigorously in your limbs; but if the blood which has left that heart revisits its source again, there will be accomplished in you little less than a miracle. You little deem how precarious is your tenure

on life—you feel that OTHERS may die, but a few paces ahead, and you, too, may find a grave sunk across your path. If you have yet the great work of saving your souls to accomplish, let your action be immediate; trust it not to an unknown hereafter; leave it not to the agony of a dying hour, or to that apathy still nearer the fatal moment.

The youth is cut down in the midst of his hopes, and the aged dies with his infirmities: the lowly perish, and the mighty are laid in the dust: one and another departs from our midst NEVER to return—coffin rumbles after coffin, to join the dark caravan of death: the shroud of the insatiate grave hath mantled down to its voiceless recess the mates of our childhood, the guides of our youth, the companions of our riper years. Those that moved with us, can no longer share in our friendship,—those that soared above us, have passed beyond the reach of our veneration.

Where now is he whose hymn of triumph once floated over the waters of the North? There is a wail on the ocean deeper than the sighing of the wind through the vessel's shrouds! There are tears there, coursing the cheeks of hardy mariners, more quick and scalding than those which fall over common dust. The banner that floated in triumph, is now the shroud of the hero! Alas! the Christian, patriot, hero, is no more! His desolate house is now more desolate still. The countenance that gladdened it had passed away,—the eye that would greet him was closed ere it startled at the dark coming of his hearse. He will come to his house—but oh, how changed!—his footstep will not echo on the gloomy threshold, nor his voice be heard in the empty hall! The cry of lamentation will be heard then; but not from him—though the partner of his bosom is GONE—it will be of those whose hearts are breaking for them BOTH!

His strength was terrible on the deck of battle—his courage calm and even where the dead and dying were a hearse for the

living. The arm of the Almighty was his shield, and his trust was in the God of his fathers. I heard the thunder of his deck when Albion bowed to his might;—he was stern in the conflict; but wept at its close o'er the valor of the conquered and fallen. The marvels of his might are hymned by the waves; and their voice will be heard till it is morn in the grave.

A brief Address to the Cadets of the Partridge Military Academy at the Funeral Services of Mr. Ralph A. Wikoff, a Member from Opelousas, Louisiana.

BUT a few days since and WIKOFF moved among us the manliest of us all! The glow of his warm cheek, the movement of his sinewy arm, the bound of his measured tread, all told how strongly life dwelt within him. But now he lies there, pressed down under the cold hand of death!

He will never again be seen gliding from his apartment to fill his place in your ranks; the sound of his footstep will never again answer to the deep roll of the morning drum! That reveille shall beat, but he will not arouse him from his rest. He has laid aside his martial dress for the cold drapery of the grave. Oh, WIKOFF! who can think of thee, of thy sun-bright hopes, the promise of thy manly virtues, the pledges of thine exalted worth, and not dissolve in grief over thy untimely end! who that saw thee die, and heard thy latest prayer, but thinks of heaven!

Dear departed one, no parent with trembling anxiety bent over thy dying couch; no sister with tender assiduity anticipated thy every want; no brother was near to hear thy last request: thy dying couch was spread in a stranger-land, but there were those about thee strongly attracted by thy worth; those who thrilled at every hope of life, and shed tears feelingly and fast when they closed thy dying eyes; and there are those who with breaking hearts, will hold thee in long remembrance. Soldier, scholar, friend, companion, rest! rest!

Comrades of WIKOFF! ye who arose with him at the earliest light, and with him stood in solemn pause while we breathed our morning prayer to heaven; ye who with him labored away the hours of light in the deep drift of thought, and with him kindled the lamp over the march of some mighty mind; come ye around his hearse, gather close about his confined clay, for though dead he speaks to each of you, "What thou doest, do quickly." Who can withstand the energy of those words? Oh, thou pale oracle of death! it were treason not to hear thee now. "What thou doest, do quickly." Yes, there is an emphasis in those words redoubled by him gone so young in life to the cold mantling of the shroud.

Who is there among your ranks, more vigorous in your limbs, more sanguine in your hope of many days, than WIKOFF? None! His was a strength that seemed to hold no parley with disease, no compromise with the infirmities of our nature. But he is there relaxed in death! We must go and consign him to the remorseless grave; we shall awake over him our volleyed thunder, but he will sleep on till the trump of God summon him to the judgment-bar.

Who is there among you not prepared to follow WIKOFF?—Hear him, for he speaks to you—"What thou doest, do quickly." You may be the one to companion him in the grave. Then that scene after death—oh, that undying soul!—that spirit stamped with the immortal image of its Maker!—if unprepared for heaven, whither with all its boundless capacities can it go? Dislodged from earth, an outcast from God—it must lie down in eternal anguish!

But I hear a voice from the recesses of that shroud, crying, "What thou doest, do quickly." It speaks to all—to you who totter under the infirmities of age, to you who walk erect in the stable strength of manhood, to you who are in the morning and growing vigor of life, for the grave is crowded with your equals. And you may be the next over whom the pall of that silent realm

will be spread. The character which you carry with you to the grave, you will carry with you to the judgment-seat of Christ. You will not erase one of its darker, or increase one of its lighter shades.

When the clods cease to rumble on the coffin, there, evermore, all is coldness, darkness, silence, death! The busy world may move above them, but they know it not! The worm of corruption may revel in their shroud, but they know it not! Affection may go there to linger and to weep, but they know it not! Profane levity may go there and trample them down, but they know it not! Those whom they left here among the living, may go down on the cold hearse to join them, but there will be no question, no greeting, no reply: they are laid into the silence and immutability of death! But ye are still among the living, and I hear a voice again, and last from the tenant of that shroud—"What thou doest, do quickly." Are we silent and motionless still? Is there no one who will struggle for the life of his soul? Oh, the quietude of this fancied security is the noiseless harbinger of ruin. The water is stillest near the verge of the precipice. While I am speaking, the icy hand of death may be settling down upon some one in this assembly. Lay that hand to your heart; if it beat again, spend that breath in prayer for pardoning mercy!

A PLEA FOR THE GREEKS.

THERE is a point in human suffering beyond which endurance is impossible. At this point nature will either struggle, gasp, and expire, or with one mighty effort burst the bonds which subject her to suffering; while every element that has contributed to her woe seems only to have curbed her energies for a more intense reaction. Greece had reached that point, but her last convulsion burst her bonds, as the struggling volcano rends with its throes the rock-ribbed mountain. Greece had broken the

serpent folds in which she was bound, and struggled into freer existence; but in her last desperate struggle she roused up a foe whose character can be portrayed only by emblems drawn from the world of fiends. Thrilled with young life, her heart bounded with the joys of her infancy; but with the first swell of transport gushed her life-blood to the sabres of her enemy. She prayed for mercy, but received a deeper wound; she fled for protection to the horns of her altars, but they were hung with the mangled bodies of her priests; she fled to the tombs of her forefathers, but the violated dead told the fate of the living. The shades of Thermopylæ, Platea, and Marathon begin to rise around her, bringing with them ten thousand images of the past, revealed with a dying glory that still linger upon them.

Entranced amid these visions of her ancient might, Greece is herself again. One spontaneous universal rush of feeling thirsts for the dread onset—the wild storm that shall beat upon her grave, or subside into the peaceful hours of returning liberty. But courage is not strength; the heaven-ascending eagle the thunder-cloud will sometimes dash to the ground. Greece has launched herself upon a wave too boisterous for her feeble bark; but shall her noble daring be her ruin? Shall this bold expression of her courage be the signal of her destruction? Shall this nation, professing the same faith with ourselves, and struggling for the same freedom which we enjoy, be permitted to perish when her salvation lies in the breast of the American people? Greece has looked, and still looks to us for aid.

Tell me not that she is a faithless people, and unworthy of our co-operation. There may be individuals bearing the name of Greeks, who have betrayed the confidence reposed in them, but this is not the characteristic of the nation. The iron-handed oppression that has crumbled to dust the monuments of their pride, may have obscured, but it has not destroyed their national faith. That nation, which has for ages withstood the tide of barbarism that has swept down in its desolating track the shrines

and temples of every other realm, is not made up of treachery. That people who have for eighteen centuries maintained the religion of the Cross at the expense of every thing else, and who have fed their altars with their own blood, have not been martyrs to a faith devoid of influence on their national character.

No; Greece is in ruins, but her ruins bear the bright impress of her integrity. Tell me not that she is a cruel, savage people, and undeserving our compassion. I know that sometimes the shaft aimed at her own vitals drank the blood of her captives. But was there no provocation for this dark deed? There was: it is revealed on that long road on which her fathers travelled down in chains to their graves; it is traced in the ashes of her temples, palaces, and shrines; it is heard in the wail of her widows and orphans; it is murmured in the dying exclamations of her chiefs; it knells from the prison and the block; it pervades that voiceless woe that weeps where Scio is no more, but which was once animate with beings young, beautiful, and gay, all murdered to appease a malice that riots in the misery it can inflict. Where is the human bosom in which vengeance could have slept amid such sights and sounds as these? She must have been more or less than mortal not to have kindled into retribution.

Ask me not why Europe does not aid the Greeks; the answer is sealed up in the dark articles of the Alliance—that grave of liberty. Europe has injured Greece; she has torn from her every memorial of her ancient name, but her very being. Europe has injured Greece; she has urged her into a war, at perilous odds, with a merciless foe: Europe has held out pledges of aid and confederation in this struggle, which she never meant to redeem. Chilled into a cruel, unnatural insensibility, beneath the blighting influence of the Alliance, she sees without an emotion this fairest, loveliest star in all the heaven go down forever. But what has the cruelty and injustice of Europe to do with our duty?

Greece looks to us for aid: she looks to us for a generous

expression of our love for liberty, in a prompt endeavor to relieve her in this hour of distress. She looks to us as the first nation that has ever risen to rational permanent independence; and having gained our own freedom, and tasted the sweets of liberty, she does not suppose us capable of indifference when struggling for her very being, dying for the common rights and privileges of man. Where is our gratitude? Has not Greece enriched us with the productions of her immortal genius? Have we not received from her a clue to every thing that raises us above stupid barbarism? And yet we are satisfied with doing nothing for her.

While we have been shouting through our streets the man who nobly dared to embark his life and fortune for us in our struggle for independence, we forget the children of those intrepid heroes who first taught us the use of the scimeter and shield, and from whose literature we derived our earliest notions of liberty. We have been deceived in relation to Greece: while we have supposed her prosperous, she has rapidly declined in her means of resistance; this is the most perilous period of her long conflict. Her legislators are without the means of carrying their determinations into effect; her armies, thinned by death, are without the means of subsistence; her crops are destroyed by the enemy before they can arrive at maturity; no cheering prospect meets her at home, no sympathy greets her from abroad; and to all human appearances she must perish, unless there is a speedy redeeming energy manifested in this country.

It is in vain to tell us what Greece might have been, or might have done, had she not thrown the gauntlet in the face of the enemy: the gauntlet is thrown, the die is cast, and that, too, in a desperate uncertainty; the storm she has raised has become too wild for her control; her courage is far in the advance of her strength. Liberty or death is drawn in wild characters on the stern aspect of each Greek: he will be free, or the ground on which he stands shall be his sepulchre.

They have been driven to this determination by sufferings which mock description. Roused from their slumbers at midnight, they have been driven into hopeless flight; their ears stunned with the cries of the suffering, and the yell of their savage murderers; while the flames of their own dwellings were kindled over their retreat, traced in blood; their parents, their wives, their children, every object around which affection could linger, torn from them; their very prayers mocked by the horrors of a lingering death. Outraged humanity could endure no longer; goaded to desperation, they have drawn their battle glaives, and swear never to sheathe them again, till they have exterminated these bloodhounds from the lands of their fathers; or they will sacrifice their lives to the nobleness of their purpose. They will find an asylum from these sufferings, though it is in the grave, and the last Greek will lie in his gore, before he will consent again to be the slave of a Turk.

Yes, let that nation perish at once, rather than groan out a miserable existence under the Ottoman yoke; let the tempest that now beats upon her, bear away with it every relic of her departed glory, every memorial of her present existence. Never again let the eloquence of the orator thunder through her forum, the song of the minstrel gladden her halls, or the incense of gratitude ascend from her altars; let every stream that wanders through her murmur only of ruin, every breeze that sweeps from the Morea to the mountain-top, tell only of ghastly desolation, every wave that breaks upon her shore, rumble like clods on the coffins of the dead.

CHAPTER II.

LIFE IN WASHINGTON, AND ENTRANCE UPON THE DUTIES
OF A NAVY CHAPLAIN ON SHIP AND SHORE.

“THE seeds of wisdom early sown by the paternal hand,
Thou hast borne through all thy wanderings wide over sea and land.”

IN the year 1830 Mr. Colton resigned the Middletown Professorship; partly from a want of confidence in the system of mental and moral discipline there pursued. At the instance of Jeremiah Evarts, Esq., and other friends of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, he proceeded to Washington, and undertook the editorship of the American Spectator and Washington City Chronicle. The main object of its establishment was to controvert and prevent the policy recommended by President Jackson, in regard to the removal of the Georgia Indians, threatening as it did the very existence of the American Mission among those Indians, and involving our nation in a breach of faith.

With this end in view, able articles were written both by himself and by Mr. Evarts, the signal ability and correctness of which were by no means to be measured by their success. The policy of the Na-

tional Executive was consummated, and the function of the Spectator ceased. While thus employed, and after his release from editorial duty, Mr. Colton was engaged for a little time in the pulpit of the church where it was the habit of General Jackson to attend public worship. An acquaintance so formed ripened into friendship, notwithstanding the contrariety between the parties in politics. Mr. Colton was frequently an invited guest at the White House; and the President becoming aware of his infirm health, ere long offered him the choice of a chaplaincy in the Navy, or a foreign consulate.

He chose the former, as better meeting his hopes of restoration to health, and was at once nominated by General Jackson to the chaplaincy of the West India squadron. Hostility was immediately aroused to this appointment among the friends of the Administration, and a strong remonstrance against it, numerously signed, was forwarded to Washington from New York. The argument urged against it was the public opposition of the nominee to the Indian Removal policy of the Administration, then in the process of fulfilment. The President, however, was inflexible: he knew his man, and with characteristic decision took the responsibility.

The subject of this memoir entered upon the duties of a United States Naval Chaplain on the 29th of January, 1831, leaving New York on that day in the U. S. ship Vincennes, for St. Thomas, Cuba, and Pen-

sacola. His moral courage and fidelity on one occasion while at the latter station, in exposing the malfeasance in a certain affair of the Spanish Intendant, came near to losing him his life. Through Divine Providence, it was the chaplain's determined mien, and the sight of his finger upon a revolver in self-defence, that deterred his angry enemy, when he met him, from the vengeance he was meditating.

Mr. Colton returned from this cruise to Washington in the autumn of 1831, his health by no means good. A characteristic and amusing work of his the ensuing winter was a satirical jeu d'esprit for one of the New England newspapers, entitled

FROM A POETICAL CORRESPONDENT.

WASHINGTON CITY, Feb. 2d, 1832.

DEAR SIR,—I date, you see, from this great city,

In which the wonderful of all the nation
Assembled are ; also the gay and wittyOf Europe's courts—a sort of delegation—
As Randolph was, presenting his credentials
To Monsieur Nicholas, in regimentals.

You'll think it strange—but then the people here

Live on pure politics—they boil, or bake,
Or stew, or fry, or brew them into beer,Just as their different tastes suggest :—some make
Them into puddings, but all eat them hot—

“If 't isn't so, I wish I may be shot!”

Congress are sitting daily for the nation :—

The House is making speeches, counting noses,
To quash a ruinous appropriation—

One which, if rightly I am told, proposes
The building of a Light-house, whose erection
Involves a constitutional objection.

The Senate now are on the Tariff-laws,—

Friend Clay has spoken, going the whole hog ;
Hayne is opposed to their minutest clause,

Declaring them a vile and loathsome clog
Upon the nation's true prosperity—
A curse to us and our posterity.

Sir Isaac, whom the Granite State has placed

Wrong end afore, as Paddy did his saddle
Bestride the Body when he'd been disgraced,
Was, yesterday, delivered of a *twaddle*,
Which, if there's aught of clearness in my vision,
Will scarce survive the pains of parturition.

The President has had a ball extracted,

From which arm I can't say, but that's no matter ;
He got it in the gallant part he acted

With one who, afterwards, raised such a clatter
About a certain *Oriental Room*—
Extravagantly furnished with a *broom* !

The first great Cabinet, at whose formation

A darkening cloud of Jackson caps were thrown up,
And which, at first, electrified the nation,

Has, by a woman's stratagem, been blown up :—
One fragment flew with such prodigious motion,
It never lighted till it crossed the ocean !

Calhoun, for love of mineralogy,
Has sent for this wild fragment: he is right—
For it has not the least analogy
In all our choicest cabinets, and might,
If lectured on in some New England college,
Add some new theories to human knowledge.

It is the rarest mineral—all sides—
And yet, in fact, it has no sides at all;
Sharp-angled, yet, when tested, glides
From 'neath the chisel like a polished ball;
It is translucent, too, and yet 'twould seem
As if the surface only drank the beam.

It has the strangest virtues; for its touch
Will make a man forget his bosom friends,—
The beings he could never love too much
He now regards as little less than fiends;
And such a powerful charm is on him thrown,
He thinks of naught on earth except that stone!

Our Georgia friends have chained with thieves and knaves
Two of those curious missionary preachers,
Who oddly think that red men are not slaves,
And that the Georgians are overreachers:—
Georgia is right—the Bible was not given
To show a *Cherokee* the road to heaven!

'Tis past dispute, an *Indian* has no claim
To aught his patrimonial lands may yield,
Unless it be a little flying game;
And when the rascal dares to dig his field
For gold, though it should be his homestead lot,
Lumpkin should have him either hung or shot.

Congress will sit, 'tis said, till next September :
Two hundred bills, at least, are on the table ;
And then, you know, each inexperienced member
Is primed with fifty speeches, each a cable,
Which must by its interminable length
Make up for its deficiency in strength.

'Twould save much money, and more time,
To get a gun that works by fire and steam,
And then, let every member load and prime
With all the speeches he can write or dream ;
For ninety thousand, by this patent power,
If Perkins 's right, are shot off in an hour !

A member moved the use of Congress Hall
To Mr. Marsh, to hold a temperance meeting :
Now one would think from love, or shame, that all
Would give this scheme a sort of friendly greeting ;
But many cried out, " No !" — thinking the body
Required, at times, a little jog from toddy !

The vote was carried : when the ayes and noes
Were counted, it was laughable to see
How Speaker Stevenson detected those
Who voted on the opposition : he
Just cast a glance upon each rosy face,
And gave the tippling vote its proper place.

Some great men here are like a wild youth, rambling
From all the paths of peace and piety,
Carousing, drinking, frolicking, and gambling,
Till they are sickened with satiety :
'Twould seem as if they thought a public station
Cancelled at once all moral obligation.

A man of titles here, not having been
For several Sabbaths to his mother church,
And rightly thinking it might be a sin
To leave his whole religion in the lurch,
Ordered his carriage up, and sent his—card—
If he don't get to heaven, I think it's hard!

Few men are more respected here than Branch ;
He heeds not now, and never did, those shocks
Of public wrath because he would not launch
The Pennsylvania from her steady stocks,
And send to sea a worn-out, rotten frigate,
Without a single cent to paint or rig it!

'Twas whispered here last night, extremely late,
That Mr. Livingston will go to France—
Mr. McLane be transferred to the State
Department—Mr. Rives be sent to dance
Attendance at St. James—and Amos Kendal
Be Treasury Sec.—and that will surely end all.

These are exchanges, I mean nothing more,
For I respect these men, especially
The President, since very long before
His claims were canvassed, even in Tennessee,
I fixed on him, and mentioned my intention
Within a little family convention.

It is the fashion here, among the great,
For ladies, when they make their morning calls,
To stay at home: the carriage goes in state,—
A wench is in it, but so thickly falls
Her veil, she's quite concealed; the footman leaves
The card, and separating friendship grieves!

Another fashion is, when invitations

“To meet a friend” are issued, to invite
At least a thousand—none of them relations:

The beds are cast up garret for the night,
And every room, instead of social ease,
Presents a crowded, pent, and panting squeeze.

But then it is the top-knot of the fashion

To keep a parrot, for that bird was given,
With all its prattling, imitative passion,

To bring to earth the dialect of *heaven* :
The very bird from whose celestial stammer
Our mother Eve first learnt the Hebrew grammar.

A great amusement, with the frisking fops,

Is waltzing : this is a whirling dance,
In which the parties move around like tops—

I think 'twas introduced from France,
Perhaps from Italy, or Ghent, or Cadiz :
At any rate, it seems to charm the *Ladies*.

The parties stand in couples, face to face,

And most affectionately near each other ;
The lady then, as if she caught the embrace
Of some sweet sister, or devoted brother,
Raises her arms, while he, as purely chaste,
Clasps her around the palpitating waist.

And so they stand—her warm arms softly lying

On him—and he, circling her gentle form—
Their eyes are in each other's—sweet lips sighing

A language inarticulate and warm :
They seem, as love for them had but one riddle,
And now they whirl in time to Sambo's fiddle ;—

And round and round they spin—an easy sweep
Of thrilling limbs and mounting blood, while she
Tells every nerve its vestal vow to keep,
And only lets it off this once—while he,
At every freedom which he feels or sees,
Just gives her little waist another squeeze.

Then in this dance the parties seem so free
Of all embarrassment—so unrestrained,
Gentle, and loving—they appear to be
Made for each other; not to be enchained
In marriage bonds—quite a superfluous fashion,
When there is such a warmth and depth of passion!

'Tis whispered slyly that the President
Is soon to marry off another niece--
A lovely creature, now a resident
With him:—Well, in these piping times of peace,
'Tis well, perhaps, for men to think of marriage,
And ladies, too, if they can keep their carriage.

I think myself, sometimes, of getting married;
But when I look around me for a minute,
And number up how many have miscarried,
Who now would give the world were they not in it,
My courage fails me: so, with sigh and tear,
I put the matter off another year!

The truth is, that I cannot bear the crying
Of a child, not even for variety;
But then, the melancholy thought of dying,
And sinking from the surface of society
Unwept, as falls a pebble through the wave,
Might almost break the slumbers of the grave.

But I am wandering without being witty,
 And that's intolerable : I think a person
 An object of the most contemptuous pity
 Who imitates the style of James Macpherson—
 Loose and erratic, without sense or vigor,
 And robbing heaven and hell to find a figure!

A spirit's waking in the Old Dominion,
 Strong as the thunder when it leaves the cloud,
 Breaking the chains of riveted opinion,
 And raising thousands, who are basely bowed
 In bondage, to the cheering, changeless light,
 That dawns at last on slavery's bitter night.

May this strong spirit travel through the land,
 Trampling in dust the fetters of the slave,
 And leading forth the ransomed, as the band
 That hymned their triumph o'er the Egyptian wave :
 Then with this stain effaced, its guilt forgiven,
 Our land may win the warmest smile of Heaven!

'Tis whispered briskly now, that R. M. Johnson
 Succeeds the little man of Kinderhook :
 This will be any thing but "*Monsieur Tonson*"—
 For sure there's not a simpering breath or look
 Softens the Colonel, in a single spot—
 He's stern as was Tecumseh, whom he shot.

But then I hope the Colonel, should he sail
 As our august ambassador to London,
 Will not attempt to run a Sunday mail,
 Nor make the English think that they're undone,
 Because a letter pauses on its way,
 While one can get to church, and kneel, and pray.

The letters which are written from this city,
Save this of mine, are destitute of fact,
As any wandering, wild, romantic ditty ;
They show, sometimes, 'tis true, a little tact,
And now and then one seems extremely grave—
Which is a bass note on the lying stave.

But this of mine, at least, shall not deceive you—
'Tis true, as are the last words of the dying :
I know there's nothing which can so much grieve you
And your fraternity, as would a lying
Letter ; or one which barely you suspect
To be conceived or colored for effect.

Adieu !—'tis late, my little ones are all
In bed—bless me !—I've none ! not e'en a wife !
To share with me what you most rightly call
The sweet, seraphic harmonies of life.—
Just look for one who's tired of living single,
And recommend—

Your faithful friend—

McFINGAL.

CHAPTER III.

CRUISE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN, AND LIFE AND LABORS IN
THE NAVY-YARDS.

“THY words have come from many a clime, to many a human ear ;
Thy pathway on the Deep has been in danger and in fear ;
Ever the breath of prayer went up on wing of darkest storm,
And daily with the sailor band he lowly bent the form.”

EARLY in the year 1832, Mr. Colton was ordered to the Mediterranean in the U. S. Frigate Constellation, Commodore Read. The volumes entitled “Ship and Shore, in Madeira, Lisbon, and the Mediterranean,” and “Land and Lee in the Bosphorus and Ægean,” together with the “Notes on France and Italy,” in this volume, prove him to have been no idle wanderer along the classic shores of “The Great Sea.”

During the three years of his absence on this cruise he also visited Paris and London, and arrived back with the squadron in December of 1834, his health still infirm. That winter he gave himself very diligently and successfully to procuring the passage of a bill by Congress for increasing the pay of Naval Chaplains from six hundred and fifty a

year, to a salary of twelve hundred dollars, when on duty, and eight hundred when off.

In the spring of 1835 he was assigned to the Naval Station of Charlestown, Mass., where he addressed himself with commendable assiduity to the duties of his post. He preached regularly once on the Sabbath, besides other labors for the good of seamen, and was often heard in the pulpits of Boston and Charlestown.

An intimate friend and brother says of him at this period, that he lived much in dream-land. Always more or less addicted to ruminating, he was, during a year or two of his stay in Boston, almost entirely buried up in his own thoughts. He became extremely absent-minded; and ludicrous things are related of him in this period. He lost his sympathy with the outward world, except so far as was absolutely necessary for his professional routine; and he seldom opened a newspaper or book, although his sideboards were well filled with choice volumes.

“I have often gone down from Andover to Boston, (says his brother at this time,) entered his room, found him sitting in his old arm-chair, resting his head upon his left arm, his fore-finger against his left temple, looking upon the fire, utterly unconscious of my presence, till almost a blow from my hand brought him to his senses. Then would come some of his keenest sallies of wit or humor; he was just in the

vein. His friends who knew him best, had strong fears lest he was injuring himself, body and mind, by such a course."

Self-satisfied, also, that he was doing himself harm, he resolved to change his course. He betook himself again to books, and mingled more in society. A well-written series of letters on slavery, at this time, addressed to Dr. Channing, in the Boston Courier, was consequent upon this change. He also took hold of his Sea Journal and completed its preparation for the press, under the title of "A Visit to Athens and Constantinople."

About the same time he spent a few days at Andover, and preached in the Seminary Chapel on Sabbath morning, and at the Old South Church in the evening, and never, it was said, more effectively. He was now fairly waked from his sea of dreams, and dangerous as had been his indulgence, that dreaming may not, on the whole, have been an injury to him, being stopped, as it not always is, at a safe point.

Early in the year 1837 he was appointed Historiographer and Chaplain to the South Sea Surveying and Exploring Squadron. He studied with reference to it for nearly a year, when the reduction of the force at first designed for the Expedition, and the consequent resignation of some of his associates, together with the infirm state of his health, making it doubtful if he could bear the hardships of the voyage,

led him to obtain a release from that appointment. At this period, being in Washington, he edited for a number of months the *Colonization Herald*.

By the close of this year (1837) he returned to Boston, whence he playfully wrote to his brother Aaron, at Andover, in his characteristic manner, as follows :

The weather has been intensely cold here ; it must have been still more severe with you, for we are in the sunny basin of an Alpine hollow, compared to the everlasting avalanche of your condition. Take care that the bubbling founts of your genius be not frozen up ; the heart may gather to itself an ice which no sun can melt away. This climate is fit for nothing but bears and badgers, and such other animals as live in "thick-ribbed ice," and dwell "in cold obstruction's apathy." I wish I were in the South of France, or in Naples, which Gibbon—looking at the evergreen landscape, and the burning crater of Vesuvius—profanely pronounced to be on the confines of Heaven and Hell. If my locomotives be not utterly ice-bound, I intend to make you a visit this winter, and shall of course expect to find you delving into the intricacies of some theological mystery, which lies, perhaps, beyond the ken of an archangel. What fools we all are ! The plain and practical are forgotten in an enthusiasm for the obscure and useless. Were the moon to come so near our earth that it could be reached without the adventures of a balloon, few would go to measure its mountains or wander by its streams. There would be no difficulty and romance in the expedition. It is just so in reaching heaven—the true path is too plain and simple. But persuade mankind—and it might easily be done—that they can reach the blessed world by a *descent* through the centre of the ocean, and you would see them pushing off in their little canoes by thousands. Do you go for the plain and practical.

Soon after the opening of 1838, Mr. Colton was assigned to the Chaplaincy of the Naval Station at Philadelphia, where, with the consent of the Navy Department, in connection with two or three able associates, he was induced to unite in the editorship of the Independent North American newspaper. His intended track and aim as an editor were early projected in the following leader :

Instead of delineating an editorial career, from which we may constantly deviate, and holding out pledges which we can never redeem, we will trace the outline of what an editor *should be*.

A man who conducts a public journal should possess a sound, discriminating mind. He should be able to seize the strong points of a question, and enforce them with his whole energy. He should be able to hold the question steadily before the eye of his own mind, till he has traced it out in all its ramifications, and then impress it, with the distinctness of life, upon the intellect and hearts of others. He should be able to weigh moral evidence, and be so free of bias and prejudice himself as to let the scale turn with the slightest preponderance of probabilities.

He should be a man of enlightened, liberal sentiments. He may have principles and opinions of his own, but they should ever be those conclusions in which he has rested, after a conscientious improvement of all the light and information within the compass of his faculties. He should hold his most favorite opinion at the entire disposal of evidence. His religious creed should catch every fresh accent that may break from the oracles of God. His political faith should be open to every new ray of light that may strike it from the whole Universe of Mind.

He should be a devoted Patriot. The affection that binds him to his country should be as unchanging as the first great

law of nature. He should rejoice in feeling himself indissolubly wed to her weal or woe, and stand prepared to protect her in every hour of adversity and peril. He should ever aim to cast a true and constant light on the path of her duty, and amid all the conflicts of party jealousy and interest, still cling to his country with increased devotion. And should foreign aggression threaten the land of his pride, it should ever be the cherished resolve of his heart, that the ruthless invader of her peace should tread over *his* grave before he could effect his malignant purpose.

He should be an ardent lover of virtue: he should court her sacred presence; live in the smiles of her countenance, feast on her unfading beauty, have his garments redolent with her fragrant breath, nor attempt to lay one gem on her shrine that has been sullied by passion: vice, her mortal foe, should be the object of his direst antipathies. This profane harpy, if allowed to come within the compass of his vision, should never touch the sacred ermine of his robe. His heart should be so nicely attuned to moral excellence, that every pure, generous, or lofty feeling reflected upon it from mankind, will make it discourse eloquent music.

He should be an ardent lover of truth. From all the tumult and conflict of human opinion he should ever repair to the quiet shrine of this Divinity, and, laying the richest offerings of his intellect upon her altar, listen with more than oriental devotion to her infallible dictates. Every word should be treasured in his heart, as a jewel of priceless worth, and even her softest whisper linger in his memory, as the last words of one whose virtues have passed under the seal of immortality.

He should be a man of a generous, forgiving temper. Nothing like vindictiveness should ever mingle in the cup of his nature, no spirit of retaliation ever overcast the calm sunshine of his soul. Injured, or wantonly misrepresented, he should never lose his confidence in the ultimate and impartial convictions of man. Surrounded by the convulsions of party spirit, he should be like

the polar star, shedding its clear and steady light on the conflict and the storm.

He should be a man of humane sensibility. His heart should be vital with sympathy for the needy, and overflowing with in-born eloquence for the oppressed. He should be quick to discern the half-concealed intimations of modest sufferance, and be able to read the tale of sorrow in the tear that would blot it out. His bosom should be that mirror of humanity upon which every form and expression of grief may cast its undiminished and unexaggerated lineaments; and these faithful representations he should hold up to the eye of those whose charity, like his own, will not evaporate in idle declamation.

He should take a deep and thrilling interest in the great benevolent enterprises of the age. He should strive to cast a steady embankment against that fiery current upon which his fellow-beings are reeling in drunken delirium to perdition. He should succor those who are sacrificing their best strength in efforts to arrest this plague, bringing with it more woes and sorrows than the seventh curse that lighted on Egypt. He should give his firm assurances to the men who are laying the foundations of those institutions where the helpless, the forsaken, and the insane may find an asylum from their wretchedness.

He should have warm words of encouragement for those who would wipe from our national character those guilty stains which point unerringly to the chain of the slave, and the profaned rights of our common nature. He should strengthen the efforts of those who would rear for our country the enlightened and virtuous, to sustain the ark of our holy faith when those who now bear it shall be gathered to their fathers. He should send a cheering voice to those who will not rest in their sacred enterprise, till the oracles of God are heard in every human habitation. His spirit should be abroad, appealing to all hearts, raising the torpid, enlightening the ignorant, strengthening the weak, relieving the oppressed, encouraging the good, awing the profane,

till righteousness, mercy, and truth make an Eden of earth, and earth an emblem of Heaven.

A co-laborer in the office of the North American, speaking of his own connection with Mr. Colton, in that paper, says of him that he wrote with much care, and, indeed, required so much time for what he composed, that he could not attend to the general duties of the editorship. "His articles *told* when they were finished, and were of great value. But he did not incline to trouble himself beyond the writing of one or two articles a day: he would rarely look over more than two or three exchange papers. He was always pleasant, often inclined to say but little, generally a man of few words in the office, and never talked fluently. What he did say was said with emphasis, and had point. He was beloved by all who were in the office of the North American, and regarded as a noble-hearted man."

A clerical friend of Mr. Colton's, in Philadelphia, gives the following testimony to his conduct of the North American:—"Though a secular paper, yet, as its gentlemanly and Christian Editor, he so molded its moral and religious influence as to secure for it the patronage of the best part of the community. During the time of his editorship, it was my pleasure to see him almost daily, and I know that his great motive in seeking and occupying that position was not mercenary, but that he might be the instru-

ment, through that medium, of doing more extensive good."

Although he was far from possessing all the habits or health to make him the patient working Editor of a Daily, he labored assiduously at his post, and continued to acquit himself reputably in that position until compelled by government to abandon it or quit the Navy. This was owing to the politics of the paper being contrary to those of the Vice-President and his Administration, into whose hands the reins of power passed, at Washington, upon the untimely death of General Harrison.

Mr. Colton very wisely chose the alternative of quitting the Editorial corps of the North American, rather than to lose his commission in the Navy. He now devoted himself almost exclusively to the duties of his Chaplaincy at the Navy-Yard and Naval Asylum, for which latter he procured a grant from the Secretary of the Navy for an organ, a Reading-Room, and pecuniary aid in his efforts for promoting temperance among the seamen. He preached also, in their behalf, very frequently in the city churches. He wrote, moreover, at this time, a vigorous reply to Bishop Kenrick's letter on the School Question, which was published in the Quarterly Protestant Review, and afterwards in pamphlet form, under the title of "The Bible in Public Schools."

In the month of June, 1843, Mr. Colton's filial sensibilities were severely tried in the death of his

beloved Mother, at the age of seventy-two. She was a woman of excellent sense, clear practical judgment, and of a most amiable and cheerful temper. She had been a fond and faithful Mother to all her numerous offspring. Walter deeply felt her death. He was another instance in proof of the remark, which will undoubtedly hold almost universally true, that every man who has risen to eminence will be found to have paid a marked respect to his mother in early life. Walter had been a dutiful and affectionate son, and this is his tribute to her memory, in a letter to his Father, dated Philadelphia, June 20th, 1843 :

MY DEAR FATHER :—

I never knew, till this hour, the full force of those ties which bound me to my Mother, and which still bind me to you. It is the disruption of the cord that tests its strength. Our dear Mother has gone! We shall go to her, but she will not return to us; and yet in my dreams I see her with that same kind, cheerful, maternal look which she always wore. How meekly, yet how resolutely, she bore up against disease, and at last tranquilly committed her spirit to the hands of Jesus! She was truly a Mother; she was such in the largest and best sense of that term. She had room in her heart for us all; she never wearied in her cares, and in times of the greatest adversity maintained her wonted cheerfulness. She died as she lived, without an enemy, and without reproach. She died in the Faith, and has gone to inherit the promises. Your loss, dear Father, in the death of Mother, not even your children can adequately comprehend. You are, indeed, alone; yet not alone, dear Father, for we are with you, and we cherish for you a love and respect which we shall carry with us to our graves. The more lonely your

position, the more endeared do you become to us. Our filial affection shall take the place of that which they felt over whom the grave has closed. It is but a few years ere we must all go the way whence we shall not return. With you and dear departed Mother, may we sleep in Jesus, and wake to a happy resurrection. What was once our Home, is now a Home no more; Mother is not there. It will be in vain to try to make it a Home. I have no heart for the effort. I think it well, dear Father, that you are with sister Susan, and hope the arrangement will be permanent. We shall all feel it a privilege to use our means and best efforts to promote your comfort.

I have been intending to write you for a long time, and half reproached myself for having delayed it. It might have been some consolation to Mother; but she had higher consolations to sustain her. A child can never repay a parent's care, he can never requite a Mother's love. All he can do falls immeasurably below that Love which watched over his cradle, nursed him, and cheerfully submitted to weariness, privation, and exhaustion, to rear him into youth and manhood. And then a Father's care, his hopes, his prayers! What can repay these? Nothing; no, nothing within his utmost efforts. He can only look up, imbibe his spirit, and imitate his virtues. God grant I may be able to do this. I would send my tenderest sympathy to all my Brothers and Sisters. We are all bereaved, deeply bereaved. But we should be devoutly grateful in our sorrow, that our dear Mother was spared to us so long, and that our venerated Father still lives. Pray for us all, dear Father, that this great affliction be sanctified to us for our good, and that God will graciously remember us in that day when he shall number up his jewels.

Your dutiful son,

WALTER.

In the year 1844 Mr. Colton was elected Anniversary Poet for the Literary Societies in the Vermont

University, at Burlington. Speaking of this playfully to his brother, and of his other literary and benevolent labors at that time, he says, "I have waked up from my Rip Van Winkle sleep, and I am now going for action—for doing good—nor do I mean to slumber again until that last sleep into which the most restless must at length sink."

In August of the same year he was married at Philadelphia, to a lady of the same family name, whose traits of character, and cheerful, sunny temper he found eminently congenial with his own; and her personal charms and accomplishments such as to make his conjugal lot eminently felicitous. In the summer of 1845 they visited together his friends in Vermont.

Mr. Colton was in a genial mood, his spirits buoyant, and his health much better than usual. His wit on the way was keen and irrepressible, his humor salient and jocose; and he enjoyed highly the ride, the scenery, the people, and every thing he met, and he made all about him happy with his playful strokes and turns. A travelling companion says of him at this time: "Beyond any thing I ever saw, strangers were taken with him as a fellow-passenger. It was amusing to see the interest he awakened in those who had never met him before. He was the life of all the company."

After returning from the Green Mountains, the remainder of the summer was passed at watering-

places on the seaboard. From Cape May we find the following fanciful correspondence in irony for the North American :

MESSRS. EDITORS :—The people at the Cape have been thrown into a great state of excitement to-day, by some of the most stupendous phenomena connected with the ocean. The extreme coldness of the last night was accounted for by the discovery, at daylight this morning, of an enormous iceberg, moving majestically in towards the Cape. The summits of the soaring mass were lost in the clouds ; between the glittering pinnacles which seemed to pierce the blue dome of heaven, the morning star looked forth with a pale and troubled aspect. It was at least ten o'clock before the sun was sufficiently high to scale its steeps ; at last, its light rushed over its summits with the breadth and force of a mighty cataract. All its cliffs and caverns now became visible, and threw their spectral terrors on the eye : a wolf was seen chasing a goat among its crags ; an eagle circled around one of its loftiest turrets ; while a vulture had pounced on a pig, that squealed most piteously in its talons !

The water was now seen to heave on one side of the iceberg, and immediately a succession of blows was given it which shook the whole mountain mass. Judge of our surprise on discovering that this mist-enveloped battering-ram was an enormous whale ! At every stroke of his tail, vast sheets of pale light were thrown from the iceberg, which, falling on the faces of the spectators, made them look like an army of dead men ! I had read that the whale has been known to cut a Ship of the Line in two with a single stroke of his tail, but still had no conception of his enormous strength. The iceberg shook and reeled under its blows as if an earthquake had hold of it. Every blow was followed by the plunge of some lofty pinnacle or stupendous crag into the ocean, which threw up clouds of spray, over which a hundred rainbows stretched their magnificent arches.

At this moment a thunder-cloud of intense darkness, which had been hovering more remotely from the scene, stationed itself near the iceberg, and began to play upon it with its red bolts. Splinters of ice flew like arrows in every direction, and large masses whirled away, like comets from the sun, with white bears still clinging to them. The cloud now changed its position, and unmasked a battery, compared with which the war of Waterloo would be but the report of a bursting bubble. The iceberg was split into a thousand pieces, and disappeared in the tumultuous waters.

The wild animals that inhabited it were seen everywhere floating on the waves. They made immediately for the Cape, but, on reaching the beach, were caught and secured by the stout nets which are used here for catching sturgeon. Cages are now being built for them, and they will soon be exhibited as the Iceberg Menagerie. Never before has zoology achieved such a rich acquisition. One man devoted to this science, in the ecstasy of his feelings, went to turning somersets. The most curious of the animals caught is a Mermaid. She resembles a dark-eyed Spanish girl of sixteen: her raven tresses fall round her like a flowing robe, and so conceal her form, that one of your exquisites made love to her. She speaks the Arabic.

Another great curiosity is the Porphyryon—a bird known to ancient Greece, but not heard of since. It is about the size of our chanticleer, unwebfooted, snow-white body, with blue wings and red crest. Aristotle says of this bird: "It kept strict watch over the married women, whose indiscretions it immediately detected and revealed to their husbands; after which, knowing the revengeful spirit of ladies, it very prudently hung itself." This bird is looked upon here with a great deal of suspicion by the ladies. One of them told me she would wring his neck for him the first time she got a chance.

The ocean near the beach was again suddenly thrown into commotion, when up rose, like a long ridge of rocks, the Sea-

serpent! The whale that had lashed the iceberg was endeavoring to strike him with his tail, and at last succeeded, when the serpent threw his head in agony some thirty feet out of the water—the very lightning flashing from its forked tongue. With one sweep he threw himself, like an enormous Anaconda, directly around the whale, just back of the fore fins. At each convulsive constriction, as he tightened his folds, a column of water flew from the blowing hole of the whale sky high. He plunged and reared, canted and struggled, to extricate himself from the folds of the serpent, but in vain. At last, in the struggle, the serpent's head had come near his own, when he severed it with his jaws at once from the body! A torrent of blood rushed out which incarnadined the sea around for leagues. The folds of the serpent only tightened themselves the more in his death-convulsions, and the whale was evidently in greater agony than before.

At this moment a sword-fish of vast size and strength joined the contest, and plunged his weapon, now on this side, now on that, and now from beneath, into the whale. A stream of blood followed every lunge; the convulsions of the whale grew less, and it was evident that life was fast ebbing away. A physician being asked if he did not think the whale quite dead, said he probably was, but he could not speak positively unless able to *feel his pulse!* A flood-tide rising some fifteen feet higher than usual, now rolled the whale, with the serpent around him, to the beach, and, as it retired, left them high and dry. The sword-fish, unable to extricate his weapon from its last lunge where it had penetrated a bone, was also borne by the whale to the shore. Several yoke of stout oxen were employed to disengage the folds of the serpent!

This monster measures, from tail to snout, three hundred and fifty feet! It has thirty-seven bumps, each shaped like a bell with a clapper in it, and altogether they play a magnificent chime! Start one, and they all ring in concert. They are now

playing a sort of funeral hymn! The skin of the serpent and these bells are to be preserved and suspended around the Iceberg Menagerie. Their music will occasion a great rush of travellers to this country from Europe. I should not be surprised to see "Little Vic." among them.

As for the whale, the jaws are to be suspended across the Rocky Mountains as a sort of ladder by which to get over to Oregon! The stump orators have taken the blubber, and the ladies, as might have been expected, have seized on the bone. The weapon of the sword-fish is to be sent to Captain Tyler.

P. S.—The Porphyron is dead. The ladies have poisoned him!

Yours very truly,

W. C.

CHAPTER IV.

DEPARTURE FOR THE PACIFIC, LIFE AND LABORS IN CALIFORNIA, AND PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE.

“THRO’ orange groves, in tropic climes, thou hast wandered many a day,
And to the Ophir land of gold thou early ledd’st the way.”

AT the close of the summer of 1845, on returning to Philadelphia, Mr. Colton found a paper from the Navy Department ordering him forthwith to sea, in the frigate Congress, bound for the Pacific. He at once reported himself for duty, and in twenty-four hours was at his post in Norfolk,—home and all its domestic charms, whose silken cords were now fairly around him, exchanged at once for the asperities of a man-of-war.

A letter from Norfolk to one of his brothers has this pleasing view of the Congress :

We have the noblest frigate in the service—admirable officers—and as fine a crew as ever trod a deck. I have been here almost two weeks, and have not seen one sailor intoxicated, nor one punished for any offence ; and—what is still more remarkable—I have not heard any profaneness, either among the crew or officers. I came on board a thorough teetotaller, and such shall remain. No one here shall drink even wine under the countenance of my example. I am anxious to have evening

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prayers—have proposed it to Commodore Stockton, and he has it now under consideration. I intend to devote myself thoroughly to my appropriate duties. We have four hundred souls on board, all told. I now intend to keep a journal, which I can use on my return, if God permit.

The course, issues, and incidents of that voyage in the Flag-ship of the Pacific Squadron, are given with a rare grace and felicity in the volumes entitled “Deck and Port,” and “Three Years in California,” to which it is only necessary to refer the reader. His personal habits at sea may be gathered from the following extract from a letter to his wife, dated At Sea, Nov. 18th, 1845 :

We have just discovered a sail on our starboard beam, and are going to tack ship and run down to her. How glad shall I be to get another line to my dear Lilly! I would not miss the chance for a month’s pay. And ah, how I wish some messenger-bird could bring me a line from her! My spirits sink when I think, dear Lilly, how long it will be before I hear from you. May God take care of my lamb.

It is now twenty days since we sailed from Hampton Roads. We have sailed some twenty-five hundred miles, and are yet four thousand from Rio ; but in the last half of the passage we shall have the trade-winds, and shall sail faster. In thirty days more we expect to make Rio, which, by the route we are taking, is over six thousand miles from Norfolk. I have suffered but very little from sea-sickness: I bathe morning and night in salt water: I turn in at ten o’clock, and rise before the sun.

We have lost one man since we left Norfolk. He was taken insane, and jumped overboard in the night. His name was Amy: he was from Philadelphia, where he left a sister, of whom he of-

ten spoke. He was a very good man, and was much regretted by us all. I was requested by the Commodore to deliver a funeral address on the occasion, which, of course, I did. The crew were very attentive, and seemed to lament poor Amy.

I keep up my journal punctually, write a page of letter-sheet every day, read and write also on my poem. I spend no time in idle conversation—take regular exercise. Our fresh provisions are almost out: I live now mostly on rice and potatoes. How I long for a cup of milk! even a glass of good pure water would be a luxury. I adhere to my teetotalism: we have a temperate mess; there is not a hard drinker among them, and, with several, wine is only a ceremony, and it will become so, I apprehend, with most of them before long. Our Commodore is a very agreeable man, so is Capt. Du Pont: I have every kind attention paid me.

From Rio Janeiro, also, on the first of January, 1846, he wrote in these terms, along with much that was endearing and tender:—"Let us live through the year which we have commenced in tender sympathy, love, and confidence. Let us live nearer to the throne of mercy, cultivate a more earnest spirit of piety, and seek to do good. May the errors of the past year be pardoned by Infinite pity, and the tokens of a heavenly Father's love be extended to us."

The published volumes of Mr. Colton henceforth furnish almost all the autobiographical particulars of his life around Cape Horn and in the Pacific, which need to be known; and with the additional charm which one's story always has, when told by himself, after he is gone. To them, therefore, the reader is

commended who desires to be informed of the public course of a man, whose name is closely blended with the early fortunes of the golden empire of the Pacific.

The chaplain's devotion to the religious interests of the seamen in the Congress was not without its visible effect and reward. On the 27th of July, 1846, he wrote from Monterey as follows :

We have had for two or three months past an increased attention in our ship to the subject of religion. It began in my Bible-class, but spread beyond that number among the crew. As the interest deepened, I established a prayer-meeting, which has been held three times a week in the store-room, an ample and convenient apartment for that purpose. Here you will find at these meetings some sixty sailors on their knees at prayer; some thirty of them, it is believed, have recently experienced religion; the rest are inquirers, and come to be prayed for. Among the subjects of the work are some of the most efficient seamen in our ship, but who have hitherto led a thoughtless life. Those who give evidence of having experienced a change of heart are called upon to pray. Their prayers have no finished sentences, but they are full of heart and soul. When they speak in their exhortations it is with great directness and force. It would affect you to tears to hear these rough, hardy sailors speak in these meetings of their sins, of the compassion of Christ, and their new-born hopes. Almost every evening some new one, the last perhaps expected, comes in, and, kneeling down, asks to be prayed for. These meetings have no opposition among the officers, and very little, if any, among the men. There has been a great change in the Navy within a few years on this subject. We can now have Bible-classes and prayer-

meetings on board our men-of-war, and find among our officers many who will encourage them, and not a few who will give them their efficient aid.

On the day following the above date, (being the 28th of July, 1846,) Mr. Colton was appointed Alcalde of Monterey and its jurisdiction, by the American military authorities, the United States Flag having been first raised there and at San Francisco, and the Mexican authorities displaced, on the 10th of July. After exercising this office for nearly two months under a military commission, on the 15th of September, 1846, he was elected to the same by the citizens of Monterey, as first Alcalde or chief Judge. His jurisdiction extended over three hundred miles of territory, and from his Alcalde's Court there was no appeal.

He so fulfilled the responsible duties of that office as to secure universal respect and admiration. The commander of an American merchant ship, who was at Monterey during a part of Mr. Colton's administration, says, that "from all persons whom I heard speak of him, whether in his official or private relations, there was but one opinion, and that was, his uncompromising justice to all under every circumstance. If a dispute was to be adjusted, 'well, we'll submit to Mr. Colton, and there shall be no appeal from his decision;—what he says shall be law.' This was the universal opinion expressed by all classes in Monterey. The poor almost worshipped him; the

rich knew that with him Justice had no 'itching palm;' he was incorruptible. In a word, he was the most popular Justice that was ever known in Monterey, especially with the poor; and in all cases, so far as I knew or heard, were his decisions entirely acquiesced in."

A lieutenant also, in the U. S. Navy, who was intimately associated with Mr. Colton in California, testifies in regard to his administration at Monterey, that "he was a most popular and impartial dispensator of justice. The laws were never administered at less expense to the State, than under his Judgeship. The prisoners were hired out to service for one and two dollars a day, and the jailer or guard was himself a released prisoner, but most faithful to his trust. The punishment of confinement in the calaboose was justly dreaded by all offenders. Imprisonment was nothing, but the myriad of fleas encountered in the cells was a torment of no ordinary infliction.

"The untiring exertions of Mr. Colton for the advancement and prosperity of Monterey have never been made public at home, neither appreciated in California, as would have been the case but for the discovery of the Gold Mines, which absorbed the thoughts and interest of every man in the country. Yet the erection of the substantial edifice for Public Schools and Town Hall, will be an enduring monument to his worth and memory. The building was constructed entirely by the individual exertions of Mr. Colton.

“In all the usual extensive acquaintance incident to naval life, it has never been my lot to associate with a gentleman possessing more noble traits of character than Mr. Colton: a good Christian, though not forward in thrusting his views upon his associates unasked, but ever ready and willing to advise and sympathize with those who desired to confide in him. As a companion, few were more entertaining and instructive. He was highly esteemed by Governor Mason, between whom and himself there ever existed the most friendly intimacy.

“From May until October, 1848, were hard times in Monterey. Provisions were scarce and difficult to obtain, and the want of domestics rendered it often necessary for the Governor and Alcalde to assist in preparing the food for the table. Though an occupation so foreign to his usual habits, he was ever willing to lend a hand. His own sleeping apartment was such as the poorest laborer would not envy—a dark room, no window, not six feet wide, and almost as bad as the calaboose itself, from the thousands of fleas there congregated.

“To the poor emigrant Mr. Colton was ever kind and generous in contributing to his wants and little comforts in a strange land; and I can only add, that I have ever found him a true friend, and most judicious adviser, whose loss I truly lament.”

Mr. Colton's letters from Monterey reveal the warm and large heart of the affectionate husband

and father, ever yearning towards the beloved at home. He thus writes to his wife in April 1847 :

I am the most happy when you and our dear boy are most warmly in my mind, and nothing brings you to me like the pen, or one of those morning dreams which float around the thin verge of slumber. I picked you a bouquet the other day all of sweet wild-flowers, and put it in a glass of water—it is still fresh—what would I give could I put it in your hand, or twine some of its beautiful flowers in your soft hair! You must make Walter love flowers, and teach him all the little hymns about them. I wish I could catch one glance of the little fellow's face: I would consent to stay out here six months longer for that single look, and one kiss from you. Since I wrote you last the Governor-general has honored me with the appointment of Judge of the Court of Admiralty. You don't know, I suppose, what this court is, so I will explain it: when a vessel of any kind is captured by our men-of-war, she is considered a prize. But before she becomes really so, it is necessary that she should be tried and condemned; if it is found that she belongs to individuals of a neutral nation that have not been trading with the enemy, she is liberated; but if she belongs to the enemy or those who reside among them, she is condemned. Now, to decide this question is my office; there is an appeal from my decision to that of the Supreme Court of the United States, if the owners choose. I have just condemned the schooner *William* and her cargo: they are both worth about twenty thousand dollars. It is an office of too much responsibility for one man; but there is some consolation in knowing that if I err I shall be set right by another tribunal. This does not interfere with my duties as Alcalde; these go on as before. I owe this Admiralty appointment to the good opinion, I should have said, the partiality, of Commodore Biddle and General Kearny.

Again, in May of the same year, he playfully acknowledges the receipt of his son's miniature, a boy born after his father's departure for the Pacific :

I had never supposed yours could seem dearer to me than it had ; yet by the side of Walter it took an additional charm. It was the mother and her beautiful boy—and both my own ! I was too happy in gazing at them ; my eyes filled with tears ; I read your letters through twice before going to bed ; but I could not sleep—my thoughts were too full of you, and Walter, and home. I thought I could not stay out here any longer, and yet, dear Lilly, it would not be honorable in me to leave just yet ; I must wait a few months, till peace is declared with Mexico, or the Congress leaves for home.

The ship of the line Columbus is still here, and Commodore Biddle commands the Pacific Squadron. I am on the best terms with him and with Commodore Stockton, and, indeed, all the officers. I have never had a difficulty with any of them ; I believe I have their esteem, and am happy in so thinking. I know, too, that I have the respect of the people here ; they have bestowed on me every token of confidence and regard ; not an act of mine has been called in question ; and when it was reported that I was to leave them, they met, passed resolutions, and sent a communication to Commodore Biddle, requesting that I might not leave them. They offer to put up a house and give it to you, if you will come out and live here. I tell them you have a little boy and two aunts, and cannot leave either one of the three ;—then they say, Bring them all out. So, to satisfy them, I tell them I must go home and talk with you all about coming out : but well I know the result of our deliberations will be to remain in Chestnut-street. There I hope to spend my days with you, and Walter, and our aunts ; and I picture to myself much happiness. Will it not be sweet to live there together once more,—sweeter,

Lilly, for the separation? I won't shut you out of my study any more; you shall live in there with me, and teach Walter his A B C's; I expect you will even begin before I get back.

Sketches are occasionally found in Mr. Colton's private letters similar to those so graphically told in the pages of "Three Years in California." The following, however, is unique and original, in a letter to his wife, of June, 1847:

I will now give you some idea of a planter's establishment in California. A difference of opinion having arisen between two planters, whose lands adjoined, about the boundary line, I was called upon, as chief magistrate of the jurisdiction, to go and settle the affair: I said I would be ready on the following Monday. On that day, about noon, a gentleman called with his servant, who was also mounted and leading two horses. One was white, a splendid animal, with broad chest, slender legs, round shoulders, long flowing tail and mane, an eye full of fire, and champing at the bit. The gentleman told me he was intended for me; I forthwith mounted him, and my secretary took the other. Four miles took us over the mountain ridge which encircles Monterey. Descending this, we came upon a beautiful plain of fifteen miles, with a broad stream running through the middle. We galloped over it, and entered a wild romantic ravine extending fifteen miles more, and then emerged upon another rich plain, which, with the one we had first passed, was covered with immense herds of cattle.

Here we found another mountain stream, and, breaking from the forest which overhung it, discovered, on the brow of an elevation which swelled up from the bosom of the vast and verdant plain, a large mansion, whose white portico glittered in the sun. Here we brought up, after a gallop of fifty miles, in which we

had not once alighted, and which we had passed over in about four hours. Such are California horses! On alighting, I felt the ride most in my legs, and a young lady said to me in Spanish, Señor Alcalde, I will run a foot-race with you to-morrow morning. Refreshments were immediately ordered, and I then took a siesta.

As twilight deepened, all the old mansion was lighted up—every room had a light in it, and the Indians kindled a bonfire outside. The mansion has a main building and two wings, with an intervening portico: the great parlor is in the centre. Here two ladies amused us with their guitars: they were sisters—one married, the other single:—the married one about twenty; the single one about eighteen. The evening passed away in music and chat; at ten o'clock came supper, a meal fit for a king, but this is always the grand meal in California. My bed-room was in the wing of the building; I found it filled with roses, and, what is surprising, not a flea in the bed.

In the morning I mounted the white horse again, and rode, with about twenty gentlemen, over the plantation, surveying the disputed line, comparing it with maps and titles, and taking testimony. We were some six hours on horseback, and the following day as many more. The two ladies of whom I have spoken are daughters of the old Don: their mother, the Donna, though aged, is still lively: they made me tell them all about you and Walter. The single lady said I must bring you out here, and she would give you the horse I rode, (he was hers, it seems;) the married one said she would give you forty cows; the Donna said she would give you a hundred sheep; the old Don said he would give you a thousand acres of land for Walter! I told them I would pen you their proposal, but that you loved your home, and I hoped soon to be there. The farm of the Don lies fifteen miles square, in the richest land of California. He has only eight thousand head of cattle, a thousand horses, and four thousand sheep! I was treated with the most kind and respect-

ful attention, and on the fourth day returned, and sent the white horse back, with a rose to its owner. Such is a specimen of a California planter. But give me, before all, my Lilly and my Walter: the humblest hut with them is better than the world without.

Later in the same month, we find the following, which reveals not less the humanity of the man and the wisdom of the magistrate, than the easy bearing of his honors:

The Civil Government of California has been reorganized on its ancient basis. It has three grand departments—the Northern, the Middle, and the Southern. I am created Prefect of the Middle Department; this is the highest civil office in it, and the highest Spanish dignity to which I expect to arrive before I leave here and fly back to you. No post of honor or power would, in itself, keep me here a moment. I am chained from a sense of duty; and when this duty has been performed, the chain dissolves, and I am free. I know that in doing this I am acting just as you would have me. You want me to come back at once, but still you want me to do my duty here. I have now, in my capacity as Prefect, five cases of homicide on hand, all waiting for trial; but I don't intend to hang any of them,—this is the poorest use to which you can put a human being:—I shall sentence them to the public works, with ball and chain, for a long term of years. In the United States one or two of them would be hung.

I am now building a prison, with work-houses attached; I am also building a splendid academy and town-hall, all of native rock. The academy will be the finest building in California. Have I not my hands full? But every thing goes on with energy. They have a name here for every thing, and they call

your Walter the main-spring: I don't care what they call me, so that the machinery moves with harmony and effect. Monterey is growing very fast: some new building starts almost every day. The scenery around is unsurpassed in magnificent beauty: the thunder of the waves, as they roll and break around the bay, is echoed back by a hundred forest-feathered steeps; while Monterey lies cradled between in soft sunshine and shade.

I hope soon to be with you—with little Walter in my arms. How dear to me is that child! He is the star that lights my horizon, and throws its tender rays on my hearth and home. Once more, dear Lilly, adieu!

Your ever constant and devoted husband,

WALTER COLTON.

The realization of these fond hopes of domestic enjoyment was yet longer deferred by the stern necessities of public duty. More than seven months later, Mr. Colton was still at his post in Monterey, faithfully fulfilling the round of his arduous duties, but yearning more than ever for the delights of home. A letter, dated the 28th of January, 1848, reveals the heart both of the hero and husband:

The Government Dispatch over land, by the way of Santa Fé, leaves to-morrow or next day for Washington, and I shall not let it go without a good long letter to you. You merit a dozen letters for your heroic conduct in our separation: you bear up against it with a heart and resolution which honor you much. I am proud to have one who has so much force of character for my wife; forty others whom I know would have given out in despondency; but you hold on and hold out. May Heaven bless you for it, and may I ever love you the more tenderly. Instil the same fortitude into our noble boy, train him to self-de-

nial, and inspire him with good and generous purposes; teach him that he lives beneath a care that hears the cry of the raven, and marks the fall of the sparrow; and that every prayer his infant tongue may syllable goes straight to Heaven. Many and many a time have I thought what he might be, what bent his genius might take. I have figured his success in this or that profession, and my fancy has almost made him a poet; and yet I don't want him to be that, unless he shall be able to string a lyre of surpassing sweetness and power. Above all, I hope he will be good, devoted to truth, virtue, and religion, when you and I have passed into the spirit-land.

How I long to be on my way to you! and yet I ought not to murmur; for the country is at war, and every one in the public service should be prepared to do his duty. But I have been so long from you, and have never yet seen my dear boy,—is it a wonder that I am anxious to get back, that I think of it by day and dream of it by night? As yet I am intensely active here: I am up with the sun, and have business crowding on me till night; this makes time less heavy than it would otherwise be; and but for this I should indeed be most unhappy. I intend to go through it heroically to the last. I know you would wish me to do this, and not to spoil or maim what I have done, by faltering at the close. You had this sentiment in one of your letters, and I was proud of it, and proud of you for having penned it; but I am resolved, come what may, never to leave you again.

There is no place so dear to me here as the solitary wood, where I can throw myself into some silent recess, where I can think unmolested of you and the young being expanding into life and intelligence at your side. It is now mid-winter here, and yet all the flowers are out, and the birds are out and warbling, as if it were but May: it is here one perpetual spring. Monterey is overhung with a forest whose leaves never fall;—it is the evergreen oak and the verdant pine mingling their rapt and soul-like sounds with the music of the wave as it dies along

the bay. Such hills, such verdure, such cliffs, such nodding forests with leaping torrents and murmuring waves, are found on no shore where your light footstep hath passed; and yet how gladly would I turn my eyes from them forever to fly back to you and my own sweet child, and be there, as I am here,

Your devoted husband,

WALTER COLTON.

MONTEREY, May 21st, 1848.

MY DEAREST LILLY,

You will want to know something of our quicksilver mine: we have discovered one of the arms of the vein, but not as yet the vein itself. We are now excavating for that, and have strong hopes of success. Forbes' mine, close to ours, yields three hundred dollars per day. We have already discovered on our land a silver mine which is pretty rich, but we have no machinery for working it, and it requires a heavy capital. A few potash kettles will do for a quicksilver mine, and the profits are ten times as great; so we go for that. If we strike the main vein, I am going to call it the Cornelia Mine; but don't be too confident of having your name perpetuated here in that form; for nothing is so uncertain as mining. When we have seemingly reached the golden chest, it may be somewhere else. The richest vein I ever found was in you, and with that I ought to be content, and I am contented. I could be happy with you in a log-cabin with only a hoe-cake at the fire.

I went out yesterday to a Monterey pic-nic: there were some sixty ladies and gentlemen present. The place selected was by the sea-side, under large embowering trees. All the ladies rode to the ground—some three miles distant—on horseback, and a more frolicsome group never got together. All the ground here is covered with wild-flowers; of these the ladies wore coronals, and every gentleman, save myself, was obliged to wear

one;—they excused me because I was Alcalde, but they required me to put it on the head of some lady, and I placed it on one who was about eighty years of age. The ladies set the table—which was an immense table-cloth spread on the grass. On this was piled every kind of meat and game—from the ox down to the humming-bird—and all sorts of cakes and sweetmeats. The only drink was lemonade, coffee, and a light California wine, a gallon of which would not intoxicate.

In the centre of the spot selected was a level plot of ground, from which the grass had been cut. Around this and under the trees the whole company was now grouped, when out came the guitars, violins, and harps, and all were ready for a dance. The first person who took the turf was the old lady whom I crowned—her partner was a young lad; then out stepped an old man some eighty years or so, and he took a beautiful young girl; till the company was full, and then they struck off into a country dance: but they soon got to waltzing, and then came the polka. My old lady was the most sprightly and graceful of them all.

When the dancing paused, they struck up a song, in which all joined the chorus, that made the old woods ring. Eagles were perched on the pines around, and sea-birds were wheeling through the spray as it dashed up in foaming thunder from the rocks; while far away stretched the broad Pacific Ocean. Was not this grand? How I wanted you here! I thought of you a thousand times during the day, and how Walter would have pulled the flowers out of the ladies' coronals. It is said no ladies in the world equal the Californians in the dance; it is as much their element as water is that of a fish. I have seen little children only four years of age dance the polka and go through the most complicated figures without an error.

The party broke up a little before sunset, and we all returned to Monterey. I never saw so much happiness and wild life at a pic-nic before. Though often invited, this is only the second

one that I have attended. The more happy I see people, the more I think of you, and how sad you are in waiting for me; but keep in good courage only a little while longer, and I am with you.

A long year of anxiety was yet to roll between parties bound to each other so tenderly ere the consummation of their hopes in the safe return of the fond husband and father. It was filled up with duties well performed and days well spent, on the one side; and on the other the absence was borne as became one who had learned to sacrifice private feelings to public duty.

CHAPTER V.

RETURN FROM THE PACIFIC, ENGAGEMENTS WITH PUBLISHERS, LAST ILLNESS AND DEATH.

THE household band was fondly thine, and from the raging Main,
How peacefully came sweet repose at home, DEAR HOME, again!

THE fame of Mr. Colton's public administration in California has become the property of the world. A sketch in the *International Magazine* very justly says of him, that "the difficult duties and large responsibilities of his office, demanding the most untiring industry, zeal, and fortitude, were discharged with eminent faithfulness and ability; so that he won as much the regard of the conquered inhabitants of the country, as the respect of his more immediate associates. In addition to the ordinary duties of his place, Mr. Colton established the first newspaper printed in California, *The Californian*, now published in San Francisco, under the title of the *Alta Californian*. He built the *first school-house* in California, and also a large hall for public meetings—said to be the finest building in the State—which the citizens called 'Colton Hall,' in honor of his public spirit and enterprise.

"It was during his administration of affairs at

Monterey, that the discovery of gold in the Sacramento valley was first made, (in May, 1848;) and, considering the vast importance which this discovery has since assumed, it is not uninteresting to state that the honor of first making it publicly known in the Atlantic States, whether by accident or otherwise, belongs properly to him. It was first announced in a letter bearing his initials, which appeared in the Philadelphia North American, and the next day, in a letter also written by him, in the New York Journal of Commerce."

Mr. Colton returned to his family by way of Panama and Chagres with both honor and emolument, as soon as public duty would allow, early in the summer of 1849. His assiduous labors had manifestly impaired his strength, and ploughed his face with furrows beyond his years. His friends remarked that he was care-worn, less buoyant, more reserved, and that he less frequently indulged his constitutional wit and humor.

Those who knew him best thought, that while his natural force was unabated, the tone of his mind was more subdued, and there was an increase of spirituality and of other traits becoming a Christian minister. He playfully says of Washington, in a letter to his brother, of July 11th, 1849: "I found Washington full of office-seekers, and became such a singular curiosity from not being one myself, that they talked of putting me into a cage for exhibition. The poor

General wishes that he was fighting once again his Buena Vista battle: 'a little more grape, Colonel Bragg' might then drive off his enemies. But all the grape in Christendom would not relieve him of his office-seeking friends."

After visiting his venerable father in Vermont, then just eighty-five years of age, he returned to Philadelphia and New York, and there gave himself in earnest to the publication of "Deck and Port," and "Three Years in California." A letter to his brother Aaron in March, 1850, from Philadelphia, says :

I was at Washington about twelve weeks of the last winter—part of the time sick—the effect of my California residence, or change of climate. My object was, the origination of a Bill in Congress for payment for my extra services in California. But nothing will be done till this slave question is disposed of. The Disunion Capital is at a discount, and is fast becoming what brokers call a fancy stock. I have corrected my last proof of "Deck and Port;" it will be out in a few days. My "Three Years in California" will follow soon. Gardiner [another brother] writes me from California, that he has not received a single letter of mine. What a miserable mail! Only fit to carry an order to a high sheriff for the execution of a prisoner entitled to a reprieve!

In the month of May this year, during the religious anniversary week at New York, Mr. Colton delivered a speech that was much admired, before the American Seamen's Friend Society. A portion of the ensuing summer was spent in travelling and

on a visit to his native region in Vermont, without, however, any essential benefit to his health. His last letter to his brother Aaron is dated November 28th, 1850, and gives the particulars of the illness with which he finally died, after a confinement of five months :

I do not wonder that you marvel at my silence ; but a few words will explain. I went to Washington a few days after you and E. left here : I was there attacked with a violent case of inflammation of the liver. It seemed to strike me suddenly as a thunderbolt ; threw me on my back, where I lay about ten days, at which time Congress adjourned. Under the care of a friend I then attempted to reach home ; but this brought on a relapse, and I came very near dying. My physician stuck to me night and day. Such were the extreme tortures which I suffered, they wrenched the water copiously from my eyes—and all this with the utter inability to turn an inch in my bed or lift a hand.

These sufferings, or rather the cause of them, yielded slowly to medicine, and in some four weeks I was able to ride out in a close carriage : but very soon, owing, I suppose, to the disease of the liver, I was attacked with the dysentery. I now walk out every day when the weather is fair : the liver is still sore, but no abscess is formed, and the soreness is gradually subsiding. Next week, if I continue to improve, I am going into a riding-school under cover, to ride an hour every day. This is the great physical cure for the liver complaint. It has been coming upon me ever since I returned from California. I live mostly on oat-meal, mush, and cream. I have had no nurse but my Cornelia she has been with me night and day.

Your affectionate brother,

WALTER COLTON.

In health and sickness the subject of this memoir had ever practically in mind, especially the last two years of his life, the good "Advice for every Season" of old Thomas Tusser :

In health, to be stirring shall profit thee best ;
In sickness, hate trouble ; seek quiet and rest :
Remember thy soul ; let no fancy prevail ;
Make ready to Godward ; let faith never quail ;
The sooner thyself thou submittest to God,
The sooner he ceaseth to scourge with his rod.

Most of the time of his last illness Mr. Colton was very sick ; but he was found patient, even cheerful, and was never but once heard to complain, and then only in the expressive monosyllables, "I feel bad." He desired to live, but was submissive to the will of God. Once he said "he would like to recover, if it might please God—he wanted to preach one more sermon—it should be on the uncertainty of sick-bed repentance."

Until the day before his death, a strong hope was felt by himself and by the beloved friends who watched him, that he would yet get well. A short time before expiring, he was heard to say, "Dear Jesus, dear Jesus, my faith clings to thee ;" and then he repeated portions of the hymn beginning, "I would not live away, I ask not to stay."

When his powers of speech were almost gone, as if his mind yearned towards his aged father in Ver-

mont, he said distinctly three times, "My dear father." His spiritual comforter and friend was Rev. Albert Barnes, on whose ministry he had been in the habit of attending in Philadelphia. Their interviews were frequent during this illness, and for more than an hour previous to his death Mr. Barnes was with him, whispering passages of hope and consolation into his ear, and commending his departing spirit to the Saviour.

All along in his confinement he had been examining the foundations of his hope with great care and thoughtfulness, and the result was satisfactory to his own mind, and he told his spiritual adviser, "that Christ had never appeared so precious to him as he had during this sickness—he was the sheet-anchor of his soul." The nearer he came to the river of death, the stronger became his faith in the atoning Saviour. Not long before he breathed his last, he was heard to say, in the words of Job, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though, after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh I shall see God."

When made aware that his end was very near, although he had had no expectation of dying so soon, nor, indeed, any prevailing belief that this was to be his last sickness, he evinced that calmness and resignation which the Christian hope alone can warrant.

He expired at two o'clock on the afternoon of the

twenty-second of January, 1851, at peace, it is believed, with God and with all mankind. His funeral was attended with Naval honors by a large assembly of United States Officers, Marines, Seamen, and other sympathizing friends, on the twenty-fifth. Rev. Mr. Barnes officiated, and addressed to the mourners, "Thoughts suggested by the death-bed of a Christian;" testifying that while he was by the bedside of the deceased, he had felt that he was in the presence of a true Christian, who was leaving this world for one more glorious; and expatiating upon the value of the Christian hope, till it was the aspiration of all present, Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.

The day after his decease there appeared in the columns of the North American the following obituary:—"It is our painful duty this morning to record the death of the Rev. Walter Colton, of the United States Navy, who expired at two o'clock yesterday afternoon, at his residence in this city. Mr. Colton was, in 1841 and '42, connected with the old North American as its principal editor; and we have, therefore, to lament the loss of one having claims upon us as a predecessor, as well as those stronger claims which attach to us in common with all his acquaintances and friends. He was a man of much talent and great worth, which he exhibited in various stations, private and public. His professional career as a chaplain in the Navy endeared him to his brother

officers, and afforded him an opportunity of usefulness which he was careful to improve.

“Called, by an exigency of war, from this peaceful position to the responsible post of Alcalde, or chief civil Magistrate, of Monterey, in California, he displayed administrative abilities of a high order, and performed his several functions of judge and governor with an energy, fidelity, and tact which won for him the regard of a conquered people, and deserved the approbation of his country. His late volume on California, describing, in a genial spirit, his residence, labors, and travels in that land of gold,—and his ‘Ship and Shore,’ and other literary publications—all evincing talent and a peculiar gay and blithesome humor, with a certain satirical turn—will long give him an additional claim upon public recollection. The higher honor belongs to him of having been a faithful officer, a good citizen, a kind-hearted man, and a devoted, unostentatious Christian.”

In view of his peaceful death as a Christian, in full hope of the resurrection of the just, but at a time when his longer life as a husband, father, friend, and citizen was so much to be desired, for their sakes and his own, it were suitable to make his epitaph from some of those unique verses of Henry Vaughan—

Dear, beauteous Death, the jewel of the Just!
Shining nowhere *but in the dark*,
What *mysteries* do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledged bird's-nest may know,
At first sight, if the bird be flown ;
But what fair field or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet, as angels, in some brighter dreams,
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
And into glory peep.

O Father of eternal life and all
Created glories under thee !
Resume thy spirit from this world of thrall
INTO TRUE LIBERTY !

CHAPTER VI.

AN EPITOME OF THE LIFE AND CHARACTER HEREIN DISPLAYED.

It is not growing like a tree
In bulke, doth make man better be ;
Or standing long an oake, three hundred yeare,
To fall a logge at last, dry, bald, and seare ;
A lillie of a day,
Is fairer farre in May ;
Although it fall and die that night,
It was the plant and flowre of light.
In small proportions we just beauties see ,
And in short measures life may perfect be.

Ben Jonson's Good Life the Long Life.

THE writer of these memorials never having had the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with the subject of them, has been obliged to rely much upon the judgments of those who knew him intimately, in making out a synopsis of his traits of character. The testimony of friends is herein compared with, and corrected by, the glimpses and views of character obtained through a careful perusal of his papers, and the items of his personal history in private and public.

The prescribed limits of this volume, already exceeded, forbid any elaborate criticism upon the au-

thor's writings, or any thing more than a brief epitome of the man in his public career, as Chaplain, Editor, Author, and Judge, and on the field of private life. Four things are especially to be remarked in him for the instruction of others, as having stamped his character, and as having mainly secured his success in life. His benevolence and good-humor—his conversational power in society—his aptness to make and keep friends—his tact and ready wit in dealing with men.

I. BENEVOLENCE AND GOOD-HUMOR. Walter Colton had a kind, cheerful, and generous heart, brimming with good feeling towards his associates and all mankind. An intimate friend says of him for substance, that he was liberal to a proverb in his use of money. Money, what he had of it, went from him like water from a fountain. He persuaded one of his brothers to prepare for the Christian ministry, and generously aided him through the entire course. He used to say to him, "Call on me whenever you are in want of funds; you know I would share with you my last penny; if you are in want and I have two coppers, you shall have one of them; my purse-strings are as free to your fingers as to mine." He sent hundreds of dollars to that brother, asking for no pecuniary return, not permitting the keeping of even a minute of the sums.

To his friends he was constantly sending gifts. He aided from time to time many a young man in

his studies for the ministry. He was a true friend of such ministers as he found struggling on with an inadequate salary. "I have known him (says a brother) more than once to preach for a needy minister on the Sabbath, and on leaving the place to send him a very generous remembrance; a sum not much, if at all, less than the largest subscription among that people." He was at heart a sailor; often spoke of the generosity of sailors, and what he thus commended he exemplified. It was not in him to turn away from a child of want. He obeyed the first impulse, and "shelled out," as he expressed it. He did not always give judiciously, but give he would, like a true tar; he felt so, and did not stop to make inquiries.

He would rather have been cheated ten times by fictitious cases of distress, though the draft upon his purse were ever so heavy, than refuse a single worthy application, where his assistance was really needed. True gallantry of manner and of feeling marked his character, which was never deficient in spontaneous and noble impulses, but rather in the power of restraint from prudential considerations.

In the twenty-five years between his graduation at Andover and his going to California, he laid up in store but very little for himself, though nearly all the while he was in the receipt of a regular salary. He used his resources too freely to accumulate. For many years he was thought to be not duly careful of

his income. What he wanted—what could minister to his comfort or improvement—he had, if he could get it. He never stopped to deliberate long and carefully on such a question as, Can I get along without this or that thing? He never traced out definitely the line between necessity and convenience, or between comfort and luxury. “Have the best gun for shot in the country put in complete order, never mind the expense; I would not miss a squirrel for ten dollars, when I once fire.” This was characteristic of the man, and in this he was not, it will be admitted, a safe model for general imitation.

Mr. Colton would never fret himself in any wise. Rarely, if ever, was he seen in a flutter of excitement. Though constitutionally sanguine and nervous, he had a wonderful self-control. A man in a flutter was to him a ludicrous spectacle. He used to say, “Never run after your hat in the wind; let it *fly*, but do you *walk* deliberately towards it.” He would liken the fluttering to “an old hen with one chicken, when a hawk is nigh.” He maintained that it became a man to have some philosophy about him. Thwarted in his first choice, he therefore knew how to put up with the next best thing. If the boat or train of cars happened to start five minutes too soon for him, he would let it go without fuming, and quietly wait for the next conveyance.

If his trunks had been stolen, (as they once were in Spain,) he appointed himself a Committee of

Ways and Means, and filled that honorable office with becoming dignity. The mishap should not cheat him out of an hour's sleep, or destroy his relish for a Spanish omelet and buccaronis; he would not be chargeable with such a folly. In travelling, he always took things so easily that a friend testifies, "I have travelled hundreds of miles with him in every sort of craft, and have no recollection of having ever seen him in a pet or flurry from mischances in the way."

In this connection it is to be observed also, that he was remarkable for his regard to the feelings of others. He would let the self-complacent Bombastes or fault-finder utter his nonsense, and empty his conceit or gall, and have the comfort of it. To utterances for which he had not the slightest faith, but rather contempt, he would often make no reply, but leave the utterer silently to his own assertion. This was a rule with him in relation to points not involving essential principles. But if he was attacked on a principle, he answered instantly, and with some one word or sentence that was at once conclusive. The retort was quick as a flash, and the matter was over before the assailant could recover himself.

"He would sometimes, for a purpose, wake up a fellow-passenger by a remark naturally enough to be understood as offensively personal. You saw the storm rising. But just at the right point he would give some dexterous turn, and all was smooth again.

He knew how far he could safely venture, and having gone thus far, could 'bring up' all standing, and all good friends as before."

In the office of reproving sin as a Christian minister, he evinced true moral courage and fidelity to his Master, as the following anecdote, among others, will show. On one occasion, when out at sea, the ship he was in encountered, early on a Sunday morning, a severe squall. The commander, in issuing his orders, as at that time especially was too frequently the case, employed also exceedingly profane language, which Mr. Colton and all the officers and crew heard. At length the gale subsided, and the signal was given for all hands to assemble for public worship.

Mr. Colton well knew that the commander was a severe and impetuous man, but he knew also that he himself had a duty to perform, and he was resolved to do it faithfully, and abide the consequences. Accordingly, after the preliminary services he arose, and while the commander, directly in front, was intently gazing on him, he announced as his text, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain." He described the folly, the vulgarity, and the exceeding sinfulness of profanity; and then the aggravated guilt of this sin, when committed by those occupying places of authority, where their example would influence others; and the absurdity of any commander of a ship supposing that he could main-

tain obedience and morality in a ship's crew, when he himself put at defiance the commands of the great Ruler, and placed an example of gross immorality before them in his own conduct.

Shortly after the service Mr. Colton received orders to appear in the commander's apartment. He went, expecting a severe reprimand or personal abuse. But no sooner had he entered the apartment than the commander rose, took him cordially by the hand, and said, "I thank you for your faithful discourse. I deserved it all, and by God's help I will strive to sin no more." Many similar instances might be cited of his usefulness and fidelity in his official relations as Naval Chaplain.

II. HIS CONVERSATIONAL SKILL. The art of conversation is by no means cultivated by learned and literary men in American society, as it is in Europe, or as its importance, as a vehicle of pleasure and instruction, demands. Americans are generally good at speech-making, but poor at talking. But with Mr. Colton the art of conversation, without ever appearing as an art, was innate and spontaneous. It was congenital, and grew with his growth. By his friends there was said to be an indescribable charm about him in this respect—a fascination that always captivated.

He was not remarkable for his fluency, was sparing in his words, said his thing with emphasis and point, and then stopped. But he could tell a story with an effect which few could equal. He always remem-

bered that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points, and he went direct to the conclusion, with an arch play of the fancy, and a celerity of movement that never tired. He had no patience with a bore for a story-teller, but would bring him up to the conclusion as quick as he could with any decency.

He ever studied strength, brevity, point, and pith. He was incessantly conning over expressions and sentences to find the last analysis, wherever he might be, and in whatsoever engaged. While he read and reread those authors which would help him best to a terse and nervous style, his numbers must be harmonious and strike his musical ear gratefully.

It will be considered, says a friend, "as a fault of his writings, that he used too many epithets—too many adjectives, and especially participial adjectives. But you never heard any thing like this in his conversation. Here every thing redundant was left out. He was deemed remarkable in conversation from his early childhood. Persons much older than himself were charmed at hearing him talk. This became a snare to him, and one of the reasons with his father for sending him away from home to Hartford, was (as we have already seen) to get him away from a circle of adults, of which he had become the special attraction."

This faculty of entertaining, and a fondness for society that made him always and everywhere a wel-

come associate, he retained through life. In later years his extensive and various travel "had left upon his memory a thousand delightful pictures, which were reflected in his conversation so distinctly, and with such skilful preparation of the mind, that his companions lived over his life with him, as often as he chose to summon its scenes before them."

When in a genial mood, and the occasion and company would bear it, he was prone to be playful and jocular, full of good-natured wit, and quick at an impromptu or repartee. The following was an off-hand "delicate fling upon an epicurean fellow-boarder,"—a literary lady, bon-vivant in her way—that cared more than was meet for her meals, and was put out of humor if called upon while enjoying them :

If you should call too soon or late,
To find Miss X. Y. in,
Just scratch your name upon her slate,
And hang it up again.

But do not call when she is down
To breakfast, tea, or dinner,
For you'll be called an awkward clown,
Or some poor stupid sinner

On another occasion, at Saratoga Springs, he was in the company of a lady who declared her unbelief in the common notion, that the gas of High Rock Spring would destroy the life of a chicken in a few seconds, and herself narrowly escaped death while

rashly holding her head over the escaping vapor, by way of experiment. When the party were afterwards sitting at the dinner-table, Mr. Colton was called upon for an epitaph on the rash lady, and at once gave the following :

Here lies one who went a-tricking—
She died by gas, as dies a chick-en!

The lady being dissatisfied with this, requested a second epitaph more eulogistic and complimentary. Another was therefore given impromptu, at the table as before :

Here lies one
Who had the pluck
To laugh at life's uncertain taper ;
She died one day,
As dies a duck,
Killed by the High Rock's noxious vapor.

A more elaborate impromptu was once written by him on reading the last proof of Mr. Randolph's speech :

Of Randolph all will promptly say,
He does not fear the face of Clay.
With flashing eye, and lofty mien,
With classic tongue, and satire keen—
With legs so thin, and hair so long,—
With frame so weak, and mind so strong,—
In form, in words, in voice unique,
Who does not love to hear him speak ?
His Arab shaft who does not feel,
That dares provoke the dreaded steel ?

And yet, so still, so swift it flies,
The foe, or ere he feels it, dies.
He rises—and the busy hum
Is hushed: e'en beauty's self is dumb:
And as his accents pierce the ear,
Wit learns, and Wisdom stoops to hear.

III. HIS APTNESS TO MAKE AND KEEP FRIENDS. Mr. Colton's disposition was finely molded to make him the agreeable companion and trusty friend. Frank, prompt, and generous almost to a fault, in all his impulses and acts, it was not necessary to study him long or watch him closely in order to find out his peculiarities, and then to be left in uncertainty whether you really comprehended him or not. He wore no mask, and put on no grimaces. He was so open and undisguised in word and deed, as even somewhat at times to affect his standing for sobriety, with persons who did not know him intimately, or who were apt to mistake the instance for the essence, and who were not qualified to appreciate the movements of an honest and joyous heart, not least devout when most delighted.

His lively sensibilities responded to every touch of humanity; but while ready to weep with those who wept, it was more his nature to rejoice with those who rejoiced. For the most of his life the world seemed to him clad in smiles and not in sables; and he was not disposed to steep its pleasant herbs with wormwood. His views of man and of human

progress continued cheerful to the close of life, notwithstanding all he learned of the world in a wide and varied intercourse with humanity.

In his dealings with men, while there was not to be discovered any trace of cold, sinister, cynic calculation, he was far from being of that reckless, unreflecting class who have no prudence, and can never learn wisdom. A clerical friend in the city of Philadelphia says of him: "It had been my privilege for many years to enjoy the intimate acquaintance of Mr. Colton; and especially so during his residence in this city. Kind, generous, and affectionate in his own nature, he became tenderly endeared to his many friends; and other eyes besides those of his bereaved and sorrowing family have paid the tribute of tears to his memory. From the great intelligence, the chaste and lively wit, (tempered always by Christian propriety and benevolence,) the uniform cheerfulness and kindness of his nature, Mr. Colton was always a welcome guest and an agreeable companion. No one could converse with him without gaining some new thought or useful information, which, from the courtesy of his manner, was communicated in the most agreeable way, and therefore left the most abiding impression."

Few, indeed, could win the affections of men like the subject of this Memoir, and there was a large reason for it. He had those very qualities which first attract and then rivet friend to friend. With a

genial warmth of heart, and stirred, as we have seen, by noble impulses, he loved his friends strongly, and never stooped to meanness or suspicion. He had also a quick, instinctive discernment of the proprieties of demeanor and address; and he observed those proprieties in their nicest and most delicate shades—kind, careful, and courteous, in every thing.

Few could so fix the attention, or so enlist the interest of persons in the casual intercourse of society, as Mr. Colton. The stranger always wanted to hear more from that little man, for there was that in his eye and mouth, in his tones of voice, in his emphasis, and pith, and gesture, that went to the heart. He did not win by any arts, but simply acted out himself. A friend says of him that he “always *was* himself, neither less nor more. He seemed to be totally unconscious of his power in this respect. He probably was unconscious of it in the main. When flattered, he was not made vain, but had the sense to see through it. What honors he had he bore meekly. It were speaking within the bounds of literal truth to say that few men ever had more friends, or warmer friends. There are those who know, and whose throbbing hearts testify.”

Mr. Colton was also a dutiful son, and an affectionate, noble brother. He truly revered and loved his father and mother: his filial affection was proved through life in a thousand ways, which it were intruding upon the sanctity of domestic life

to make public. He always held that no one of the family, having the power to help, should leave a brother or sister to suffer need; and he was himself, as his life has shown, ever as good as his word.

Mr. Colton, as a minister, was characterized by independence and liberality, and by his charitable judgments of men of different creeds. He was committed to no party: while firmly grounded himself in the great doctrines of New England Calvinism, he was always at the widest remove from bigotry. He could acknowledge and admire true religion wherever found.

From the natural turn of his mind, and from a wide intercourse with men, he was remarkably exempt from narrow views and prejudices, and he never had what is called a sectarian feeling. He thought, acted, and felt on a large scale. His knowledge, too, as well as his feeling, was extended and general, and he attached to himself men of most opposite views. When invited once to take a seat in the General Assembly, and inquired of as to which school he belonged, the Old or New, he answered in a moment, "I paddle my own canoe."

What the Subject of this Memoir was as a Husband and Father, we have already learned, in part, through his letters and acts. A friend who stood by him on the day when she whom he most truly and fondly loved became his wife, has left with his biographer this tribute, referring to that happy occasion.

“The warm affections of his nature then found their chosen and most worthy object : the wish of his life was fulfilled. Happy were all his friends in the pure, delicious happiness which evidently filled his heart, large as were its capacities, and which beamed forth in every look, and uttered its spirit in every accent.

“Not half that he felt, not half that he afterwards fulfilled in the care, the tenderness, the love of a husband, was expressed in his solemn vows. And afterwards, when, sternly obedient to his duty, he tore himself even from the smiles of that chosen one, and went forth over rough seas to distant and sickly climes, distance divided not his heart nor his spirit from her, as his frequent letters and his tender strains of soul-stirring poetry sufficiently show. Nor can we doubt that although he is now removed to the happy and holy society above, the memory of those who were dear to him is still cherished ; and the period anticipated with unutterable joy when those who were his friends and companions on earth, shall be his friends and companions in heaven. What a blessing is such a man to his friends, daily and hourly bestowing benefits on all who come within the circle of his influence ! and what a loss does society sustain when such a man is taken from us !”

IV. HIS TACT AND WIT IN DEALING WITH MEN. Mr. Colton's quick insight and discernment of human character and motives, and his forethought in avoiding, and address in overcoming difficulties between

man and man, were perhaps as remarkable as any other traits in his character. The future Alcalde, said one of his college classmates, "showed his quick invention and his decision in some amusing ways in college: on one occasion, I recollect, while he had charge of the chapel bell, some students had spent half the night in the usual trick of cutting the rope and nailing up the doors, so that they might not be called to morning prayers; when, behold! to his delight and their dismay, within a few minutes beyond the usual time, the bell rang out most clear and lustily. Mr. Colton had contrived to cut through the obstacles and get at the rope.

"From other instances of a similar kind it became pretty generally felt, that it was hardly worth while to attempt to get the better of Colton in any thing that required decision or address. He would find, or he would make a way. His ready wit was one of the most characteristic and obvious things about him. Always at hand, always in play when opportunity presented; sportive and gay, glancing like sunbeams upon placid waters, venting itself in a pun, or in quick repartee, or in innocent raillery, but with not the slightest shade of malice or ill-nature to give it a cutting edge, it always amused and often instructed.

"While I recollect this trait of character well, I do not recall a single sarcasm, or sneer, or biting personal reflection, that could pain the most sensitive, or excite the enmity of any of his college-mates.

Indeed, I do not believe he had an enemy in the whole institution—of itself sufficient evidence of the character of his witticisms—and this was not from mere weak good-nature; for he had strong positive qualities, and his wit was often pointed enough; but it was from an exuberant good-nature, which controlled his combative propensities, played round his conversation, and frequently helped his wit to turn into a laugh what a less amiable temper, in union with such ready powers of ridicule, would probably have converted into a quarrel.

“Of a long roll of class-mates, an unusual proportion of whom have rendered themselves eminent in different departments of professional and active life, many have already departed. Every year diminishes the number of the living, and enlarges the starred catalogue of those who are removed from all participation in the concerns of time and of earth. However diverse may have been their courses, however wide the circle they may have filled, however beloved, useful, eminent, any of them may have become, and whatever memorial may remain of their lives or deeds, I doubt whether any will leave to survivors a more kindly, tender remembrance than Walter Colton. His was a generous nature; and by his talents he achieved a position and fame which, in our college days, few would have predicted.

“In the path into which Providence led him, he was conspicuous and useful. The varied phases of

his active life strikingly illustrate the text, that the way of man is not in himself; it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps. He leaves a name untarnished, so far as I have ever heard, by a meanness or a crime. The piety he early professed was, it is firmly believed, a growing principle. It evolved itself in the active duties of his sphere, and we trust its hopes are realized, its ends attained in the kingdom of our Father and Saviour above."

In closing this volume of relics and memorials, and in parting with a man in whose society we seem to have been tarrying so long, through the leaves of this book, as to have contracted for him a true friendship, the Editor may be allowed to refer the hearts that still bleed at the wounds made by his death, to the admirable sentiments of the late Dr. Waugh of London, in his letters of consolation to bereaved friends.

"It is not," says he, "so much the innate worth and beauty of objects that give them influence, as the habit of thinking on them, and bringing them near to the mind. Now this is always in our power. We may walk with our departed friends, and hold rational and devout converse with their spirits, without the medium of body. This mental intercourse cannot fail to aid mightily the culture of those moral habits and dispositions which will fit us in due time for mingling in their society, and for that exalted

state of being and blessedness to which we are called. It is thus we hold fellowship with the Redeemer himself, whom, though now we see him not, we supremely love, and in whom we fully confide.

“Were our friends as valuable as our fancy paints them, let us bless God that we had such a treasure to surrender; and let us try to make the surrender without the reluctance of excessive affection. It is giving up a jewel which Christ claims, and which he will fix in his mediatorial crown to sparkle, in the perfection of holiness, to all eternity.

“In the removal of friends there is an additional motive to long and prepare for heaven; and the obligation is doubled to minister to the welfare of those on earth, who have not now the counsels or examples which they once had to guide them to piety. The tender connections of life, when cemented by piety, may by death be suspended, but cannot be destroyed.”

That the aspirations of the departed father, whose varied life and labors we have herein traced, may be realized for the surviving boy Walter, and that he may prove a son worthy of his sire, so as nobly to sustain his honored name, is the earnest wish of the biographer. For his help in the formation of such a character as his father would desire, we commend the foregoing pages to the perusal of the lad as life advances, hoping especially that he will remember all they say upon the Worth, Dignity, and Destiny

of the Soul, and the sin and danger of neglecting Christ; and when the son has lived his life on earth, beloved and useful like the father, may he join him in the realm of the blessed, through like precious faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

THE END.

THE ISLAND WORLD OF THE PACIFIC:

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The volume presents a mass of information with regard to the history, geography, and commercial and political condition of those islands, brought down to the present time, and digested into a compact and readable form. His book cannot fail to be widely read during the present excitement in regard to every thing connected with the Pacific Ocean.—*New York Tribune*.

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